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THE

AMERICAN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XXI

Philadelphia:

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W. C. BROWN & C. PRINTERS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present number of the American Quarterly Review, though handsomely printed, is not a complete specimen of what the new series will be in mechanical execution. A new type will be provided for the work without delay. Its appearance is later by a few days than the stated period, owing to the irregular action caused by the change of proprietor and printer, and the new arrangements for publication. Punctuality will be a particular object hereafter. Both editors will give constant and zealous attention to the preparation and procurement of such literary contents as may be deemed useful, creditable, and pleasing to the country. Contributions from able pens can always be obtained: the aid now specially sought is *patronage*, such as shall enable the editors to accomplish their main purpose, which is, to establish an instructive and *independent* critical journal. It is intended to exclude mere party-politics, but not general questions of universal and permanent interest which happen to be involved in party discussions, provided those questions be treated in the spirit of true science and patriotism.

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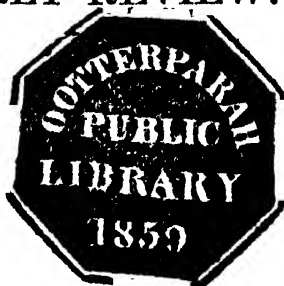
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AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No XLII.

JUNE, 1837.



ART. I.—POEMS BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS. *A new collection.* Boston: 1828. *Songs of the Affections, with other Poems.* 12mo. Edinburgh: 1830. *Scenes and Hymns of Life, with other Religious Poems.* 12mo. Edinburgh; 1834. *The Poetical Works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans.* Complete. 8vo. Philadelphia: 1835.

Did we deem it necessary, at this time of day, to offer an apology for admiration of the great and gifted in song, we should refer ourselves at once to the tribute that has been paid to poetic genius from the earliest times to our own. The high rank held by poets, in almost every country, during the infancy of its civilization, or of its letters, has been retained, with those modifications, to be sure, which might be expected in the progress of society, so that we find it essentially unchanged and undisputed even among ourselves. The ancient superstition that invested the bard with a character of divinity, and his song with all the authority and sacredness of the oracles, was the natural result of the frequent exhibition of lofty and enthusiastic spirits, in powerful struggle with their strong conceptions, before a people comparatively simple and uncultivated. It is not astonishing that the flight of birds, the responses of the Sybil, or even the propitiatory thunders of Jove—the *intonuit lævum*—should be deemed less infallible tokens of a present inspiration, than the kindling strains of the poet, when he appealed, in glowing numbers, to the feelings or the patriotism of his auditory; or when he sang of deeds that touched their memories with an electric interest; or, more than all, when he bore them with him into the shadowy future, and there unveiled to his followers visions of glory and greatness, which by the contrivance of his wizard power, were transformed from the mere pageantry of imagination into splendid realities. It is matter familiar with our classic

associations, that bards, as well as conquerors, were followed, and courted, and crowned. It is not an easy thing to decide, whether *Aeschylus* was less honoured than *Miltiades*, or whether he might not have borne additional renown from *Marathon*, while he was gazed at as the father of tragedy.

Indeed the triumphs of kings and consuls sunk to the level of common spectacles beside the classical ovations that were awarded to successful poets. There was every thing intellectual in those early tributes to mental power returned from mental victory. There is an ever-during recollection that attaches itself to honours so won and so rendered. Considered as offerings to genius, they reflect glory alike on those who brought and those who received them. A dawn of moral light seems to be coincident with the morning of social life which such homage serves to indicate; and, though the tribute is purely mental, there comes with it a hope that the heart may awaken to truth, where there is such a stirring and pressing towards the shrine of mind. Certain it is that such exertions of powerful men, demanding such honours as they proceeded, were the first causes as well as the first proofs of improvement among the people from whom they stood distinguished: and it is to the poets of Greece and Italy, triumphing in laurel-wreath, or the plaudits of their countrymen, that we are to look, we had almost said, as the solitary men who first kindled that spark, which eventually caused an illumination of their age, and has continued to transmit its light to the world.

The influence of poetry, in the hands of the masters of antiquity, was carried to an extent that may seem almost incredible. They may be said to have formed and trained the virtues of those who heard them. They shaped the national sentiment, and moulded the opinions and wielded the sympathies of their listeners, to a degree that cannot be surpassed. They interwove public events with the drama. They excited an ambition to excel in wisdom and valour; and, by force of genius and skill, they generated among the aspiring and young the sentiments of glory that fell from the lips of their heroes. Euripides was the idol of his time. By promoting a more effectual union than had yet subsisted between moral philosophy and tragic representation, he became an object of praise and admiration with his contemporaries. His verses were on the lips of all who answered to the name of Greek. History relates, with an air of romance, that the appropriate introduction of some of his stanzas released the soldiers of *Nicias* from the slavery which they incurred in the expedition of that general to *Syracuse*; and, as if to carry the magic of his name beyond all rivalry, it has been pleasantly said, that, of old, the prisoner always found freedom by drafting his plea in the language of Euripides.

Surpassing, as these instances would seem almost to do, the fabled enchantment of Orpheus, we are not left to them, and like ancient sources, alone, for proof of the high distinction ever held by the poet and his art. The golden age of every country, since the revival of letters, has been signalized by the light that poetry has shed upon it, and by the honours rendered to the inspired men who may be regarded as its stars. Italy, Spain, France, England, as the new morning of mind dawned upon them, successively beheld their mighty geniuses springing upon their paths, with a power which they delighted to reverence, and a brilliancy that could not fail to captivate. The history of literature, in all these lands, proves, to satisfaction, the talent which this class of men possessed of infusing their own into the public sentiment, as well as of fixing the public eye on themselves: it is enough, also, to convince us of the fact, that such men held important place on the scale of society, and that they are calculated to exert an influence on the growing character of their country.

But, while we perceive a singular power to have been sustained by the poets of high accomplishment in all ages, it is evident that, in modern times, the same power is either greatly modified, or holds a more quiet sway over the minds of the people. The principle of the power is the same. It is the power of an ardent, bold, creative nature, over spirits that cannot follow its march, but still bow to the dominion that has attended it. It is the power of a high-reaching, imaginative intellect over a passive one, yielded to the beautiful illusion that is thrown around it. It is the power of genius—penetrating to that subtle portion of the soul, which alone can claim sympathy, how remote soever it may be, with the master spirit that spells it—breathing upon it the breath of a new life, and calling it to the love of high deeds and splendid virtues, of which, before, it had but dull conception, or drowsy remembrance. Such is the power of poetry. Such is the gift of the poet: and to such power and such gifts has the world ever paid its admiration, where there have been poets to sing, or men to listen.

In the progress of things, the unity of this power has passed away. Its distinctiveness has been lost in the crowding interests of life; but its agency, though more secret and diffused, is still felt, with a vigour, indestructible as ever, and almost as wonderful, when we consider the vast sphere in which it is called to operate. In the simplicity of the early, and the comparative moral inaction of the middle ages, it was a necessary consequence of the state of the times, that the poet should hold a more discernible elevation, and that the exercise of his power should be more direct, and consequently more effectual, upon the mass of mankind. As society advanced, he also, as the depository of

this power, lost his original superiority among men. They turned from *him*, to the sublime and uplifting things which he had eloquently revealed—no longer to dream over, but to study, and pant after, and pursue them; until, by a gradation, the most natural in the world, the poet descended to diffuse among his fellows those beautiful and kindly influences. that, in olden times, he had dispensed as favours from a superior to his followers. Then, it may be said, poetry was leagued with superstitious dread. Now, it goes hand and hand with the charities of life. It was then a thing to wonder and tremble at; heard in terrible distinctness, as a revelation, amid the forests and sacred groves of the gods. Now, it makes a part of the music of the world. It enters into our dwellings, and our hearts: it mingles with our social duties, and ennobles—purifies—endears our spirits and our memories. Then, the poet was honoured, as almost a deity, and his numbers listened to as the breathings of prophecy, or with the chastened delight of hearts bowed continually to threatening and commanding genius. Now, he is honoured, where he should be, as a man; and his works come abroad to animate us to our duties, or to cheer us in solitude; to charm us by their power, or to woo us by their beauty. Then, he was like a monarch on his throne, lording it over the kingdom of unawakened intellect. Now, he is but a gifted brother of the great family, bearing indeed the same brow of inspiration, and the same wand of genius; but he mingles with the busy throng, and, with his harp upon his shoulders, scatters his music to his fellows, as he passes onward in the common pilgrimage.

As the mode in which the poetic influence was accustomed to operate has changed with the changes of time and things, so has the popularity of the poet found new sources in the altered inclinations and feelings of his readers. Hence no modern writer may be said to bear at once and incontestably the palm of superiority, or is, like one of the ancient masters, placed, as it were by acclamation, upon the pinnacle of poetic renown. Though his genius may entitle him to high rank, yet the conflicting struggles of the thousand aspirants round him, and the collisions of as many different tastes and favouritisms, render his right for a season questionable, and his fame less brilliant. This is a natural consequence where there are so many to share in the splendid rivalry.

It is evident that there are *schools* of poetry. We have heard some of them talked of, till their names have come to be familiar words. And these schools have actually engendered a party spirit in poetry—so that we find something like *clanism* meeting us even on the pathway of Parnassus. If Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, may be said to constitute the head of the Lake school, Pope was as certainly the head of the philo-

sophical, or metaphysical. We know not, in short, that Byron would be unaptly termed, by the sentimental, or sickly, the leader of the demoniac order. Certain it is, that each of these writers is distinguished by something peculiar to himself, and each one has his partisans. We know not, again, that this can be helped; nor, on the whole, that it is fair subject of complaint. As a general rule, every man has a right to his taste, and a consequent privilege of praising him who best suits it. Still there is something to be regretted even in this. There is, after all, hardly as much latitude allowable in relation to governing principles, in the republic of letters, as in the body politic. It is desirable to have such things as style and taste more fixed, and amenable to a standard, than it is to have faith in matters of government squared by any particular creed. With regard to the poetical *schools*, this evil of partisanship—a partisanship which is carried to laboured articles, and even to the enlistment of journals in favour of their different leaders—is decidedly destructive. It has made, and it still makes, *mannerists* of writers, and, as far as this goes, it is fatal to the fine spirit of poetry.

It has been said, as though by way of excuse for its most unpardonable irregularities, that genius always has its characteristics. It may be so: but they are always essentially the same, where high and holy enthusiasm animates the votary. As to poetry, we believe that the glorious art receives no additional dignity, either from the noisy blazonry of the merits of some who profess it, and whose claim to *genius* consists only in their peculiarities, or from consenting to submit itself to any of the working-day methods of gaining popularity. It strikes us, that far from conforming itself to the demands of a diseased taste, or the unhealthy fancies of society, poetry has but one eminent object before it—and that is to make men better by the divine spirit which it breathes around them. We believe that mere trickery of phrase, gilded imagery, and prettinesses of thought, constitute no vital portion of poetry; and we are unwilling to think that that verse is destined to live, which, at best, is a mere attempt at originality, or a mass of laboured simplicity, according to the worst signification of the word. We wish to see that kind of metrical composition alone recognised as poetry, which is such in the true sense of the term; that is constituted such by the combination of great thought with harmony of numbers; and whose music derives its greatest attractiveness from the sentiment. This we hold to be the true criterion; and by this standard we should point to him as the true Roscius of his art, who, in the best strains, best sings the deathless charms of virtue and honour; who stamps, in golden lines, upon his age those sublime lessons of moral power, that, of old, sometimes lured the great to glory, and the good to heaven; who comes upon the world in

the swift coinage of thoughts that shall die only with time, because they bear about them, and in them, the vitality of truth. High place, it is true, has been attained by intellectual energy, where the moral principle had no visible ascendancy in the individual. But it is false and inconclusive logic, to argue from the height that has been reached by certain powers, the impossibility of gaining one still above, by the help of additional ones. The true reasoning is the reverse. Shakspeare is an exception to the remark that will apply here. Though of a spirit that made no pretension, certainly, to unction, still the wonderful lessons which his poetry embalms come home to our sympathies and our consciences with the effect of so many saintly homilies. His truths search us like sermons pregnant with holiness. But Shakspeare is an anomaly. Who can speak in this strain of Burns or Byron? And yet who does not see what mighty things, above all that either has effected for the world, would have been accomplished by Burns and Byron, had the moral taken precedence of the intellectual principle in their poetry! No one can deny, that, with the same mental energy at work, and under the precedence referred to, there certainly would have been nothing to diminish it: in both cases, the poet would have been so much greater as the man had been better. The triumph had been contemporaneous and parallel. But we pass to another consideration.

Simplicity, when under the direction of good taste, is undoubtedly a virtue of good poetry. But we hold it not to be the cardinal one to which some would elevate it. There are others certainly before it. As an ingredient, it has its value; but when the higher properties of the composition are made subservient to it, there is great danger of failure. Manliness and power should never wait upon simplicity. As it is, indeed, it is a fault, and, we conceive, a childish one, among some of the poetic brotherhood on this side the water. Cowper, on the other, may be said to have set the example of the plain, domestic poetry of modern days. But, since his time, the mania, that in him was delightful, has spread, gathering sad symptoms, till it has passed from the character of simple-hearted, to that of simple-headed; until, indeed, in some instances, it has degenerated from pure simplicity, to something worse than weakness—to folly, and almost to grossness. Now this is the joint effect of a proneness to imitate English standards—of a mistaken notion in the writers themselves, and of public opinion; that is, so far as criticism may be said to express it. It would be idle, we think, to go gravely to work to prove the inclination, with ten out of twelve of our native poets, to conform themselves to some British copy, whenever they give themselves to verse. It is, and has long been, matter of common knowledge and common

complaint. We mean to be understood that the imitation has been of what will one day be, if they are not now, decried as the very worst faults of the originals. Of high and commanding models we cannot have too much imitation, if imitation it may be called, that is but a sympathetic expression of strong mind in strong language. In the great features of power, all great writers will have a resemblance; and so far as this is concerned, it is no imitation. It is coincidence.

Our own poets, in some instances, have mistaken the spirit of simplicity altogether; or, if they have not mistaken it, they have, like some of their prototypes, suffered themselves to commit divers poetical felonies, under the name. We too frequently meet extreme quaintness, or a train of thought teeming with improbable devices, or bad conclusions; but the writer tells us this is simplicity. Again, we are struck with the degree of quietness that marks his style—perchance it may be sleepiness; there seems to be a continual aim at suppression of thought, as though it were unrefined to give it play—as some men hold it so to be natural and hearty in society; but the author tells us again, this is simplicity. Still again we fall in company with a writer who travels perpetually in a mist; who loses himself and his readers in his own metaphysical labyrinth, and who torments us with a display of what Mr. Pollock calls merely the “tops of thoughts;” and here our only consolation is that every thing about us is simplicity.

To these causes need scarcely be added the tone of criticism, to account for the present character of a great portion of our poetry. Writers have been reviewed into a refinement and polish that has ended frequently in an absolute frittering of their thoughts, and a total loss of that better energy of which they are capable. They write, as though they were writing with restraint, for a drawing-room, and not with freedom, for a world. But we shall recur to this consideration directly. Meanwhile, it is observable that this very condition of our poetry is as much a consequence of the increase of readers and intelligence—with the variety of taste incident thereto—as it is of a change of times and people. These may be added as remoter causes, to those already referred to. This change, we would add, is greater than we, who have gone along with it, are apt to perceive. A more material one has not accompanied human improvement than that which literature has undergone from one period to another; and in no one department of literature has it been more effectual or more striking than in poetry—the poetry of our own day. View writing at large, and instead of the mystical and laboured style that ran through the best productions of earlier times, and which, moreover, was so accordant with the comparative seclusion and silence of letters, we now hear both the

philosopher and the elegant scholar delivering themselves with that free and graceful expression which so well comports with the liberal character of the age; and as to poetry, a popular air has been breathed into the best works of the best writers, imparting to them a freshness and meaning that come home with the attractiveness of domestic story to all who are capable of any intellectual delight. Poetry, we may be suffered to repeat it, has become a part of our lives. It has, in a sense, conformed itself to our conditions; and it speaks to us in the direct language of an acquaintance, who is accustomed to converse with us at all seasons and in all places. Divested of the heroics and the pomp with which it once awed and overshadowed the children of men, it now comes to us like a kind, but superior spirit, enlivening, beguiling and instructing us, amidst the offices and sympathies of life. This is the true character of poetry. This, too, is the character of the genuine poetry of the present day. Let us not be misunderstood. We would not qualify any of our preceding remarks. They refer to no such poetry as we refer to here—the poetry of the unchastened and fearless spirit—the poetry that stirs us while it blesses us—the poetry that carries all its persuasiveness, without relinquishing any of its power. It may be said we lay great stress upon this quality of strength. We do so; but not more than it deserves; and we do so because there is a disposition to make it a secondary affair in poetic composition. With those who hold this doctrine, we utterly disagree; and whenever poetry departs from its primitive and natural dignity, to become the medium of ephemeral fancies, or the minister to a sickly taste; when it parts with its better properties merely to flaunt in the colours of sentiment, or effeminacy, or something worse, we hold that it has no longer a title to the name of poetry. Genius disowns it for ever.

If it be true that public opinion may sometimes happily interfere to correct or modify the works of art, it is equally certain, that, under some form or other, its interference may go far to injure or destroy them. There are traits of nature too closely allied to the most accomplished efforts of mind, ever to yield to the requisitions of an artificial state of society. What would we think of the sculptor who should bring us forth a statue robed in the fashion of our drawing-rooms, and call it the true Apollo; the very Belvidere! The truth is, these traits need never be, they never *must* be, surrendered. There exists no necessity for their surrender, as, in politics, there does for the relinquishment of individual natural rights, for the good of the whole body. They are the holy things of nature; thrice holy in poetry; which, if once associated with what is uncongenial or irrelevant, lose their virtue and their beauty; and the

work they were thought to adorn, is miserably and utterly destroyed.

We think it cannot have escaped even passing observation, that there is a class of people who profess to be great admirers of poetry, and many of whom assume to be its critical high priests and dissectors, who would set aside the hallowed inspiration of the poet in favour of elaborateness or mere stratagems of style. With them, finish, polish, is every thing; and the greater the degree of attenuation, the better. Now, did we believe that public sentiment on this subject was to be met by such a profanation of the high offices of poetry, we should say indeed that the sublime art was approaching a fearful crisis. But the hallelujahs of partisans do not constitute public sentiment. The reading public demands no such relinquishment; and the doctrines of those critics who would make poets so unfaithful to themselves and their divinity, by maintaining this system of poetical mechanics—by encouraging them in it, and praising them for it, under the grave sanction of a review, totally misrepresent the prevailing feeling of the community in this matter. Doubtless the spirit of poetry has been outraged by the very means which have been used, by mistaken heads and unskilful hands, to give it a direction, and to propound to it rules and prophecies. Still we believe that this same spirit, though circulating among grosser materials, is yet virtually unsullied; that it still holds its wizard power undisputed, though not untroubled. We have only to lament that in its nearer companionship with man, it has to endure the unsatisfying things it meets there. But we hope for a good issue. Better were it, indeed, that poetry, and the spirit of poetry, should pass from the world, than suffer the continued shame of such sacrifice as this to which we have alluded; and we would willingly forego, for ever, the delight of realizing it when in its purity, like some sweet friend, going abroad with us in our wanderings, and again returning to make glad our hearts and hearths, rather than see it casting away its nobler properties, to conform itself to the childish and morbid tastes of those who cannot appreciate its hidden power or its better attributes; who, calling themselves its judges, are nothing but its bane. Rather would we, than witness such abasement, be compelled to seek it in the blind old masters of antiquity—rather be driven back, to see it again, like jewels in a casket, locked in the shrine of the idolized men who ruled and rejoiced the simple but strong hearts of their hearers, in earlier but better times.

In leaving this part of our subject, we would merely observe, in reference to the spirit of criticism, that it is one of the strong enemies which poetry is doomed to encounter. In the same person the critical and the poetic faculties are not only distinct,

but they have no particular and observable sympathy. It would seem natural—indeed we hardly see how it could be otherwise—that the calm and continuous exercise of judgment, in the matter of the execution, should be incompatible with that excitement which the fervour of inspiration supposes; that the “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” will not wait upon any minister of language, whose business it is solely to square and gauge, with an ever-accompanying readiness to be astonished at any disregard of the fixtures of style, those received manners of expression, which literal spirits view as unalterable as a truth of mathematics. True poetry is too martificial, as well as too irrepressible, to suffer itself to lose the peculiarities of its character in those of its guise. In the same individual then, we repeat it, the critical and poetical faculties are evidently distinct. So it is in literary collision, where one, as may be supposed, in these days of writers and reviewers, is arrayed against the other; and we believe that the unsatisfactory and dangerous business of verbal criticism has done more to make a mannerist of the poet, and to blast the natural and healthy purity of his verse, than all other things combined. It has compelled him to second thoughts. It has driven him to artifice. It has made him, what he ought never to be, a mere courtier in his art.

In another view of the subject, the poetic taste of our time has been, and still is, in many respects, essentially bad. It lingers with more complacency upon the morbid and melancholy character of poetry, than upon its kindling and transcendent attributes. It has been taught that the sad, complaining spirit of genius was the legitimate object of admiration, because it sang of afflictions that it could not designate, and of which it would have us believe it held solitary endurance. It has been told by the worshippers of diseased sensibility, that the self-tortured mind was the only home of true poetry; that there can be no better romance than that which haunts the ruins of a great, restless, and unhappy, because unsettled spirit; and that imagination cannot busy itself better than in talking musically to the world of fancied wrongs, or, it may be, of personal deformities, while it is admitted, on all hands, that there are round us, unsung, still new and strange beauties, springing continually from a vast and inexhaustible creation.

The influence which the character and poetry of Lord Byron exercised upon his time, will warrant the foregoing remarks. That influence is not yet dispelled. Great as was his beautiful and splendid genius, he was not unwilling to submit it to the employment of trickery altogether unworthy of its rank, but to which it was induced as much perhaps by the measureless flattery of certain readers of a green and lack-a-daisical romance,

as by any natural impulsion. He thought that there was no surer way to become famous than to be sad ; and the frequently unnatural and healthless hue, that pervaded his writings, extended to the hearts, and of course to the tastes, of many of his weaker-minded or weaker hearted readers. His genius *spelled*, but it breathed round them a tainted atmosphere. If he shone with an uncommon light upon his age, it was too often to weak and exquisite admirers, the light of a lurid and sickly sun, glaring through a medium of unwholesome dews, or a day of sad and lowering clouds. This is no unattainable thing. It is no sure proof of great powers to bring about this spiritual fog, for the bard to light up with a mellowed and interesting illumination ; and to play lord of the disconsolate in this fashion, is, to our minds, but a poor intellectual capacity. There are times, indeed, when the bursts of a misanthropic spirit may bear out upon them the soul of poetry ; but when the quick overflow of a full but bitter heart gives place to the continuous, deadly, but still *contrived*, factitious, current of gloomy feeling, we are apt to question the reality of the suffering, or to be disgusted, where we are not amused, with the officious, repeated tale of its endurance. It is not the character of true grief to talk loudly or long of its extremities. No one tells, year after year, of secret woes to the world, if he be really a martyr to them. The poetry which such sorrow employs is the poetry of selfishness : the taste it begets is a false one ; and the sorrow itself is a false sorrow. That such poetry should be favourably received, is a wonder ; but the continuance of its fame must ever be questionable. The world is too busy to confine itself to the dark things of a single, isolated mind. It wants companionship—it wants delight—it wants instruction. Byron will find his celebrity yet, we believe, in those nobler strains with which *himself* has least to do ; in the sublime sentiments that he has caught from nature and from sympathy, and invested with the peculiar and classic beauty of his genius. Rousseau may captivate the infected imagination by his pictures of self inflicted misery and ruinous excitement ; but who would not rather remember him in his abstractions from himself, and in his revelations of nature among the woods and waters of Geneva !

Poetry, then, has become a matter in which the people, as a mass, claim to be heard. It is something in which they claim an interest, as a reading, thinking, and understanding public. This is not new ; nor does the remark point to any thing new. It has ever been so, in a degree ; for every human being is alive to poetry, and is speaking or acting it every day of his life, when there is excitement about him : and thus we say, notwithstanding the material, manufacturing, utilitarian character of

the age. We are not, we trust, unaware of the disposition prevalent among all classes to ask concerning every thing else as well as poetry, with all the pertinacity of the mathematician. "what does it *prove*?" What we intend to say is, that, as an agent, it is operating more generally upon mankind. It enters into their sympathies, and makes a part of their necessary enjoyment. It has become the vehicle of information to their minds, and of new influences to their hearts. Holding such a rank among the pleasurable resources of life, it is certainly important that the spirit which shall animate it be of that elevating quality, of that unsullied, unadulterated character, to which the inspiration of well regulated genius alone can attain.

What, then, it may be asked, is the style of poetry adapted to the taste and feelings of the age? We do not say the taste and feelings of England, or of America, alone—for we believe, upon this topic, that the sentiment is nearly the same in both countries. Unity of literary pursuit has generated between this and the fatherland an unity of opinion, in this instance, among many others, that cannot escape our notice. In answer, we should say, without hesitation, that, so far as the common consent of its intelligent admirers can indicate the popularity of any species of literature, that appears to be the favoured poetry of the time which recommends itself by the power and richness of its versification. We now speak naturally of its extrinsic character. It is not the age that takes particular delight in the cæsural melody of the stanza, as we find it in the poetry of Pope; nor yet in the patriarchal and gothic measure of Spenser. In these respects it is more of a golden age than that of either of those poetic fathers. Among the masters of the art, it is the time of vigorous conception, leagued with a chastened and graceful style, but not subservient to it; of high and beautiful thought, finding utterance in language suited to its character, and adorned with the attractions of a pure, manly and polished taste. We much doubt the lasting influence or value of that sort of poetry which busies itself in the intricacies of thought, bright and delicate as it may be; which hurries us along, with a strange pertinacity, after the subtle imaginings of the excited mind, until we are lost in the mazes of the journey, or tired of the attenuated fancies that we are compelled to follow. It is not the time for metaphysical poetry. Images standing out in bold and naked relief—descriptions of nature as she reveals herself in her simplicity and grandeur—and, above all, the palpable and strong emotions of the spirit, are, we believe, the instruments of that poetry which shall leave the impression of its power upon the age. The mighty spell of mind that brings before us in startling reality the dread alarm of Waterloo, when

“there was mounting in hot haste,” or the rattling tempest of the hulls, when

——“Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud”——

disclose, after all, the stateliest magic of Byron just as his pathos is more strikingly exhibited in those clear and unsullied escapes of feeling which his subject, and not himself, has produced. Campbell has stirred the hearts of half the world by a line of his *Battle of the Baltic*; while Moore has given us whole volumes on the dissection of a rainbow.

Of course we would not be understood to maintain that the great attributes of poetry have not heretofore been comprehended; or that new ones have been discovered. We not only do not maintain it—we do not say it. It would be ridiculous to do so, of what we consider to be an original ingredient, as it were, in the human constitution. On the contrary, we hold that the grand properties of good poetry have ever showed themselves the same, from Homer's day to our own. But it has been reserved for modern times to bring them into exercise with a power and purity and elevation, which they could never boast before. Once, genius would deign to linger among none but vast and marvellous creations. Now, she has found a wider field for her efforts or for her revels, among the less prominent, but not, on that account, less interesting objects that are ever about us. If, in some temple of finished and almost breathing statuary, or in some stern exhibition of heroic fortitude and valour, poetry once found all it could hope for of beauty and sublimity, she now recognises them in the great living models of moral power and loveliness; in the solitary but ever varying and wonderful works of nature; and in the wide charities of virtuous and peaceful life. If she found strength in her images of Jove, or in the achievements of the mighty in war, she finds it now in her conceptions of a higher and holier sovereignty, or in the struggles of brave and good hearts in the cause of humanity. If she found pathos in the tragic sufferings of imaginary queens and heroes, or, again, in the lamentations of our first parents, driven from the gates of Paradise, she now finds it in the language of Nature; in the unfeigned trials of the great and devoted who have not lived in vain; in the sorrows of man, since Paradise closed on him for ever; and in the power of those peculiar and commanding griefs that history has treasured for the instruction of the world, and which are often, at once, the lot and lesson of mankind.

While upon this portion of our subject, we would revert to a consideration that seems to deserve some notice. We think it cannot have escaped observation, that poetical writers, in passing

from the more royal and solitary walks of the art, have gone to the other extreme, and are now found circulating freely in the various childish resorts and play-grounds that philanthropic spirits are continually throwing open to the footsteps of youth. Without doubt this passage from the one sphere to the other is partly the result of that temper of the times to which we before referred, and which operates to bring down the mind to popular contact—if we may so express ourselves—in almost all its departments; but very much, we apprehend, is to be attributed to the strong disposition, at present manifested, to encourage the manufacture of verse of exceeding simplicity, “*for the use of children.*” The Annuals, not yet of age, draw largely even on many of our stronger spirits, and the poetical principle, when it finds itself devoted to this peculiar service, finds itself also, *ex necessitate*, essentially divested of the leading features of stateliness and command, which were once considered its indispensable properties. To all this we have no objection, so it be managed within due bounds: the danger, if so grave a word need be used, consists in the liability to which poetry may be subject to be frittered away and reduced—not refined—by this process of simplification. For there are two kinds of simplicity: one consisting in the direct, disenthralled language which distinguishes great and forcible thoughts; and the other in the unpretending, juvenile strain that strips thought of all dignity whatever, and forces it down to the comparative nursery diction which marks the multiplying volumes of our youthful libraries. Many minds are disposed to regard the simplicity of Wordsworth as something as ineffable and unutterable as it is uncommon. With them, the word, in its application to this truly rare genius, is used in its worst sense. Now, for ourselves, we are inclined to point to Wordsworth as an instance of the quality most admirably exhibited. The sublime singleness of his conceptions suffers nothing by the bold relief into which they are thrown by his language. There is no weakness, though his thoughts have not the parading support of words. There is no influence lost in the unincumbered beauty in which they go triumphantly home to the heart.

We are the more anxious that the true meaning of this term should be perceived and understood, from the chance we think it may have to abide of passing to the service of something far beyond it—to something that has much of the appearance of simplicity, without any of its virtues. There is a *natural* chord in the bosoms of us all. It ever responds in sympathy to the noble music of a spirit deeply and sincerely stirred. Here the vibrations of the heart, if they be expressed in poetry, will also be expressed in the language of true simplicity. And this is the kind of simplicity we would cultivate; and that too without

condemning, so it be kept within bounds, the infantile guise in which poetry is introduced to the companionship of children. We only protest against confounding the simplicity of great thoughts with the simplicity of little ones. But we proceed.

The higher range of poetical exertion, to which it is our intention to direct our remarks more particularly, supposes those qualities in him who moves in it successfully that constitute him a poet in the loftiest meaning of the term, as well as a certain set of sympathies in those who accompany him with satisfaction. To write a song and compose an epic are two things. The author of a national lay, or a ballad, may have the power to quicken our pulses or start our tears, by the witchery of his verse, but prove an actual soporific in his attempts to charm by efforts of high pretension. The reason of this it may not be difficult to assign. It consists in the simple fact that different endowments are required for the two species of writing. True, the possession of one does not imply the absence of the other. There are instances of their perfect and happy combination; but the combination is rare in comparison with the gift of the poetic faculty. Most of us can recel our experience of the different emotions we have felt on surrendering ourselves to the mellow music of a beautiful rhythmical composition, and the commanding blank verse of a masterly and enkindling tragedy. With this recollection in mind, the force of our observation will be perceived, as connected with the less and the more pretending efforts of the muse. They who have not poetry enough in their intellectuals to lead them to admit the truth of our doctrine as drawn from their own perception, would hardly be reached by any argument we might build upon it.

Tragedy has ever been considered one of the Olympian walks of the poet. It is certain, that in the cause of the drama genius has put forth some of its masterly efforts. Requiring uncommon vigour of style, a heroic strain of thought, and an adventurous spirit of imagination, an attempt at this species of writing may well rank among the most daring of all poetical undertakings.

When we speak of the drama, we would be understood to refer to the drama in its purity. It would be easy to point to many modern instances, and some among ourselves, in which the neglect or absence of the distinguishing properties which constitute its legitimacy is but too evident. The departure from first principles in this department, indeed, has been frequently unpardonable; and such is the feeling of the age, in connection with this style of poetry, there is little hope, we fear, of a return to them. It is well known that a long and wordy war was engendered, aforetime, upon the matter of the technical

rules to be observed in the construction and conduct of the drama. It was a dispute almost as serious as any upon the real and symbolical presence. It became a settled conviction, however, that such things as time and place, and the common probabilities of life, were affairs which poets, as well as readers, were bound to observe. Genius, it is true, sometimes leaped the barrier of the unities, and, in a few royal instances, roamed in uncontrolled and uncontrollable liberty through the fields of fancy. But the examples have not sanctioned the custom. Notwithstanding, however, the poetic spirit, in this respect, has felt the restraint of public opinion, it has made a new escape in the form in which it has latterly chosen to appear. Under the guise of a dramatic poem, it enjoys a latitude, both in conception and execution, which offers almost all the advantages of the old freedom from technical canons. Accordingly, much of the finest poetry that has flowed upon England of late years, has been through this new channel. To mention no others, Byron and Mrs. Hemans have done enough in this department to prove the truth of this observation.

There is a simplicity and unity—an unity of purpose—about this model of the drama, which, while they render the work unfit for representation, enable the artist to step forward into a region wide indeed for his ardent and excursive fancy. Tragedies, under this modification, are properly tragedies for the closet. They appeal to our taste and to our poetic sympathies, rather than to our passions or our animal excitability.

And we are content that it should be so. We are content that the beautiful works of genius should be fashioned to meet only the intellectual eye—to be scanned in solitude, and to delight us at our firesides. We have never been anxious that the Mysteries and Moralities should be summoned from their sleep of ages. "They sleep well." We have never been anxious to perpetuate any thing that recalls them, or to countenance any of the enormities of the scene that sometimes bring the modern stage into too decided rivalry with those monstrous spectacles. With equal reason we have no disposition to subject the purity and perfection of lofty tragedy to the present mutilating and fantastic spirit of the theatres. We shall not be understood, of course, to speak disparagingly of those standard plays that are tragedies indeed, and as such have been honoured for generations; and which will bear representation and deserve applause so long as the old fountains of inspiration are remembered; but we would keep this sublime department of poetry from the encroachments of the popular demand for stage effect.

We have mentioned Byron and Mrs. Hemans as affording good illustrations of modern English literature in the dramatic department. We do not maintain that their dramas embody

the best of their poetry. We think not—but we believe that they are as good specimens as can be produced of the high conception and vigorous versification which this sort of writing demands. Yet they insensibly take their place in our minds among the class of dramatic poems—those rather abstract works of this kind, wherein the poetry is more a lofty and melodious disquisition upon some prominent property of our nature, than the illustration of any single instance of a ruling passion, or of an isolated history, through the medium of so many acts and scenes. We are aware, moreover, that when we give the writers referred to the praise of priority among the constructors of modern English drama, we are rendering no uncommon honour. The glorious days of British tragedy have gone by; and we might trace, did our limits allow, an outline of its history, to show its declension, and the causes that produced it, and which now almost forbid a hope of its revival. But we must refrain. It is enough to say, that as the spirit of the Grecian drama lived in the lyrics, so the spirit of that of England early lurked in those admirable old ballads that constitute so considerable a mass of its dawning poetry; and that from these fountains the first draughts were the purest. The drama of our language has seen no day more promising than that which shone upon the morning devotees at its shrine. To follow its changes and its deterioration would be to tread in a beaten track, or to linger on a topic that has been amply treated by far worthier pens than our own. Of course we shall be understood as speaking of the general tendency of this species of poetry. An exception like Shakspeare is not to be considered as affecting the rule. It is sufficient to know that the temper of the times and the dispositions of writers have led men astray from the ancient high pathway; and it is quite an event to see a drama among us that can, even in some distant manner, bring back the old and good times of the splendid art. Yet the dramas of these authors not infrequently recall better days. The spirit of the ancient Greek occasionally gleams through them; and in the simplicity and passion, the vigour and fine sensibility, which distinguish those of Mrs. Hemans, we think we see as near an approach to the mingled genius of Sophocles and Euripides, as any, in this department, which the annals of English literature present.¹ True, there is here no misty mythology mingling itself with the plot, and no all-pervading, all-powerful destiny, working out its triumph, as in

¹ This may seem strong language; but we speak advisedly, and are not disposed to qualify it. There may not be many points upon which to institute a comparison—and it is to the *spirit* of the poetry we refer, and not to its externals.

the Greek drama; but there is an unity of purpose—of high and almost religious determination, that well supplies that peculiar principle of the ancient tragedy, while it imparts to this a character still more elevated.

It has been said, and maintained with a degree of plausibility, that the progress of Christianity has been no help to that of poetry. It has been argued, that religion, or religious feeling, as a principle or ingredient, has not been particularly favourable to the development of poetic genius, under its best forms of attractiveness or energy. Doubtless this remark, to a certain extent, is true. *In extenso*, we do not subscribe to it. Though there be no subject on which men are so strenuous or so sensitive as their religion; though there be no one thing which you may not with less chance of resentment charge them with being without, or more safely attempt to take from them, yet make that jewel of their lives a prominent constituent of the subject-matter that you present to their minds for consideration, and it seems to lose half its sacredness and value by the transfer—as though what must be worshipped as a faith, deserved to be overlooked or depreciated as an influence—as though the sublime object of veneration in the temple were deprived of its intrinsic importance by its association with the best efforts of human thought, under the form of some stirring history or poem. This is a part of the common inconsistency of our nature.

Still, though the Christian religion, in its simple and severe exhibitions, may fail to render the poetry which embodies them less attractive than the common worldly principles on which most works of fancy are accustomed to turn, it would be unphilosophical to deny that illustrations of strong moral energy or power or endurance form the most popular as well as the most elevating efforts of the dramatic artist. As far, then, as these may go, they are instances of a modification of the religious principle after all. We see not how this can be denied, if any connection or sympathy is to be allowed between religion and morality; and we feel safe in maintaining that this spirit—call it a moral or religious one as you please—which forms its principle, its nucleus, as in the tragedies of Miss Baillie and Mrs. Hemans, is the true spirit of the drama.

Yet we are hardly ready to admit that the religious sentiment of our own time can be employed as an ingredient of the drama with a degree of success by any means commensurate with that which accompanied it in its earlier introduction—while religion was an influence that awed mankind, without arraying man against his brother—while it was held to be a holy and resistless spirit of good, that pointed and led the way to happiness, rather than a spirit of contention, that is too often thought to hallow a warfare that bends all our passions to its service

without distinction. If the drama be founded upon the exhibition of this principle as it at present obtains among us, it would seem that most of its success, should it win any, would be confined to that class of believers who sympathized exactly with the writer. No large, embracing principle of faith will serve to nullify technical differences, and bring the mind, by a sort of centripetal force, to an acknowledgment of a centering power of genius, in spite of a particular and differing creed in him who manifests it. This is melancholy. It is a weakness. Thus Pollock, the author of the *Course of Time*—no drama, though a poem—found his worshippers, and those who passed by on the other side, not only among those of the same generation, but even of the same circle. It was his religious sentiment that gave him notoriety, we are disposed to believe—not the exhibition of religion as a principle, in the simple, severe, and commanding features which all men insensibly obey, and the strong inspired language of poetry to which all hearts invariably respond. Even Shakspeare, we have all observed, has in latter times been driven from the high place of his “propriety,” in souls worthy of better things, before the all-pervading, all-requiring influence of religious enthusiasm, until they who once held him the master spirit of his species, see nothing in his genius, now, but something fraught with evil; nothing but a lurking devil in his dialogue, and in his bosom a heart miserably and fatally estranged from Heaven. For our own parts, did we believe that this illiberal, destructive spirit was destined to exercise, in connection with the loftier inspirations of poetry, that sad influence which we have adverted to, we should have no hesitation in declaring our preference of the ancient though unsanctified principle, under the shadow of which every character of the early drama passed through its various scenes, as though filled with the peculiar energies of a religious feeling. Certainly this was better, for all the higher purposes of poetry, than the narrow unforgiving doctrines of the time, that would bring the art, and every feeling with which it holds association, into subserviency to the uncompromising demands of a peculiar dogma, and meanwhile give to the winds those searching and noble properties of the soul, which find their proudest and most effective exercise under the hands of the master of song. The Roman satirist, we fear, would have been slow to admit the modern religious sentiment as an ingredient of the poetic art, however humble its pretensions. He would have seen at once, and seeing, he would not have been backward to visit with severity the absurd spectacle of the human mind, plucked from its most exalted sphere—from its worthiest, purest, divinest aspirations, to be put in leading-strings to a spirit whose circle is of the earth, whose tendency is downward, and whose joy it

is to see genius despoiled of its most brilliant and commanding elements. We think it was Bolingbroke who said to Voltaire of the ecclesiastical dissensions between the Jesuits and Jansenists, that “the priests reminded him of the nurses of Jupiter, who raised a deafening clamour, that in the noise they might drown the voice of their god.” How well may this illustration be applied to our own day of polemical theology ! How often is the voice of their God unheard—how often his nature forgotten, in the disputes, of those who call themselves his champions, about his mode of existence, and his attributes ! That this spirit should encroach upon the ground of Parnassus is hardly matter of surprise ; but we think it *can*, and therefore *should*, be kept from taunting the true hearts that find a home there. Let us, however, resume the subject from which we have thus been drawn quite insensibly.

The Greek tragedy was peculiar ; but it was certainly pure and perfect compared with that which succeeded it. It was grand and heroic, for it sprang from the lyrics. It glowed with passion ; it abounded in rugged but natural conceptions ; and it formed the very religion of the time. It is not our object at this time to do more than barely refer to the great masters of the Grecian drama. The names of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* are familiar as household words ; and their history is very generally and pleasantly remembered. Ancient poetry is embalmed with them ; and themselves were embalmed in the pride and gratitude of their countrymen. These great spirits interwove the public events of Greece into their dramatic poetry, and made national concerns of their tragedies ; thus at the same time registering the glories of their heroes, and presenting to the young men of their time the best models by which they should shape themselves in sentiment and character. In reward for this devotion to the art, their ambition was ministered to in a manner, or at least in a degree, peculiar to the age. They were the honoured and the observed of their generation. It is not to be wondered at, to use the sentiment of a sensible French writer, that the Athenians, distinguished as they were by a lively imagination, a noble and musical language, singular fertility of genius, and eminent abilities, exercised by the most vigorous emulation, should be excessively fond of poetry, and no less attached to those who displayed a strong spirit of ambition in that art, and a determination to excel in any of the employments that tended to illustrate or give it effect. For these reasons they honoured, as a matter of course, not only dramatic poets, but actors.

The regard was reciprocal. From feelings thus generated and thus directed, much was to be expected, that should advance the public mind on one side, and high-reaching vigor-

ous poetry on the other. But all this prospect, bright as it was with promise, was doomed to be clouded. The Grecian theatre fell from its high estate, so soon as comedy established itself upon the stage. The early form it assumed there was the most unamiable one in which it has ever appeared: and, saving only the interval during which Menander appeared to dignify it, and rescue the drama, there is little that presents itself upon which it is either pleasant or profitable to linger. We accordingly pass to a consideration of it as developed under auspices totally different in another land.

The close connection with the stage held in various times by the drama, renders quite natural an application to the portrait of the passing remarks which we are submitting upon the prominent points in the history of the letter. In Rome, to which we insensibly turn, the light of poetry expires on the plains of Greece: in Rome, Plautus and Terence were identified with the stage. Yet these two were among the first and most prominent of the Latin dramatic writers. Both were writers of surpassing power in their peculiar sphere. So pure and energetic was the language of Plautus, that Varro, a Roman of acknowledged learning and judgment, declared that if the Muses were inclined to speak Latin, they would speak in the language of Plautus. Indeed, were more wanting to show the celebrity in which he was held, Varro has left, in addition, the following stanza upon his death:

Postquam morte captus est Plautus,
Comedia friget, scena est deserta,
Demde Rursus ludos, Jocundum et mœnem
Innumera, simul omnes collachrymarum.

Horace held opinions respecting this author totally different, to be sure. But Horace lived in the Augustan age, when the Roman taste was at its height of refinement. The only commentary upon his criticism which we deem it necessary just now to suggest, is the fact that for five hundred years Plautus continued to be the principal favourite of the stage. Still we would by no means be considered the advocate of the drama and stage at this crisis. Both were exceedingly corrupt, and in that lamentable state they remained, exhibiting, to a luxurious and dissolute people, every variety of extravagance and licentiousness which could be brought forth under the shadow of imperial patronage in its high places. Thus passed even the age of Roscius; and thus continued the theatre, even in what was then considered the home of its splendour and popularity, until genius withdrew from it, and, under the vile and ridiculous personations of Nero, it fell into utter decay and dissolution.

The appearance of the drama in Spain was accompanied by

that strange mixture of gloomy superstition and provincial farce, which was too peculiar to escape the notice of any mind that busied itself with the early literature of that country. The great basis of the drama there was religion : and not only the ineffable absurdities, but the absolute blasphemies which were constructed upon it, are almost beyond belief. Lope de Vega and Calderon may indeed, in many respects, be exceptions from the mass of Spanish writers who have made themselves so conspicuous by their extravagance ; but even these, though so justly held up as the poetic pride of that romantic land, must be reckoned among those dramatists of whom Dr. Johnson says, they “*gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous or unexampled excellence or depravity : as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf ; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play or from the tale, would be equally deceived.*”

Much of this general remark will apply to the drama as it appeared in Italy. It was distinguished by its inconsistencies, and by a ridiculous management of the most contemptible materials. In point of looseness and extravagance, it rivalled that of ancient Rome ; rarely boasting a virtue to redeem the mass of littleness and vice which seemed to be its prevailing ingredients.

It will be at once perceived that the course of observation in which we are here indulging is of that comprehensive character which our limits render proper, though it is not the one which, under other circumstances, we should incline to adopt. We speak, of course, of the state of poetry as it existed in those dramas which issued from the hands of the mass of writers, and not of the masters. They who may be termed such, of which each land we have adverted to could certainly boast, gave birth to works whose range is the civilized world, and whose celebrity will remain while language endures. Still, even they can hardly be said to redeem their age, and though, in some leading instances, their genius strode proud and unshackled before the confusion of their time, they were not destined to escape it altogether, and necessarily partake, from their position, of some portion of the literary infirmities which distinguish their era. Such exceptions, while they serve only to bring into still stronger relief the moral and literary condition of the people from which they stand forth, cannot but “*make the judicious grieve,*” when it is seen how much they might have done for their country’s reputation and the cause of letters, had they not been subjected to such unhappy influences. How little, however, could be hoped for the progress of true learning in any department, when the common mind was ruled by the grossest

superstition, and all that rose, by the force of native endowments, above the general level of degradation, were more solicitous to take advantage of their condition for selfish purposes, than to enlighten the mass that heaved dimly and heavily below them!

In France, the drama remained without form and void till Corneille and Racine rose to illumine their age. Between these master spirits and the great Greeks, Sophocles and Euripides, a comparison might be instituted, by no means unapt, and followed out successfully. Sophocles was distinguished by his power—so was Corneille. Euripides melted by his pathos—so did Racine. Each saw his leading trait in his mighty prototype. Yet the shape which the drama assumed under the magical genius of even such men, was so decidedly national as to forbid any recognition of it as the drama of Greece in her glory. The French drama, it is well known, is the drama of criticism. The character of the people formed an everlasting barrier to the progress of the true dramatic spirit among them. Its fervour degenerated to coldness; impassioned action was sacrificed to the passion of etiquette; and France and her poetic champions saw nothing of the Greek drama, on the theatres, but the model. Corneille lived too late for his age; and though it was not till the noon of his fame—we think it was in Cumæ—that he condescended to respect the unities, yet the great influence of the court and of popular character were at work before him, and though he might for ever have spurned or worshipped the technical rules of the art which he adorned, yet, in either case, he would have struggled unavailingly against the indomitable spirit of his time. Voltaire has somewhere said that the French were the least poetical people in the world; and offered it as a reason why no epic poem had been produced among them. It may with equal truth, perhaps, be said that legitimate pathos and a tragic sense are matters too incomprehensible with that people, ever to allow a hope for the success of genuine tragedy among them.

But it is not our object to discuss the subject of poetry under its dramatic development in France, or indeed to review its history under any presentation in that country. We are rather desirous of examining its claims to consideration in instances of commanding popularity in our own language, and of contemporaneous celebrity; contenting ourselves with the above cursory observations, which were naturally suggested from a glance at the art, as it exhibited itself in the different periods and lands to which we have adverted in our progress from the past to the present.

It may be thought that we have too long neglected the writer and works, to which reference is had at the head of this article;

and we accordingly proceed to some remarks of a more particular bearing.

We have no hesitation in placing Mrs. Hemans in the highest rank of those who profess her beautiful art. Her productions have been long before the public; and it is not by any means our intention, at this time, to go into a grave review of her works, for they have been subjected to the full ordeal of criticism; but to refer to them more particularly in connection with the sentiments we entertain relating to the drama, and as exemplifying any notions we may hold upon the general subject of poetry. Still we cannot let this lady pass without offering here something of our testimony.

For a considerable period she appeared only through the medium of periodicals; and that, oftentimes, under a disguise, which, though it could not screen her from regard among the numberless masks that are accustomed to figure in those literary drawing-rooms, somewhat retarded the unequivocal and general tribute of admiration that is now rendered to her on both sides of the Atlantic. Her verse, it seems to us, is distinguished by those properties which we have mentioned as characteristic of the true poetry of our time; of that poetry, moreover, which the age appears to demand; and we know not that we could point to a higher sample of that pure and powerful writing which we hold to be the most captivating species in this department of literature. Endowed with a vivid imagination, she has a ready faculty of investing with a rich and harmonious colouring every object in nature or art, of mind or matter, upon which she exercises the spell of her fancy. She grasps the prominent points of her subject with a bold hand; and, under the rapid and beautiful analysis of genius, unfolds its various combinations, that rise like lights upon her march of inspiration. She delights in the simple but energetic emotions; in the deep but strong movements of pure hearts and great spirits; in the joy of happy memories, and the contemplation of high and invigorating realities. Her visions are generally distinct, and the picture which she draws in her glowing but delicate colours, is one that attracts us from the magic by which it brings back some of the dearest dreams of our other years, and some of the holiest feelings which we have been accustomed to cherish. Her pathos and strength are uncommon, and her taste, on almost all occasions, faultless. She rather prefers, in bold, vigorous outline, to bare the soul in some one absorbing excitement, to indulging in refined speculations upon its nature, its mysterious movements, its subtle affections. She avoids swelling into bombast, or sinking into the commonplace of mere sentiment. She depicts strongly, but with truth. Her pathos is not the pathos of a heart surrendered to its desolate feelings, but of one still

left to the persuasion and guidance of its better ones. With many, nothing constitutes this quality, but a sort of restless, talkative, and consequential melancholy. With others, the colouring of the picture must be of that mellow, tearful character which the mere gazing at makes us sad. Now, true pathos is something far better and greater than this; something distinct and determined; our feelings are awakened under it, as under the fine flow of music, swelling on us like an organ at that low chant in which we can hear our hearts throb to the intonations. This is the effect of true genius. It is the true melancholy. There is another that is easily inspired. It is drawn from common objects by common powers. But it requires more than common powers to stir the fathomless places of our nature, until they heave in sympathetic commotion with the spirit that rules them, even as deep answers unto deep. To return. Our writer is not apt to forget the majesty of her art. She presents us a fine statue in the full grace of its proportions; but she remembers the drapery, and arranges it with the ease and taste of one whose genius is true to its work. Her fervour is that of a mind impressed with the importance of things higher and better than those of earth; and it ever burns upward, like the flame from the holy altar. It comes to sanctify the kindest and best of the affections, and delights in the grand and deep revelations of those principles that honour and elevate man. Her strength lies mainly in an excellent fitness of language to express the lofty and brilliant conceptions with which her imagination seems to abound. It is the combined strength of words and thoughts. Her simplicity is not that of a person striving to be simple. It is not the simplicity of Wordsworth. It is not the simplicity of a heart unacquainted with the world and its trials. It is the expressive singleness of a mind accustomed to linger with the grandeur and power of the natural and intellectual worlds, and using its experience of the sorrows that lie beneath them, to regulate its emotions, or to "point the moral" it would enforce. It is to the exhibition of this delicate endowment to an unusual degree, that one great charm of her poetry is to be attributed. It influences her, not only in the choice of thought, but in the choice of language—in the happy perception of which, as appropriate to sentiment, we may observe, lies the grand secret of much, very much, that is graceful and admirable in poetry. It is a commanding quality; and, we apprehend, not fully appreciated. It is the only redeeming quality of that work which is exceptionable in its spirit, and the beauty and enchantment of that which is honourable to the artist. It is next to genius; and, on every occasion, its most effective minister. In short, it is in compo-

sition what conscience is in morals—keeping the writer ever within the bounds of propriety, or at least of good taste ; and operating as a continual rebuke whenever he is inclined to swerve from purity and harmony of expression. It was a taste in execution, rarely at fault, that gave to Byron much of his superiority in the higher strains of his verse ; and it is no less the ruling spirit of Mrs. Hemans, in her extremest abandonment to the stormy passions she sometimes chooses to portray. She seems to be governed by a sense of purity throughout—imparting to the most rigorous portraits of her fancy a chasteness equal to their power.

Classical ornament still holds its place as an important property of poetical composition. Antiquity has long afforded a principal fountain whence poetry draws many of her choicest associations, and much of that material with which she illustrates and adorns her conceptions. This is a familiar truth. But though such embellishment, under the direction of a good taste, undoubtedly has its value, at the present day we are disposed to believe that it does not retain its early importance as a literary ingredient. We are not aware that the writer of whom we are speaking was ever, by any means, wanting in classical resources ; but it is evident that her poetry does not recommend itself, eminently, by classical allusion. It has—we say it freely—something of a nature full as valuable, and full as commanding, to bring it home to the bosom of the enthusiast — and why not of the scholar?—even its favourite and frequent allusions to those animating everlasting principles that actuate us in the sublimest and best of causes, and its intimacy with the fadeless features of nature in her alternate moods of loveliness and magnificence.

That the sphere of tragedy should be admirably suited to the high conceptions and vigorous versification of Mrs. Hemans, is readily presumed. It was a natural anticipation. Nor have we been disappointed in the result. With the exception of some of those short pieces that are so eminently beautiful and spirited, the *Siege of Valencia* and the *Vespers of Palermo* stand unrivalled among her productions. They must also rank, we think, among the best portions of English literature in this department. Meanwhile the minor poems, to which we have just adverted, will be considered, we suspect, as betraying all the prominent properties, powers and graces that distinguish her works. Such detached portions of inspiration—full, as they sometimes are, of exquisite beauty, it is ever pleasant to dwell upon, when one is content to turn to them even from the most diffusive productions of the writer. It is like passing from a wide field, waving, indeed, in the luxury of bloom, and where a thousand sweets are scattered on the atmosphere, to the garden

where the perfume is concentrated, and where nothing but odour is breathed.

On the whole, view her in whatever light we may, as a poetical writer, we hold Mrs. Hemans to be second to none of her contemporaries. Her lyrical genius has proved itself of high order, and it must be admitted that her enthusiasm was ever regulated by a moral sense, that operates, eminently and ever, with all the influence of a governing principle. It may be observed that she never allows that enthusiasm to compromise the melody of her verse. Hence she is rarely abrupt—and on few occasions, save in the necessary breaks of the dialogue, meets us with those chromatics of poetry, in which some writers are apt to indulge, and which, fantastic as they are, are frequently cited as indications of genius. Still there is such a thing as an extreme in harmony. We like not this continuous music; and, though it may deliver itself in rich and lofty chords, it is kept up at the hazard of monotony. Even Milton or Ossian will not answer by the hour or the quantity. We would have Scylla and Charybdis equally avoided by the writer. It should be remembered—unfortunate fact or not, that the human heart is apt to tire of the same bright waters, flowing to the same dream-inspiring cadences. We weary of the garden of flowers and perfume, and pant to spring forth upon the hills, to the greeting of the rude healthy winds of heaven. The writer under our notice allows not her imagination to carry us thither at a bound. We must be led forth through a pleasant pathway, it is certain, but still at a measured step—to the music of her own heart, which she cannot escape from, but which she forgets that we can dispense with.

We repeat, then, that we consider her poetry as well exemplifying what we believe to be the best properties of this material, and well adapted for the delight and instruction of the age. The chasteness and unity of its fervour are calculated to do good continually. It is the spirit of her muse that we honour; and we always conceived, that, with such a spirit to animate her, she was on her successful way to the best eminence to which she or her art could attain.

It is no part of our intention to illustrate the sentiments or doctrines we have advanced upon the subject of poetry; or to prove their soundness by a series of extracts from the writer whose name we have set at the commencement of our article. We deem a resort to this exhibition of specimens needless, while the works of the author afford them so freely to the most casual reader. Besides this indisposition to bear about the brick in our palm, we would observe—though, in doing it, we repeat what we suggested in a previous paragraph—that a review of the works of Mrs. Hemans was not so much our

object as that of the extensive subject to which they relate, and whose varied beauties, power and influences they exemplify with such attractiveness and purity. We pretend not to have escaped the charge of being *out of order*, if we allow ourselves to be judged according to the grave rules of parliamentary usage; but as keeping to *the question*, in that sense, was no part of our profession, we presume further remark upon this point will be superfluous.

The history of the mind and of the literary career of Mrs. Hemans, must certainly be pleasing to any one who loves to contemplate the progress of a singularly industrious, pure, and aspiring spirit, through its several stages, to a high and valuable reputation. Her intellect, though strong, and full of that which was as high-toned as it was poetical, was always essentially feminine in its developments. It has been justly said by Mrs. Jameson, that Mrs. Hemans' poems, "could not have been written by a man; their love is without selfishness; their passion without a stain of this world's coarseness; their high heroism unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition."

We have no fear about the increasing fame of Mrs. Hemans. Her poetry is of a kind to live. It is of a kind to gain honour with the lapse of years; and it may well be a peculiar and pleasing reflection with her admirers, that all who become the friends of her muse will come up to a good cause, and rank themselves as the friends of virtue. We lament that her light is extinguished, and her harp still. But even as we lament, we cannot but remember that there may be a selfishness in our sorrow, as we repeat to ourselves,

"Wo unto us—not" her—"for" she "sleeps well."

Meanwhile we would not carry our critical gallantry quite so far as to induce a belief that we consider this fair author, upon whose poetical example we have so amplified, in no degree liable to imperfections, under the common ban of genius, as well as of humanity. We could find fault in this, and all like cases, with perfect ease; but we doubt whether it would result in any thing like utility to the cause of literature. We hold it to be vain to torture ourselves—though it may gratify some bilious readers—in finding fault, where we have more than tolerable reason to be thankful and delighted. Verbal criticism we abjure, save in instances of high criminality. The purest language under heaven lies open to the animadversions of a caviling, misconstruing, uneasy spirit of scrutiny. Where thought goes far to redeem the work, we are fain, therefore, to let words alone. As to poetry, viewed as the subject-matter upon which severe criticism is to sit in judgment, we are free to

say that we think it has been hardly dealt by, very unfairly examined, very unjustly judged, and very ignorantly sentenced. We have taken occasion, in another place, to speak of the critical and poetical sentiments as rarely combined, and as affording, in most instances where they are assumed, very natural exhibitions of a want of sympathy. We have seen cases which may be called extremely hard ones. in this particular. The court in which they were tried had no title to its jurisdiction drawn from any portion of any healthy literary charter whatever, or from common sense itself; yet prosaic, unimaginative, and unlearned as it was, it presumed to sit upon the matter it had irreverently brought to its tribunal, with all the circumstance and pretension with which it would pass upon subjects to which it might lay some claim of knowledge and authority. No one will deny that this is a highly dangerous proceeding in the business of criticism. It is dangerous as regards both the writer and the reviewer; for the former may be made bitter by the harsh and undeserved judgment to which he is subjected; or on the other hand expanded beyond all rational dimensions by the flattery with which he is dismissed; while the latter is sure to render himself eminently ridiculous by his criticism in the minds of all whose literary judgment is untrammelled.

But let us pass from this to a few closing considerations suggested by our still expanding subject. Poetry has seen times of greater veneration, indeed, than our own. Time was when its votary was all but deified. The oaken crowns of Homer and Virgil proved the enthusiastic worship of their countrymen. But it was the worship of a listening and excited, not of a reading and thinking people. They were triumphs indeed that Racine and Voltaire could boast, when theatres rose up to them, and welcomed them as the poetic fathers of their country. It was high honour that ennobled Petrarca, thought of as divine in his shadowy Vaucluse, and received as divine amidst the plaudits of all Italy. It was a proud thing for Tasso to be set apart to be crowned with laurel at the Capitol, in the midst of popes and prelates and cardinals. Yet the fame of the blind bard of the isles was not full, till temples and statues rose upon his ashes, and cities contended for the honour of his birth-place. The Latin poet commanded an admiration that derived its chief glory from the patronage and power of Augustus. The Euripides of France enjoyed a literary renown as great as a taste so decidedly national would admit, while the poet was torn between the struggles of his great genius and the tyranny of court criticism. Petrarch retains, in many of our recollections, but a romantic celebrity; and it is not the honours rendered, nor yet the coronation decreed him, that can blind us to the

belief, that, in poetry, the highest moral elevation was not reached even by Tasso the Repentant.¹

Though the art, then, and its successful and commanding votaries, may find that the period of their more peculiar and unqualified veneration has passed by, they need indulge no apprehensions about the destruction or decay of the principle of their influence. That principle is imperishable. It is founded as deeply and as securely as human nature itself. It appeals to feelings and sympathies that are born with us, and that go with us to the grave. We cannot escape from its power if we would. It stirs the heart like music, and finds its response as unfailing as its pulsations. Those instances of submission to its enchantment, and of honour paid to its supremacy, to which we have adverted, though not repeated to the eye in this our day, are still no strange tribute in the spirit-land of sympathetic and uncorrupted natures.

In this wholesome and honourable consciousness, then, let the poet find his unfailing satisfaction. His is a high duty; for he strikes his harp for the world—for the benefit as well as delight of his fellows, with whom he mingles on the broad pathway of life. His, too, is a high reward; for he finds it in the applause of the good and great, who render it to his genius in a still more unqualified strain, where the brilliancy of the poet is rendered yet brighter by the worth of the man. Such duty and such reward are surely better than those of an earlier, though perhaps a more romantic age, and surely the best, disconnected with his art, which can await him on the common journey; and though to the mighty masters of a more enthusiastic but less enlightened period, the tribute of praise was rendered with more direct and almost royal manifestations, the regard with which the writer, of true poetic power--of the true inspiration, is now met by an admiring people--a whole land--the world, may well be deemed equivalent to the best admiration of which genius has been the recipient on its most triumphant way.

¹ "Il fut reçu dans l'académie des Aetherei de Padoue sous le nom de *Pentito*, du Repentant, pour marquer, qu'il se repentait du temps qu'il croyait avoir perdu dans l'étude du droit, et dans les autres, ou son inclination ne l'avait pas appelé.—*Voltaire: Essai sur le Poesie epique. Le Tasse.*

ART. II. *Memoires biographiques, litteraires et politiques de MIRABEAU; écrits par lui même; par son frère; son oncle; et son fils adoptif.* 8 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1831 6.

Eloquence, like poetry, seems a natural gift, and not an acquired talent. Efficiency, and even superiority, may be attained in both, without decided genius; though no one will rise, by mere labour, to the highest development of the powers and resources of these arts, without some talent greater than the acquired. Cicero, with that true fidelity and affection which every one feels for the means of his elevation, ranks eloquence as the first of the arts; and, without acceding to this opinion in its full extent, but making some allowance for prejudice and vanity, it cannot be denied that it is a very great possession—a tremendous instrument for talent to hold, and one of the highest and noblest attainments the human mind can reach, or to which human genius can aspire. It is then no condescension, with the greatest mind, if it lie within the direction of its pursuits and purposes, to attempt, if nature is deficient, the increase of its resources, by adding the accomplishment of oratory. Still there can be no doubt that the elements of eloquence are gifts of nature; that it is a peculiar and uncommon power; that the different faculties which are required in its creation, seldom meet in one individual, and are beyond the reach of most men, even in the humblest degree. The great Roman orator says, with some exultation, see how many mathematicians there are—how many poets—how many distinguished in every department of knowledge—but how few orators: and the assertion appears as true as it is forcible. It is borne out by the history of nations. Whether it is the creature of circumstance, a mere accident of intellect, or the production of a highly cultivated condition of society, or to whatever cause our speculations may extend, the fact appears to be, that a great orator is a very infrequent and extraordinary event.

Multo tamen pauciores oratores, quam poete boni reperiuntur, which, as it is true, elevates oratory to a higher place than is usually assigned to it; though it does not depress, at the same time, its noble sister art. Greece, in the midst of her refinement, through all the struggles of ambition, with all her magnificent attainments in every department in which the human intellect has excelled or can excel—in the beauty and perfection of her philosophy—her political changes and convulsions—her freedom—and with a people of the most apt and acute genius, and possessing every other attribute that has made her the admiration of ages—had, or has left, but few orators. There was every variety of incident in her career to

call forth all the various powers of mind --all those hues of hope, and shades of depression, that excite and gladden, or try the firmness and energies of the soul. Nothing was wanting, in her character or condition, to aid and exalt every display of intellect, and nurture into greatness every aspirant for fame. Yet she had but one great orator ; though, indeed, one whose existence is an era, and whose name stands as the emblem of perfection in his art ; whose glory not only surpasses, but overshadows and consumes the merit of every contemporary, and has come down to the present time with the brilliancy of fame and vivid reality, which belong to a living power. The great rival of Greece had but two of high reputation, and only one of the first order. This certainly bears out Cicero, and proves that the gift of eloquence is seldom granted ; or that there are difficulties to contend with, in its attainment, that are insuperable to most minds. Like most things in which the highest efforts of intellect are concerned, there must be, to develop them fully, a correspondence between the moral, mental and political condition of society ; or, in other words, the highest degree of civilization is, if not essential, still extremely important in bringing out the refinements of art. An individual of extraordinary genius, governed by that irrepressible instinct that leads him on in pursuit of the object he is best fitted to attain, may succeed in his design. He does it in defiance of society, in defiance of all the obstacles of a rude age or personal circumstances. He acts not through his will, but by an impulse of nature, to which his will is obedient. He is in so far an inspired person -- one who is beyond the common relations of men, and forms no example of the necessity or the value of an improved social state, in drawing forth and shaping the objects and aspirations of intellect. Great minds do not, to all appearance, come when they are the most wanted. They visit the earth at times when their whole career must be a struggle ; when the difficulties they must surmount, task all their powers ; when the conflict is not only with those external influences that are strong, but with their effects, that control and overlay every energy. They must war not only with the prejudices of others, but with their own ; hold a contest, hand to hand, not with the peculiar feelings alone that society regards as its great defences, but with all the corruptions with which time and ignorance incrust it, and, what is still more painful, and demands still greater exertion, with all those impressions that are found associated with every movement and every emotion of the individual's own heart and faculties. A mind that conquers such difficulties, and issues from so desperate a struggle, not only victorious, but with its character stamped indelibly on the age, and affecting those which succeed it, is not to be brought within

or judged by common rules. He sets forth his own decess : he executes his own judgments. The world is guided by him, and not he by the world. There is no mutual relation between him and society : no influence on the one side - no dependence on the other. It is difficult, then, to say how far such a man might be injured or improved by living in times of more refinement : but one thing is certain, that the nature, if not the quality, of what he does, would be much affected by the circumstances in which he lives. The poet is, perhaps, the only form in which genius appears, that would be exempt from this influence, though not altogether, yet quite enough so to preserve his powers unimpaired, and his claims to originality entire. It is difficult to conceive Shakespeare, if he had lived in the age of Ptolemy, more extraordinary than he is, or very different. His creations would not have been more perfect, though his language might have been more polished. We should have had his humour, his knowledge of human nature, all the strength of his imagination, the brilliancy of his fancy, and acuteness of his wit, in some other shape. He would have moulded the spiritualized grandeur, that appears in the drama of Greece, into shapes as stately and lovely as any we now have, though they might have been imbued with more of the passions and sympathies of our nature. Still, it is a deep homage to pay to the strength of great genius, to suppose that even Shakespeare would not have undergone some serious change, if he had lived in that remarkable era. The imagination rests upon it with such pleasure and amazement, that a species of awe and veneration mingles with our thoughts. There is a visionary splendour attached to that period, a halo of intellect and glory, that makes it difficult to individualize our associations, and not to elevate, into something more than mortal, the men of that time. The poet, however, is less dependent on things around him, than any other of the cultivators of intellect. He models himself by no rules; he is no part of the commonplace of society. He stands, if not aloof, still distinct, from those minor regulations which direct the thoughts of others. His movements are in a sphere of his own. He is the type of his own errors—the master and director of his own pursuits. In what way then is he likely to be affected by the conduct or condition of those minor and trifling matters which hold, but are only meant to hold in obedience inferior minds? We do not, by this, design to say that there is no reaction, even on the greatest genius, by circumstances : for the fact is too evident to be denied. It is allowed by them; it is withered by them; it seems to lose all sense of an independent existence, beneath the weight of the opposing opinions and counteracting laws and feelings of the position in which it is cast. Yet, we think, poetry feels these less than the

rest of its kindred arts. The wild and wilful child of song bears no dictation. He trusts to himself: he meets and subdues difficulties by surrendering his mind to the impulses of his nature. He does not betray the powers which are entrusted to him; or show a want of confidence in their strength and guidance, by submitting to the checks which circumstances or the cold rules and unequal decisions of social regulation would have thrown in his way. Would Homer have been less or more a great poet, if, instead of being born in the rudest age of the world, and on the rocky shores of an obscure island, he had been nurtured among the great spirits of the most refined period in Grecian annals, and been bathed in the pure and exalting air of her intellectual glory? Or would Dante, if thrown back to the times of the greatness of Rome, but to the ruins of her virtue, and commencement of her decline, or thrown forward to the present period of her wreck, instead of being cast among the petty jealousies, the distraction and agitation of rival republics and their factions, have given birth the less to some great work? It might not have been the dark and extravagant fiction we now have: in so far, he would have yielded to circumstances; but it would have been some other, equal in power, and, perhaps, analogous in character. If, then, we relieve poetry from the disastrous suspicion that its very being depends on the state of things in which it happens to exist, we cannot do the same with the other fine arts. They seem, beyond a doubt, to depend on some general power, acting equally on society and the individual--the result of a due and intimate relation between those external influences which act on and through the mass, and those internal impulses that form the peculiar nature of the individual. This complete correspondence between the intellect of the man and the many, is one of the advantages of civilization, and the cultivation which follows it; and it is probably the source of all that calling forth of genius, which gives splendour to, and renders illustrious, certain eras of the world. Nothing then is forbidden to mind; it may be pampered and over-refined, but it still can pursue its inclinations, and find an audience in the incessant desire of excitement and morbid love of novelty, which, at such times, so widely prevails; the two principles which always accompany a high state of improvement, that come forth in the midst of the grandeur of states that prove the utmost bound to which the human mind can reach--the nearness of perfection, and that the limit between the ideal and the actual, towards which genius is ever extending itself, has at length been met; but which, as truly as the flight of vultures, indicate commencing decay, and that nations have outlived their energies.

If, then, we relieve poetry from the necessity of the hothouse nursing of high excitement for its excellence, if not existence, and

choose to regard it as a plant that will grow on any soil, spread its leaves, and throw its perfume among the rocks and across the barrens of social life; not only as well, but with far more strength and beauty than in the extreme of artificial cultivation, we do not depress but elevate it in the scale of intellectual attainments. It shows consideration and homage for human genius, to conceive that its lustre and almost perfection come from a loftier source than mere culture; that if inspiration is too strong a term to apply to the result and exercise of mind devoted to things of the world alone, yet that so noble a possession as great poetic power is a gift of infinite importance, and evidently designed for some extraordinary purpose. It needs no analysis of its value to make this evident. The most superficial observation shows it clearly enough. The admiration with which men receive it; the wonder with which they regard it; the exquisite pleasure that it produces; the echo with which it bounds from bosom to bosom; the hold with which it grasps our affections, and the murmur of delight with which it runs through the present and the dark revolutions of ages—are all sufficient testimony that like the incendiary's firebrand, it is not thrown at random among the inflammable matter of human passion, but is directed towards some deep and mysterious but still useful and necessary end. It matters not, then, when or where the individual being is brought out. Whether it be in the heavy forest gloom of barbarous times; under the soul-crushing sway and deadening influence of ignorance and superstition; in the untutored simplicity of rural life, or among all the resources of the most perfect civilization; still the poet fulfils his purpose. The elements of his character are the same; the true extent and bearing of his faculties are unchanged by the waywardness of fortune. He builds on the iron foundation and solid ground of nature; and, wherever the heather blooms, or a blossom or a flower opens to the spring—wherever the mountain streams roll, the notes of birds chime upon the air; wherever he is told, by the sympathy of his emotions, that his spirit holds alliance throughout the whole broad surface of nature—the poet finds opportunity for his existence. It is in his favour that poverty rocks his cradle—virtue is the more likely to be his companion; that humility ushers him on the stage of life—the false glare of pride is the less likely to charm or dazzle. It is in his favour that no friend counsels as to his course—he chooses his own; that there is no dictation, no restraint—the spirit then bounds forward, with perhaps an intractable and irregular impetuosity, but with decision and vigour. There is then room for the swell of his emotions—a wild freedom for his thoughts. He escapes the early blasts of vice; he is not the pampered fondling of a dangerous admiration; his feelings are

not corrupted; his impressions are not perverted, he is not stimulated by too early excitement; his knowledge of mankind and of himself is not made to develop itself through the violence of bad passions: while the contrary of all these may happen where the mind first puts forth its strength amid the voluptuous languor and withering apathy of luxury and over-refinement.

We do not, then, regard poetry as an art, in the lower meaning of the word. It is the first and the most exalted of the fine arts: it is not improved, but injured, by all that tends to make it artificial. It is not so with painting, sculpture, or oratory. They are the result or are fostered by certain states of society. They are, in part, sciences as well as arts: therefore, they are necessarily, in some degree, artificial. Their real power is displayed where they possess the truth, the charm of nature, and all the beauty and high-wrought effect of science. They then strike the balance of good and bad taste, when the conception and the execution are in harmony; when the ideal is heightened and more fully brought out by mechanical skill; and all that is absurd or exaggerated is reduced, and the real and the natural are in correspondence. This is the perfection of art; and it results from that condition of society, which is civilization in the highest meaning of the term. All these arts—poetry, painting, sculpture, and oratory—are nearly allied. They are kindred natures, though not directed to the same end. They require almost the same faculties, though accident may have given to these a different destination. The same strength and vividness of conception; the same power of expressing passion; the same knowledge of the human heart; the same fertility of invention; and a strong, if not an equal, imagination, are their several elements. The forms in which they embody their thoughts and visions, and through which they give life and figure to their creations, are the same in character. The poet takes the pen, and makes language the medium of uttering the energy of his feelings. He transcribes, in words, the force and depth of his own sensations: and, in this way, gives vent to the fiery host of teeming fancies that pour in upon his mind, animated and called up by the incessant action of an excited imagination, and the heated zeal of an ardent sensibility. The sculptor takes the marble. He makes matter express the life of mind. He chisels the block into thought. Sublimity of conception—brilliancy of fancy—strength of passion—all the loftiest elements of intellect, stand out on the hewn mass of stone. It is the written record of his genius; it is his appeal to the sympathies of a common nature; it is the triumph of art over sense and feeling; the silent voice which speaks to the heart of man through all time. The chiselled marble is as lasting as the

written page. The wrought stone has as much harmony as the laboured verse. The poetry of feeling lives and breathes from the senseless rock as vividly as from the written memoirs of the poet. Who, on looking on the statue of Niobe, does not feel as deeply as if her condition had been portrayed in words? Would her situation of transcendent misery, her look of utter and remediless despair—when there comes across her the complete hopelessness of appeasing the vengeance of a god, and the struggles between the icy languor of resignation and the instinctive effort to preserve her children; would her sorrow, which in the awfulness of its reality, rises to the sublime—could this have been heightened by language? and do we not listen to her last appeal—the heart broken exclamation of her agony?

Unum, immamque reliquæ;
De multis minimum posco, clamavit, et unum.

Poetry cannot do more than marble has done in this. The sister art here fully equals her rival, as, also, in the dying agonies of the Laocoon, and in the majesty of the Apollo, and the surpassing and voluptuous loveliness of the Venus. The painter places his conceptions on the canvass. At every movement of his hand, he sketches a part of some new creation. He pursues the idea he has conceived, and attempts to transfer it, yet glowing with the warmth of imagination. His colours are the hues of his mind. He transfuses into his otherwise lifeless forms, the vitality of his own soul; and he makes to live and breathe with the Promethean fire of its energies, the sketches of his fancy. Though he follow nature, yet he tries for something beyond. In his execution, he is necessarily an imitator; for he is here confined to the material; but, in his conceptions, he may soar to the spiritual, and strive to convey to the senses of men resemblances of things that are neither of or on the earth—representations of existence that are without shape—beings whose home is with the immortal. In the exercise of an art of which he is master, but borne on by impulses he cannot control, with the ease and daring power of genius, but dazzled by the vivid splendour, elevated by the grandeur, of his thoughts, he may attempt this; and the whole conception is so much beyond that which other men can reach—the sense of sublimity is so strongly awakened, that all idea of absurdity, or exaggeration, or harshness, is lost in the rapturous elevation of our own feelings. We forget that we are looking on what no human mind can conceive, no human eye can see—formless visions of unearthly natures—creatures, whose life is with the Deity, whose essence is of him. In looking on the Transfiguration, or the scripture subjects of the same master, we are so far carried away, by the imposing grandeur of the representation,

as to forget that what we see before us is, in reality, absurd ; that the painter has overstepped the bounds of his art, and that he has deluded himself as well as us, with the utmost exaltation of conception the imagination of man can reach, and with the most perfect idea of execution. What idea have we of God ? If he had left the space Deity now occupies untouched, the effect would have been the same ; for the influence over us is derived from within ourselves, from the awe with which we regard that being, and not from seeing him sketched upon the canvass, though it be with all the power and beauty of which art is capable. We can go beyond it in our own imaginations. We can clothe him in more majesty, and array him in all the mighty attributes of authority, without the invocation of the artist. He appeals to sense alone ; it withers in the contemplation. He envelopes, in all the gaudy decorations of colour, the Being who tints the heavens : he strives to reduce within the compass of human thought, Him who is beyond all conception ; he tries to bring the infinite to the measure of the finite—the spiritual to the appreciation of the material—the Creator before the created—the immortal before the mortal ; to make apparent the Being, to whom a thousand years are but as a day, to creatures whose existence is but as vapour. Yet the absurdity of this is neglected in our admiration of the skill and genius which are displayed, and our gratification subdues our judgment. We give our homage to the painter, for showing how far art can go, and how it fails, in subjects that transcend mortal knowledge and human capacity. Each of these arts is thus made, in the hands of masters, to speak a language of its own. Each has its peculiar eloquence, its mode of reaching the human heart, and exciting its various emotions. Oratory—which comes next to poetry, from having more of passion and genius, and those attributes which ally it with poetry, and less of the qualities that make it a science, and show it, in some degree, a thing less shaped by the will, and less subject to the humbler elements of intellect, than either painting or sculpture—has also an eloquence of its own : but it takes a wider space than an appeal to our imagination. It addresses the affections, the interests, the passions. It does not confine itself to one faculty, but speaks not only to every thing which agitates the human mind, but to all that belongs to human life. It thus, of necessity, ranges through a wider circle of the sympathies of our nature than either of the fine arts, except poetry, and, perhaps, even through a wider than this. Its purpose and its influence, though somewhat less exalted, are far more direct ; for the orator must descend, at times, from the elevation of his thoughts, the lofty position to which he has raised his own feelings, to address, and interest, and engage in his favour, those more

common and humbler sentiments that connect the vast majority of human beings, one with another. Poetry need not do this : nor perhaps is it the more lasting if it should. Men, indeed, expect from it sympathy : but not sympathy with the ordinary and humiliating relations of life, that belong to its dull and irksome though anxious commonplace : which disgust while we go through them, and which we desire to be rid of, though they are not only important, but essential. Men expect from it a sympathy with those deeper emotions, with those nobler faculties, which unfold to us that we are something more than our condition would imply. They desire to see in it the reflection of their conceptions ; they desire to feel it as imaging those immense and boundless wishes, those soul-emanating hopes, that open, at times, on the humblest creature, and are not the exclusive privilege of any ; those elevating instincts which nothing seems to annihilate, which burst through the dense obscurity of ignorance, break in upon the intervals of retreating passion, and spread re-creation over all the misfortunes and bitter necessities of existence. Thus men desire to find in poetry : they regard it as one of its duties : and there is a sense of disappointment, if, instead of appealing to those sublime affections, instead of its being the mirror of the soul in its moods of power, it makes itself a mere translation of human littleness, and lowers itself to little more than the representative of base passions, the vehicle of ordinary sentiment. It may be that such poetry is not common, and that it would be of the higher order ; but it is only such poetry that can throw light and splendour across the gloom of life ; that can give increased vigour to those hopes and resolves which come unexpectedly, and seem to result from movements so deep within us, as to be no part of our volition or our reason. The orator has a task of less difficulty. He very seldom, if ever, can find an audience of so impassioned and elevated a character ; for those moods of mind, those humours of our intelligence, are not readily evoked, and do not lie so superficially as to be at the call of every one who wishes to rouse them into action. They are for the hours of silent contemplation, for those moments of self-communing, when passion cannot reach us, and all our energies are as much beyond the drift and direction of common impulse, are as far removed from the influences which usually beset and distract us, as if our nature had been suddenly changed. They are not then within the sphere of the orator. His vocation and purpose are not so elevated. However mighty the emotions he may stir, however fearful the effects he may produce, he must still adhere to the highway on which all are moving. Common life is his element, every-day thoughts, every-day actions, the circle in which he must tread. Human passion is the force to which

he must appeal, and the lever with which he must gain his ends. He must usurp an authority over the will, throw himself into the very bosoms of those he wishes to command, and, for the time, make every listener feel as if abstracted from self, and existing only in and through another. There may be great difficulty in this; but great eloquence is impossible unless it thus strip those to whom it is addressed of their independence, invest them with its own life, make them obedient to a strange nature, divest them of their peculiar qualities and affections, and turn a multitude into one man; changing all their usual sympathies and affections, giving to the mass but one heart, and one pulse, and one voice. This is the highest reach of the orator, and the most powerful concentration of his faculties. His address then becomes little less than an impassioned soliloquy, in which he hears only the echo of his own language, feels the throb of his own emotions, and, through the airy volume of his own breath, listens to the reverberation of his own words.

In saying that the orator must deal with, and make use of, the common feelings under whose impulses he finds men acting, we in no way lower his art, or the power of the individual. If there are great obstacles created by this necessity, admiration and astonishment are enhanced; for in an art that so many profess, and in which so few succeed, to conquer its difficulties is the test of ability, and an evidence that all its resources are wielded by a master. We have placed the mind of the orator as high as we know how to place any mind. We have given him every thing, except the first order of poetic talent, and ranked him as little inferior to the poet; and no one, who is fully alive to this majestic form of genius, can, for a moment, make any other its rival or equal. It is beyond all doubt the most sublime existence in which we are permitted to view the beauty and power of intellect, and through which a faint conception comes to us of the glory of that after state which seems reflected in its lustre. It is the type not of man, but of his spiritual nature, of all that is pure and perfect, and far removed from a condition where most things are gained through the medium of sense, and but little through the diviner energies of inspiration. We do not place the orator on a level with the poet, because we do not think the faculties are equal. Yet nature, in the extremely economical dispensation she has made of the one as well as the other, seems to have designed for the orator a lofty position on the scale of mind. But she has done the same with all extraordinary intellectual favours; and it is only by their utility, and the importance of the results which are effected, that we are able to judge where it was intended their position should be fixed. There are two points of view

by which we are enabled to decide upon this. In the one, the question meets us, whether man is fulfilling the highest offices of his nature and his destiny in confining his efforts to the affairs of the world and whether there is not something beyond these ? and whether the being who moves in a sphere without them, is not of a superior character to him who makes them the limit and the sole sphere of action of his intelligence ? There can be no hesitation in our answer. It is evident that the creation of great genius is for command and direction ; that the humbler are to follow and obey ; that the one sends the light of its power over the broad surface of human life and its destinies ; while the other is meant to creep and glean on the track that has been passed, and collect and compile, with its own skill and labour, the fragments and portions which have been struck off from the mass of men's interests and duties by the greater wisdom, as well as greater strength, of a mighty mind. It is with an assurance of this, an involuntary consciousness that such are the objects of intellect, that we are led to give to it — much admiration and homage : and it is through this feeling, this awe of power, and the mystery attached to it, that we view those constellations which cluster on the firmament of human thought. With this feeling, we regard all, whose proportions expand instead of being reduced, as we contemplate and study them ; whose nature seems higher and more refined, in so far as there is nothing associated with it which holds an intimate relation with men's common and narrow sympathies ; but whose whole existence seems to be allied with another and more elevated condition. But a sentiment like this would be checked and broken if men could feel that they were able to compass and fathom the motives, and design, and mental range, of those who claimed a superiority. The rights and position of genius would then be humbled and altered. There would be constant dispute as to their pretensions — a constant disregard and a general disparagement of them. These, the very polar lights of all knowledge, would vanish for the want of appreciation, and from allowing the blaze of their intelligence to be obscured by the too near approach of inferiors. In the height at which they are placed, they are enveloped in a visionary splendour that gives increased loftiness and dignity. Their dimensions, though truly great, are enlarged by the wide shadow with which they shroud the multitude beneath them. Their real power, embosomed in a deep halo that issues from the dazzling grandeur of their fame, is, perhaps, magnified by the distance where our wonder has fixed them. There are but few intellects which have won from man this intense and almost blind admiration ; those few undoubtedly merit it ; but would mere greatness have gained it, if they had been submitted to the

keen scrutiny and coarse observation of more common natures ; or if they had wasted themselves among the ordinary interests and passions of mankind, and thrown their energies away upon the business of the world ? It is to the great poet, more than to any other individual, that this homage is yielded. It is to him that is almost confined this involuntary offering of our respect and affection ; and it is here the broad distinction arises between the first order of genius and that of the orator. 'The one—we cannot rid ourselves of the idea—is something more than man ; he seems the representative of mind : while the other never appears of a loftier grade than that of a great human being like ourselves, and no higher, except in endowments, which, however they distinguish him, are still within the range of our comprehension : and thus, though eloquence is a proud and powerful talent, it never seizes time with the same strong and unyielding grasp as the more sublime efforts of reason and imagination. It interests as much from being connected with eras and events, as of itself. It belongs and is mingled so much with the affairs of general history ; it divides so nicely the line between art and nature—striking almost as near to the artificial and occasional energies of the one, as to the vigour, and boldness, and unpretending impulse of the other—that it never takes a deep hold of the heart, or becomes to us a matter of feeling as well as astonishment.

It is true, that this arises from the necessity of the case. An orator is a man of action, and not a dreamer or a theorist. His whole power, and nearly all his value, consist in the direct influence he exerts, and which it his duty to attain, over the will of men. He has to contend, not with shadows, but human beings. He does not address a class, but mankind at large. He does not find among them an audience already attentive and fitted for his purposes, but it is to be created. All his thoughts and faculties must exert themselves to this end ; and they must learn to bend and accommodate themselves to its accomplishment. This throws in his way extraordinary obstacles ; for he has to divest himself of his nature, or rather to multiply it, so that it may reach all those on whom he is trying to work. They are not only the wealthy and the wise, but the beggar and the fool, the stubborn, the dull and unimpassioned—all the materials that compose the great mass of men, are to be moulded to his designs ; for these constitute his subjects and his instruments. He has no choice ; he cannot ascend the tribune, and send forth his voice among beings of the air ; but he takes the mass before him, and tries to stir the pulse, to quicken the feelings, to rouse the passions of the whole as if they were one individual. To effect this, prejudices must be subdued, animosities allayed, anger appeased, and interests conciliated ; or, to secure complete

control, the opposite of these must be brought about—dislike must be heightened into hatred, concealed hostility into open contention, friendship turned to enmity, and every emotion, of which the human bosom is capable, made to vary at his pleasure. This mastery includes a large portion of the objects of oratory ; it is, if not its sole end, one of its most important, for it is the only mode by which one man can sway the minds and passions of a multitude, and gain that complete ascendancy which makes them as children in his hands. This is not, however, the highest reach of the art. There is an eloquence of the reason, as well as of the passions, in which no art, or qualities of an art, exist. The appeal is made neither to our senses nor our interests. We are not overpowered or carried away, nor, in any degree, made the tools of trick or design, and fooled by our own weaknesses. We are charmed by a syren voice, that speaks with a calm strength to our minds ; that makes directly to the sphere of thought : that holds us within the circle of its influence, as if enchanted, and yet neither moves nor excites—for these are not its objects—but it elevates and exalts. It does not do this by benumbing our faculties with the orator's torpedo power by distracting us with emotion, and harassing us with every resource and energy of various excitement ; but it effects it with simpler though far grander means—by spiritualizing all thought and feeling ; by expanding our idea of our nature, and enlarging the realm of intellect ; by carrying us beyond the mere instincts of life and necessities of the world, to regions in which the soul, in the ethereality of its nature, loves to bathe as in a sea of new enjoyment, but where our conceptions and our capacity find their limit. Such was the eloquence that issued from the groves of the Academy, when, from its recesses, the voice of philosophy, as if under the influence of inspiration, came with its deep, mild tones, and spoke not of man, or human interests, but of things which transcend all knowledge—of the future—of immortality—of the joys, of the character, of an hereafter. But these things do not belong to the workings of mighty passions—to those affections which linger round and never rise beyond the realities of existence. They are the privilege of high natures—of minds that can conceive and pursue the idea of perfection ; who can chase the ideal through its loftiest soarings, and float, with easy strength, among the wide and wild realms to which imagination has borne them. These are mere images of thought, dark abstractions, deep visions, which, at times, seem to raise the obscurity shadowing our belief, and give a gleam of light and truth beyond ; but, at length, only hurl us back on the bleak and barren certainty of our finite and mortal condition. With such as these, the orator has nothing to do. He may possess the

power to rise into such speculations; but there are few occasions in which he can use them. Demosthenes listened to Plato, and, perhaps, strengthened and extended his capacity, by attempting to follow the philosopher in the depth and beauty of his reflection, and keep pace with him in the vastness and energy of his conceptions. It is true, also, that the nearer an orator may approach to a philosopher the more probable is it that he will enlarge his utility. The habit of generalizing—of labouring an idea till its very last vein is exhausted—unfolding all the particulars to which it extends, and developing all with which it is remotely associated—gives very great additional force to the exertions of the mind. A habit of this kind belongs to all superior intellect: it is natural and necessary, and, therefore, every orator of the first class will possess it, though it may not be important in the exercise of his art. The heavy task is imposed on him of descending to the level of his audience, to endeavour to convince the humblest intelligence, to persuade the most stubborn, to instruct the most ignorant; and, to do this, he must lower his mind, and bring down all his sympathies, to the grade and range of his auditors. It is his design to make men act; he must, to effect this, open every avenue to the passions, and through them to the will. He must find the readiest mode of making himself master of all the hearts that pulsate near him, and strive to win the affections, which, however common and superficial, are the surest, if not the sole, way of producing harmony of action. They form the direct path to those more violent and deep emotions, which cannot, and should not, be touched, except on occasions where great deeds are to be wrought. They are the smouldering and smothered volcanoes of feelings that cannot be approached without hazard, and, when roused, burst into fury and desolation. They are to be managed and controlled, and not let loose, but under the decree of some terrible necessity. It is not with the passions alone, however, that the orator has to do. His character as patriot and statesman imposes on him other duties than the attempt to agitate these instruments of crime and danger. An appeal must but occasionally be made to them. When tyranny is to be crushed—when a general decay of the love of freedom, and a general corruption of morals, are eating away the life of a people, or an enemy is at the gates—an appeal to them then is safe and necessary; and it is on occasions like these, that the greatest eloquence has been produced, and wrought results at which ages still marvel. The mere excitement of feeling is a task of no great difficulty. It involves no great effort of genius. It consists in little more than the offer of opportunities to the base points of our nature—to the malice and envy, the pride, and ambition, and revenge, that have their home, to some

extent, within the bosoms of all. It is but to touch those chords which range through the circle of human interests, and clung, by such innumerable fibres, to the whole social fabric. But such effects as these should be left to the labours of the demagogue. They are his by right, as the guilt and selfishness of his purposes allow him no farther reach than the movement of these active and ever-ready elements of mischief and ruin. They are the materials of disappointed ambition—the inflammable matter to which unsuccessful and unprincipled talent applies the torch—the levers with which the Catilines, the Clodii, and Gracchi, of free countries, heave from their base the principles that oppose and thwart them—which virtue has moulded, which patriotism is struggling to establish, and liberty alone can dwell in; which, at the last, quicken with a life of their own; and if the very soul of a people is not dead within them, fall back on their disturbers with the reaction of opinion, and press them down with the mountain-load of human curses. Cicero laments the loss of Tiberius Gracchus to his country and the cause of eloquence—that one so gifted should be seduced by the idle though sweet voice of popularity, and attempt, in conceding to its influence, and at the hazard of life and fame, the breaking in upon the laws of the republic. “*Utinam in Ti. Graccho, talis meus ad rempublicam bene quendam fuisset, quale ingenium ad bene dicendum fuit!*”

The orator, in the best meaning of the term, has another office than this agitation of popular feeling, for effecting designs of his own, and the gratification of his revenge. He has duties, as a lover of his country, that demand from him the severest effort, the strongest and most extended exercise of his talent. Possessing the ear of a people, having not a mere mob, but a nation, for his audience, and concentrating their whole attention and interest on himself, he moves under a greater weight of responsibility than any other member of society. He carries with him the minds and hearts of millions. He has open to him every sympathy and every chord by which an impulse or an impression can be made to reach the bosoms of men; and, wherever or whenever his voice is heard, the response is given to it in the murmur of national applause. This is especially the case in free countries, and under popular governments—the only fields for eloquence, in the best meaning of the word. He can there wield a power of which a monarch might be proud; for his fellow citizens are the instruments of his ambition; his equals pay him free homage; and the adulation he receives is from those who honour, not those who fear him. His influence extends to their very destinies: for a power that is so completely personal, and which gives such consideration to the individual, makes his character, his virtues, and his vices, a

moral centre, around which the opinions of men will circulate, and from which they will receive a taint or a lustre. This control is of far higher importance than his political weight. The last dies with him; the first lives while the nation lives. It may be to them their life or death. It reaches beyond his own grave to that of his country. He thus rules the welfare of generations; and his existence becomes a curse or a benefit, a disgrace or an honour; for nations live or die by their principles, and not through the genius of individuals. A great mind, in its ascendancy, establishes or overturns these principles. It develops, to the utmost, their purity, or it shows their deficiency. It graduates the whole extent of human thought, and, of course, of human action. Multitudes, in this way, come under the domination of a single man; and no other testimony is wanted of the infinite importance of the kind of principles he inculcates, or of the value of great virtues in himself. Men cannot be governed by cold and vague generalities. These are mere armed shadows, and have no command in the excitement of passion to which nations are liable. They require something to which they can turn in these moments of peril: that brings before them the dignity and glory of the past; something that flatters them, as representing their own greatness; something that insures to them the purest conduct; that figures to them the most consummate virtue. This is found in the names and characters of their great men. They are the safest and noblest monuments of national worth—the simplest, but sublimest records of the fame and honour of a people. Every succeeding generation turns to them as the type and standard of all that is worthy and all that is illustrious. In every crisis, and in every misfortune, their example cheers or frowns upon their course. In every danger, it is pointed out and called upon as the rallying point of their exertions and their hopes. In every struggle, it animates despair, and stirs the spirit, like a trumpet-call. During the growth of a young people, its influence is their guide; in their prosperity and grandeur, it should be fixed in their hearts; in their decline, though it cannot conquer nature, it spreads a lustre over their dying greatness, and beams with a full light upon their ruin. There are periods in the career of nations, in which the importance of great names and the authority of great examples are deeply felt. A long line of events may rest entirely on their moral influence; though there has never been an extraordinary era, when the fate of nations was in the balance, which has not brought out some mind equal to the occasion. Eloquence, or action, frequently the two together, have been the sum of its properties and powers. The orator, the living combination and representative of these two sources of authority over men, has

generally been the instrument at such periods. Times of disaster, moments of convulsion, conspiracies against the state, and revolutions, seem the moments when he is called forth to take the direction of the destinies of men. This would apparently show that he was intended for great purposes; or it may be, that then excitement adds tenfold strength to every energy. The calm of prosperity is only favourable for the arts of peace; but when principle is at war with principle—when the oppressed and oppressor are waging a deadly contest—when soul is confronting soul, not only in the senate, but on the field of battle—then is required some great spirit to still the storm; some one who will restore or renew the shattered elements of men's moral and political condition. Men have seldom been disappointed in this. The times have ever brought up some one to command them; and the daring genius of an individual has grappled with and subdued the strife. The histories of free countries offer the best evidence of this, as it is in such that the returns of dangerous eras are the most frequent: and it is for this reason that, in them, the examples of great eloquence are to be found. We need not turn to Greece or Rome to testify to the fact. England and France will verify it. Both were deficient in orators till their revolutions. The first, though ever a free country, to a great degree, was always too far overlaid by the forms, and privileges, and principles of a monarchy, ever to admit of the freedom of thought, which is the first element of eloquence. But these were broken through by revolution; and all her impetuous and strong spirits were let loose under a republic. From that time to the present, the house of commons has contained some one man of considerable, if not great, oratorical abilities. The French revolution, however, produced in the two countries four men of immense talent; two of them the equals of the most celebrated of antiquity; and we purpose to show the importance of that event in the calling forth of the best powers of such men, and to mingle, with our remarks, opinions on their character as orators.

Perhaps the chief of these, as an orator, was Mirabeau. At times, we are disposed to think him the greatest the world has known; for the only way to compare remarkable characters, is either by the results they produce, which may be accidental, or the occasion that calls them into action. There can be no dispute, on these two points, as respects this individual. The results he laboured at, and which he was the main mover and instrument in executing, were of a nature that all time must feel: the occasion was a portion of the most astonishing epoch that has ever involved the welfare of human interests, or engaged the speculations of the mind of man. So far as these go, there can be no hesitation, in assigning to him the loftiest

position, not only among orators, but among every other class of agents who have swayed the affairs of mankind. He undoubtedly possessed qualities which would have made him a fearful instrument of good or evil, at any era—qualities which are not often centred in one man, and which, by their own force, must, at all times, have carried him to the level of his desires. An audacity, as unbounded as the circumstances were awful in which it was called forth; a personal courage that nothing daunted; a tact and readiness in speaking, that never made it necessary for him to concede to a better prepared adversary; and a vehemence that overwhelmed, if it did not convince—that silenced, awed, and confounded the undecided, the timid, and hesitating. Let one bring before him the scenes of the revolution, and he will at once appreciate the nature of the energies of Mirabeau. We will make due allowance for a man in the midst of danger not being able to judge of its degree, and admit that the coward may see too much, the brave too little. But Mirabeau not only saw the crisis, but foresaw its consequences. He took a wide view of the vast scene before him. His mind encircled the whole future. He felt the character of the moment. He knew that the long arrears of ages were to be then settled; that irresponsible power was at length at the mercy of those it had so long oppressed; that its battlements, fenced round as they were by usurped privileges, might now, in an instant, be overturned. He was, therefore, fully aware of his own and his country's danger; and must have felt, when the powers of his soul were brought into action to advance or restrain a project, to give or stay an impulse, that he was acting with the world as spectators, and posterity as his judges. There was then every reason for the most anxious caution, and most consummate prudence; and he fully acted upon both. But they were not evinced in a timid reserve, or shuffling policy of expedients, with which weak men attempt to resist the progress of events beyond their comprehension and their courage. It was too late for these. The blast blew too loudly for the voice of experience to be heard; and the danger was too imminent for the suggestions of reflection. No human power could resist the onward course of things. It was the season for action, and action alone. The heated lava of human feeling was flooding from its volcanic source, and all that could be done was to give way or to direct it. Mirabeau chose the latter course. He confronted the danger, and offered himself as the victim of the power he hated, for the liberty he loved; and stood in the front, before the furious excitement of a nation, warring with law and order, and attempting to crush every recollection of the past. At one time, the progress of the revolution depended on his will. The throne, the monarchy, the

cause of the people, were within his power. Yet with these momentous interests, balanced and supported by his caprice, and altogether relying on the course he took, he never withdrew from his principles or position, or retreated from responsibility, or for a moment seemed to despair. "Slave, go tell your master we are here by the power of the people and nothing shall expel us but the power of the bayonet," was his exclamation from the tribune of the national assembly, to the astonished emissary of the king, and with some reservation for something theatrical in the manner, it was still an extraordinary instance of daring. The king of France had been regarded as holding almost unlimited power, and there was, in consequence, the long habit of submission and respect for his authority weighing on men's spirits. Yet, in the face of these, a bold member of the "tiers état," a body as yet unacknowledged and only then beginning to assume independence of action, and still considered as in nearly feudal servitude, sends forth defiance to his sovereign, and, before his country, thus breaks the bondage of a nation. Whether it was done from mere impulse, or was an effort of politic courage, or one of those sudden gleams of thought that open, in an instant, a wider view of distant consequences than the ponderings of deep sagacity—it was, in any light, a remarkable exclamation, and, from its results, in the taking of a weight from men's minds, and that long and anxious suspense which grew naturally from the crisis and the awful position of the nation, and thus at once putting the revolution in motion, it became even sublime. It was all that was wanted; and, from that moment, the destiny of France was fixed. "Slave," and this to a messenger from a monarch whom law, and habit still stronger than law, made almost despotic, followed by language of the utmost contempt, as if the emissary, and he who sent him, were the meanest of mankind; and then the assertion, which must have sounded like a thunder-clap to all Europe, that the people had assumed rights no earthly power could thenceforth remove, and the relations between kings and subjects were to be altered or for ever separated—give to the words a majesty that nothing can exceed. Mirabeau, from that time, became the champion of the liberties of France. He took on himself the duties attached to the character, with the ease and strength of a great mind; and he performed them with a fidelity and a spirit which proved that all the desires of personal ambition were merged in his patriotism.

There is another and a colder view to be taken of this man. It may be said, and perhaps with truth, that this magnificent display of lofty daring was rather the recklessness of a ruffian than either fortitude or moral courage. We admit that there is nothing sublime in this display of an energy which may

be mere desperation: that men can look upon it with no respect, or take for an example a boldness, derived not from the intensity of deep emotion, but from the callousness of vice and villany. We concede all this to the moralist, yet, with a full sense of its truth, we do not entirely bow to the decision. Admitting all the baseness that made him contemptible, we still think that there is much to admire. There is a moral sublimity in great courage that carries us away with admiration; and the feeling is strengthened infinitely where, as in his case, the conduct of the man was equal to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. It could not be insensibility to danger, or mere desperate bravado—the occasion hardly admitted of these; but it appeared the highest degree of fearlessness which a man can show, who is emboldened by his cause, and made intrepid by the hope of producing great results, and the determination to make the attempt. There was much, certainly, in the early part of Mordaunt's life, that made men look with suspicion on his course. They could not conceive the existence of purity of motive, where there was great depravity of moral character. It was impossible to hope for great excellence where the passions had been uncontrolled, and had borne the individual into the worst of youthful vice. It was difficult to imagine that the man could issue from the poisonous vapour of low dissipation with pure principles, or a disposition for good: though there seems a sort of law in morals that the same ardour and energy which a youth has displayed in gratifying his inclinations, however immoral, may, under a change of circumstances, accompany actions of virtue. There is sometimes a pride of character in this unsteady whirl of the passions, that forbids the performance of a base thing: and which, when once made to act in situations where the object is honourable, gives force and dignity to the efforts of the man. Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth is an example.

“ The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits;
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.”

And yet this change took place after the indulgence of every vicious excess—

“ Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies unlettered, rude and shallow ;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports ;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.”

But it should be remembered, by those who may compare themselves and their present circumstances with Mirabeau or Henry the Fifth, and found a hope of future excellence upon their example, that they were extraordinary men. The one, born to a crown ; the other, an actor in such scenes as the world had never before witnessed, and may never again. Indeed there are but few instances of the disuse or misuse of talent in early life being made up by after study : Alcorn is, perhaps, the most remarkable ; but, as we have said, extraordinary men should never be taken as examples. They have the power to supply deficiencies, and even turn to an advantage all that seems destructive, and which, with other men, would be certainly ruinous. The mind is with them intensely active. It seizes and purloins over all that comes before it. Its own operations are its study ; and the moral tendency of certain courses of conduct, as they affect the individual and the many, do not escape its observation. It will, therefore, sit in judgment on itself, and reclaim and reform its vices and its misconceptions. All this is beyond the feebler will of weaker spirits : for it is energy of will which gives to these remarkable persons this complete command over their minds and their moral conduct, and which draws between them and the rest of mankind, a broad line of distinction. But it is very possible for vice to become a habit, and corrode the vitality of all moral sense. Not only all principle becomes extinct, but its very perception is dead within them. The barrier, which the instinct of our nature raises between vice and virtue, is broken down, and the whole being approaches the brute. But this cannot happen with these highly endowed natures. They still feel and still perceive all the beauty that lies around them. They are not and cannot be dead to the sources of those emotions which impel them to action ; which are ever at work in the depths of their souls ; whose violence, though they do not resist it, and though it drive them on to the path of danger, yet, from the suffering it creates, keeps them alive to the powers they possess, to the duties they have forsaken, to the time they have wasted, to the wrong they are committing to themselves and their fellow men. Great genius is ever conscious of its importance, and has fixed within itself a lofty idea of its destiny. It cannot rid itself of this feeling, that grows from the comparison it makes between its own powers and those of other men ; and it is, therefore,

ever seeking a field of exertion in proportion to these energies, and in obedience to the strength of the passions which master and impel it. This desire for action cannot be subdued, but it depends on circumstances as to its direction, and on the principles which the individual imbibes from education. It may take the path of pleasure, or that of ambition: it may give way to every impulse, and seek the gratification of every vicious propensity; or it may permit itself to be enchained within the bounds of social and moral laws, and become a gentle and submissive subject to the wide tyranny of opinion. Still, whatever track it chooses, the will always preserves a command over the mind, and can open for it a field of intellectual action whenever an object is in view worthy of its efforts. This was the case with Mirabeau.

In the early part of his career he was guilty of every species of vice and even crime. He was persecuted by his father, and expelled from his country; but he still laboriously exerted every faculty of his mind. Thus came of the long and severe trials he endured; and the conflict with his passions, to which the forced restraint and inaction from his repeated incarcerations subjected him, invigorated and made him capable of more concentrated effort. There was probably a great moral impression left by these personal sufferings. His love of liberty, that seemed to glow as intensely as if he had been born in a republic; his deep and unmitigated disgust and detestation of all oppression; his putting forward what at that time must have been regarded as a wild and even criminal idea, the power and rights of the people, as distinguished from and as beyond the privileges of royalty - all those sentiments of constitutional and representative government that were then new in the place where he gave them utterance, and with which a large portion of the world is still battling—a part urging, a part resisting—may be traced to the solitary reflection, the wearing and oppressive agony, the gloom and desolation of a prison. It was there that his genius was schooled into patience, and taught to weigh and consider its capacity. It was there, perhaps, he pondered on schemes of future action, and fostered and treasured up the measures of his hate and indignation. It was there he determined on being revenged for his own wrongs, by making himself the avenger of those of his country; and, though issuing from the bosom of an aristocracy, with all the prejudices of birth, and the privileges of rank multiplied by feudal rights, he cast them off, and plunged at once amid the body of the people. The powers of his mind that had been strengthened by solitude, and his passions which had been envenomed by injury, and made still fiercer, though more direct, in their purpose and action, were henceforth devoted to freeing

the people of France from the servitude of ages. His voice was heard even above the shouts of a nation, and the strains of his eloquence were listened to in the anarchy and convulsion of revolution. It floated to the bosoms of monarchs as well as people, and awoke Europe from a lethargy.

We have not said, nor do we assert, that virtue was developed in Mirabeau equally with his talents. The fact was otherwise. He continued to the last the victim of low passions, a mark of contempt to the good, of fear to the timid, and of hate to his rivals. But he was the man for the times. They required action, not principle. The lawless and ferocious advocate of the liberties of the people was of more service than the honest but hesitating and scrupulous man of virtue. The object was to hurry on the revolution, and drive to an extremity the king and aristocracy. One such thunderbolt as Mirabeau, was of more use than many cautious and censorious Catos. There are periods when good retreats before evil. Men treasure up, by misconduct, long arrears of mischief, and though the sensual and the dark rebel in vain, yet they wear the laurel for a season. They are the agents of retributive justice, and from the hot steam of the desolation they create, comes an atmosphere of more purity. The French revolution was the result of disturbing the elements of evil. It did not want and would have overpowered all good. Great virtue could not confront it; blood was the river of its baptism—Robespierre the type of its character. We do not allude to its effects on the liberties of men—they are undoubtedly beneficial, though time must confirm them—but to its conduct alone, and the kind of persons it brought out as essential to its cause. Mirabeau will always rank among the first of orators, but as nothing else. His course is too abhorrent to the better feelings of society, to make him more than an object of admiration for his genius; and nearly all the influence of this is destroyed by disgust at his vices, and suspicion of his motives. He sought power by flattering the people, and was flattered in return. He cajoled them, and they complimented him. He stood forward as their advocate, and they embraced him as their defender. But his passions and his pleasures created wants; the heated breath of men frenzied by his intemperance, the shouts and the applause of the mob, were only for the ear. The court stepped in and relieved him, and the whole charm of his intellectual greatness is broken by the baseness of receiving a bribe.

As to the character of his eloquence, there is no difficulty in deciding. Strength and vehemence are its chief elements—the two qualities absolutely necessary at that period. He is beyond what we supposed a Frenchman could be; there being far less labouring for effect, and less desire for display,

than is thought to belong to the French nation. One would hardly look among them for a popular orator: nor are we sure that Mirabeau's manner would be thought, in this country or in England, as fitted for a popular assembly. It is difficult to conceive, judging from the nature of his countrymen, that he could have escaped rant and declamation. They are too lively and excitable a people to listen to the deep dulness of wire-drawn logic, for the true republican length of time. They must have excitement: and no speaker can claim among them, as his peculiar right, or as a duty to his constituents, the determination to put them to sleep with a drowsy discourse. It is probable, however, that, in all particulars, Mirabeau would have appeared as well in congress or the house of commons as in the tribune of the national assembly. He had evidently great power of adapting himself to circumstances. He had been taught very early the value of practical ability, and not to suppose that the ideal superseded the actual in the affairs of life; or that metaphysics or profound philosophy were wanted in the management of a nation or a mob. He was in truth an actor - one who assumed a character, and put all his best points foremost: but he had a thorough knowledge of himself, and perfect acquaintance with men, and knew how to draw them into his designs without using force, or alarming their self love: though he could, if it suited his purpose, menace like Jove, and still the roar of opposing factions with the thunder of his voice, and a shake of what he called - his lion's head, - or, like Belshazzar, please the ear with soft persuasion. His opinion of himself was, at one time, that, though his youth had been stormy, and through the fault of others, as well as his own, he had committed great errors, yet he defied any one to show that he had not always acted upon the noblest sentiments, and from the most disinterested motives, and been guided by a proud independence and uniformly inflexible principles. This opinion of himself and his political conduct, might, at that time, have been correct, as it was before his necessities drove him to accept a pension from the court, which, as he said, was to give him power over them, and not to increase theirs over him; and it must be confessed that his zeal for the cause of the revolution does not seem for a moment to have yielded to the influence of the king, or been governed, in any way, by this suspicious course. A late publication by an intimate companion, who was near him during the wild and furious scenes of the time, somewhat lowers his intellectual character. It considers him an extraordinary though not a great man: and this would be certainly just, if all the circumstances mentioned really occurred. The establishing a fame upon the labours of other men - the becoming merely a mouth-piece for others' reflections - the

giving to the world, an astonished and wondering world, too, upon occasions the most momentous, and from an arena that was the battle-field of all thought, opinions he had not considered—shows a want of principle, as well as a want of grasp of mind, and a want of principle, we must say, that no admiration of his genius, if we allow that he possessed any, can, in the slightest degree, extenuate. But taking for a fact that Mirabeau did usher to the world this plagiarism from the conceptions of others, though we cannot pardon, we can easily account for it. His youth had been one of extreme agitation, and consumed in the violence of passion. His career had, as he says of himself, far better fitted him for an adventurer than a philosopher: this was an assumed character—the other his nature; and he certainly possessed the two qualities most desirable and most successful for those who are to make their fortunes out of society—boldness and impudence. He had gone through no patient and continued course of study by which the mind secures a strong control over its movements, acquires the habit of investigation and reflection, and meets, with calmness every obstacle. But if his intellect had been of the very highest order—it is very possible that it would not have met with vigour, or managed with facility, the variety of new and important subjects that came before it. The sudden outbreak of strange ideas, feelings, and principles—the overflow of wild fancies that flooded the ordinary pathway of mind, would have embarrassed the most extraordinary intelligence. Mirabeau is, therefore, excusable in not fully comprehending all the matters that so suddenly broke upon him and France, and the whole of which he was obliged to advocate or oppose: but he is utterly without excuse in palming on that time and the future, under the sanction of his name, a host of what were then dangerous and terrible doctrines, and which are even now under dispute, and in doing it with a decision and apparently deep conviction of their truth, supported as they were by a surpassing eloquence that made them irresistible: while, at the same time, he could only have conceived them matters of necessity or expediency, and not founded on wisdom or experience.

But we will now turn to another celebrated character, called up or rather fortunately existing at this same time, of another nation, though of similar temperament—a man not of the occasion, but capable of being illustrious whenever his powers were permitted a sufficiently extended field of action; possessing, as they seem to have done, similar natures, they are remarkable examples of the difference education may make in the tendencies and operations of the mind. Both were accused during their lives of unprincipled ambition; the one, at aiming to destroy the institutions of his country by the opportunity of a

revolution that existed without his agency; the other, of effecting the same purpose by bringing on, by his own efforts, a similar catastrophe. 'Time is avenging both their memories; both are now patriots—neither a traitor.' The world is coming round to their opinions, and has not made them the outcasts and marks for scorn that it was prophesied by their enemies they would be.

Next to Mirabeau, perhaps his superior, and certainly, in many particulars, much beyond him as a popular orator, is Charles Fox. The essential difference between them arises from the habits of their two nations, more than from the habits of their intellects. Sounder and better founded principles, more extended knowledge, the development of the reason rather than of the imagination—all that can give assurance of honourable distinction, especially to one intended from his birth for the legislature of a free country, are the natural consequences of an English education. These constitute the dividing qualities between the two men. There was the same violence of passion, the same ambition, the same love of country: though the one had never gone through such misfortunes, or been thrown among so many agitating scenes, as the other, nor acquired that deep intimacy with the worst portions of human nature which is gathered by indiscriminate association with the elements of society, and which was of such importance to Mirabeau in the management of the materials of the assembly. He knew the geography of that body perfectly—where to find the unscrupulous, the designing, the ambitious, or the honest—for what men were working, and how they were working: he became himself a part of each man's design, by placing himself as an obstacle in his way, or urging him with some of his own boldness and warmth of impulse. This was the secret of his sway, as it made him far more dreaded than any exertion of genius or display of logic could have done. The arena of Fox was altogether different. He had only to inspire men with his own generosity and liberality, to make them throw by the trammels of custom; in truth, his only object and sole labour were to open their bosoms to the spirit of the times. He only partially succeeded, as his countrymen are the least malleable or excitable of people, and require not only length of time, but a deep conviction, before they will give way, and let feeling surmount and subdue interest. We are not sure that the term popular orator applies to him, or defines his rank. Burke called him the most brilliant debater the world had ever seen, which does not imply the talents of an orator, but rather the possession of argumentative and logical abilities. He has been called the Demosthenes of the house of commons, from being supposed to possess some of the attributes of the celebrated Athenian,

whose name calls up the impression of the highest powers, and the great ends for which they can be exerted. All contemporary accounts declare him the most impassioned and vehement speaker ever seen in the house of commons; and, in truth, his speeches are full of a warmth and impetuosity of feeling that convince you of his sincerity, and, from the seeming imprudence of his remarks, strengthen very much the idea of integrity. He appears to repress nothing, but to give way to the moment, as if it were all important, and the last opportunity he should have of making known his opinions. This disposition to exaggerate present circumstances, at times perhaps from conviction, but more frequently for producing effect, is the usual mode with those who address popular assemblies, or intend their language for the popular ear. Fox had some excuse, however, in the nature of the times, that were undoubtedly dangerously excited, though his latent object might have been to rouse the feelings of the nation by popular topics, and change the current that then set so strong for the minister. We are willing to acquit him of the bad ambition, the traitorous and revolutionary designs, with which his enemies charged him. Except in the broad accusations of his opponents, we can detect no trace of even suspicious motives. His conduct, in the midst of all the exasperation of the moment, the disappointment of his hopes, the sneers of his foes, and desertion of his friends, appears to us patriotic and magnanimous. But his violence, accompanied as it was by a determined and even captious assault on the measures of government, has encouraged the idea of his being misgated by personal objects. Any other mode of accounting for that, may be as near the truth; for private slander, or the calumnies of political hostility, should not enter into historical evidence. The condition of the times may offer the best apology for Fox and his rival; and the conduct of both can be as well justified on the basis of the purest intention, when that is considered, as in assuming that the one acted from an unprincipled ambition, and the other was directed by a narrow-minded policy, and governed by inflexibility of temper. Europe was convulsed; its strongest and most dangerous nation fearfully excited, and warring with every neighbour in its principles, and ready to fight to the last for their diffusion and defence. It was not then the part of kings or cabinets to go into an argument as to whether they were right or wrong. They saw that, wherever the truth might lie, their thrones and lives were at hazard. Their aim was then to save themselves; and to do this, involved the necessity of resisting to the utmost the crusade France had undertaken against all who did not acknowledge the doctrines she put forth. Her gigantic efforts, her tremendous excitement, compelled other nations either to the degrading

course of concession, or decided resistance to French ferocity, and supplicants for mercy; or else of pledging every resource and every energy against the foe and a determination to conquer or be conquered. At the commencement of the struggle, many or most of the powers of Europe took this lofty ground, and the war was declared *bellum interuentum*.² It was forgotten that it was a war of principle, in which the parties were the governed and then governors: the one seizing the occasion to put forward claims to which heretofore all expression had been closed: the other driven for their own preservation, however they might feel the justice of those demands, to oppose them through all extremities. In England the abuses under which men suffered, and the restraints they produced, made the freedom they really enjoyed a source of danger; for the people knew what they had, and what they had not, what they should have, and what was kept from them; and, in this way, adding to excitement, by making their wants and deficiencies yet more evident. Thus appeared at the opening of the French revolution. The discontented of England took advantage of the occasion to urge their claims on the government. All classes had some wish to gratify; the disappointed and profligate, rich and poor, wanted power, and the government, in the midst of this turbulent state of feeling, was compelled to strengthen itself by appealing to patriotism, ambition, and fear. The great question was, whether the way in which this was done, under existing or under any circumstances, was justifiable. On this point the party in power and the opposition divided; and on this ground the two champions of things as they were, and things as they ought to be, the rivals in ability and desire of power, took their position, and fought foot to foot for more than twenty years.

Pitt chose to consider the revolution in France as an accident; that it had not been produced by a long course of oppression; and that its seeds had not been for a long time taking root in the minds of men; but that it was the result of mere temporary excitement, and instigated by a band of visionary philosophers, while its chief actors were a body of ferocious assassins. He saw nothing in it but the subversion of all government—the downfall of law and order—the obliteration of the prerogatives of time and every vestige of the past; and ridiculed the idea that it was the opening of a new era in the history of man. Fox took a directly opposite view. He regarded it as the greatest event that had ever occurred—a revolution in man's civil and intellectual life—a complete change in his destinies and his hopes. However the manner in which it was conducted was open to abhorrence—however fierce and bloody its scenes—he looked beyond these, and did not hesitate to approve, with his whole

soul, the event itself. His opponent saw, under the false pretence of justice the innocent, the virtuous, all whose wealth made them objects of envy, whose qualities dignified human nature, perish on the scaffold. He drew back from the contemplation of the future in the view of the present, and permitted the disgust and horror roused by the scenes before him, to turn him from the perception of the developments of time. The other lamented the wide ruin and reckless havoc that accompanied the event : but considered them as the natural and necessary consequences of a long oppressed people suddenly and by violence acquiring their rights, without understanding or knowing how to make use of them. The blame of these excesses was not with the people of France, but with those who had kept them under the basest of all servitude - the vassalage of ignorance : and who now deemed that from a condition of such degradation they were at once to become a mild and enlightened nation. Was it to be supposed that they would not act up to the character thus impressed upon them, and seek retribution without regard to any thing but the gratification of their revenge ? To hope the contrary, was to expect too much from men ; and it was on this ground that Fox looked from the manner in which France conducted the revolution, to the principles it involved : and in these he saw freedom to men, equal rights, and all by which human character can be elevated, all by which men and nations can be advanced in moral excellence and intellectual greatness. This was a natural view with a mind so enlarged and liberal as that of Mr. Fox, and which ever took the favourable side of human character. But Pitt thought this romantic or untrue ; or, from his situation of first minister, he had formed very different conclusions concerning men from those of his opponent, or he might have been really alarmed for England, or, what is as probable, his mind was not expanded and warmed by his heart, but narrowed by the extreme caution his position required, and its tremendous responsibility. There was this difference in the character of the two men ; the one ever advocated the most generous principles, and carried all his ideas of government to an extreme : he wished an entirely new era, in which men and minds should be able to exist by themselves and for themselves, without the control of self-constituted power ; in fact, he upheld the sovereignty of the people. Pitt clung to old habits of thinking, and conceived that men could only be governed by their interests or corruption. From the sketch here given of the characters and principles of these two individuals, it is not difficult to declare which of the two was the better orator - the one who opened the heart, who warmed its benevolence, who exerted its best and purest feelings, who elevated men's views of himself

and his fellow men, who struggled to awaken his hope of attaining excellence, and to improve his capacity for it, and who, to sum his virtues as a man, in the words of Burke, was born to be loved ; or he who called forth men's patriotism by stimulating their cupidity and pandering to their ambition, who relied upon corruptness of motive and selfish design as the basis of human action, and the conceding to these as the surest if not only means of making men subserve his purposes.

It would be unjust to create an impression that Pitt acted on these principles with any personal object ; he is universally acquitted of this, though he is charged with political corruption in all its extremes. This might be, and probably was, essential for the preservation of his power ; but whether power so preserved is for the moral or political advantage of a nation, is another question. He may have regarded himself (and it is best if not safest in judging men to concede to them honourable motives) as the defender of his country and its constitution ; and with this feeling and for such ends, that any mode of supporting himself in authority was lawful and necessary. But, however we may view Pitt, it is impossible to conceive him to be as great an orator as his rival. His dignified manner, his well modulated voice, his beautiful language and polished periods, heightened as they were by his father's fame, his own talents and moral character, must have made him effective in any body, though, through the idea one forms of the cold concentration of his manners and disposition, the heart and imagination do not warm to him as they do to Fox. We cannot conceive him to have been a popular orator, or as more than a debater—the term Burke applies to Fox, though he qualifies its meagreness, and the minor rank it seems to assign him, by the words, “the most brilliant and accomplished the world has seen.” But perhaps the best example of what an orator should be, is Burke. He cannot be cut down to the narrow sphere of a debater, but moves in the full orbit of a great orator. His fine philosophical spirit, his capacity, more enlarged than any other of his time, his acquirements, the richness of his imagination, and brilliancy of his fancy, made him pre-eminent among the great spirits of his time, not as an orator alone, but as a man. No one approached his intellectual dimensions ; no one could encounter him without being humbled ; and no one could listen to him without being instructed. To this we have the testimony of Fox after their rupture, “that if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right honourable friend in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the

preference." Yet, with all these extraordinary qualities, his influence in the house of commons was very trifling : in part, because they could not appreciate him : in part, because he overlooked many of those minor acquisitions, as they really are, though of importance, where common minds are to be addressed and common feelings to be influenced. But much of this want of influence was owing to a want of discretion. He does not appear to have understood the management of himself : and, of course, was unable to acquire a control over others. His exhibitions of ill temper and mutable feeling were, at times, almost disgusting, and they took from him at last the moral weight which belonged to him from the greatness of his talents and excellence of his character, and which, in itself, forms a powerful instrument in creating authority and attracting attention. To one who is not favoured with a good temper, or who has not a bad one under control, all contradiction or opposition is a source of agitation. To one who, with this defect, possesses, at the same time, commanding abilities, and who, from the nature of his mind, is led to regard little things with contempt, the small opposition of small minds, with their various modes of irritating and thwarting, becomes something more than an inconvenience. Insignificant as they may be, when brought to their true measure, they still can fling their venomous weapons with effect, and it is a mistake, not unfrequently made by these great capacities, to lay themselves open to these petty attacks by the neglect of parts, degrees, and elements of a matter with which they may be occupied, and to presume, because they have perfectly mastered it, that inferior minds will be equally ready and equally able. It was in little things, if in any thing, that Burke exposed himself to the ridicule of the silly and ignorant. In all that constituted true greatness, in all that showed strength and extent of capacity, he was beyond the jealousy or detraction of any one. His eminence could not be denied in these points : and it was from this elevation that he was made to overlook those details in affairs and individual differences in character, that the practical statesman and man of the world observe and employ, and which are with them all or nearly all they know or conceive to be important. His mind was not of the nature that would have made him a useful minister. He took too large a view, and generalized too much, to have that ready adaptation of means to ends, that quick insight into motives, and the rapid glance and keen penetration into times and occasions, which form almost the sole value of one who directs the details of government. He perhaps judged too well of mankind, or despised them too much, to be ever watching conduct, and prying into feeling, or trying to gratify their desires. He could not, which is all important in one who undertakes the

government of men, appreciate or make use of those minor exigencies and small opportunities in affairs which constantly occur; nor, perhaps, was it possible for him to turn to his advantage those foibles in character by which men are controlled far more easily than through uncommon virtues or great vices. There is no necessity for drawing a comparison between the three men to whom we have alluded as examples in oratory. Burke was, beyond a doubt, the first mind of his day, and the first orator of his nation at any time. We can thus easily fix his position as respects his intellectual character, but where does he rank as an orator? He was not a popular orator, as that term is generally understood. He could not have addressed a mob from the hustings with effect—certainly not with half the effect of Fox. He could not have commanded their feelings, or carried them with him through a long oration. He could not have met in any way the ignorance and stupidity of the mass; but, like Cæsar, he would have swooned, not from the stinking atmosphere, but with indignation at their dulness or indifference. He was not, in this low meaning of the word, a popular orator, nor was he such if we carry him to the house of commons, where, in the best sense, a man may be considered a popular orator—where the majesty of the people of Great Britain is addressed—where their power is expressed and their will given forth. Yet here, except to very few, who listened to the overflowings of his genius, who sought information, and who knew that they had before them, in one sense, the wisest and greatest man of the times, it does not appear that he commanded the minds or feelings of the house. He did not arouse the dull, stir the lazy, or attract the indifferent; but, on the contrary, he fatigued his audience by not meeting the tone of their minds: all his splendid eloquence was wasted; they could not rise to the height where he soared; there was no sympathy between them—the one moving on a barren level, and interested only in commonplace; the other assuming a wide range, and circling a vast sphere of thought. There could of course be no communion between natures so different.

“Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, yet for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.”

These lines contain the sources of Burke's deficiencies as a public man, and the real cause of his failure in political life. The being too deep for his hearers, the refining, the trying to convince while they thought of dining, were, in a body like the house of commons, insuperable difficulties in the path of success. A popular assembly is not the place such a man

should have chosen for creating or retaining power. It is too gross in its sentiments, and too fierce in its passions, and too variable in their degree, to be congenial with elevated or refined feeling. In a free country it is the arena of rival factions, not the council board of the nation. Men go there with their minds already made up, and not open to conviction, or within the reach of reason. Ambition enters there upon its struggles, and all are too strongly excited by their own selfish objects, to be reached by the broader views but less alluring demonstrations of philosophical thought. With the aspiring, the great aim is to touch the chords of national feeling, to respond to its vibrations, to discover and make use of the excitements of the moment, and to be ever in front of the desires and ever ready to express the tendencies of the popular will. Philosophy has no seat assigned to her. She does not meet the fickle feeling of the hour, or endeavour to show a false sympathy with the whims and fancies which rise and sink with the passions and fashions of the moment. To represent her then, as Mr. Burke did, and not the passions or interests of men, and never to be diverted by personal ambition, was to remove himself from the means of gaining political authority; and thence all the exhibitions of his genius, put forward with an eloquence altogether unequalled, were regarded with astonishment, but fell on the ears of a cold audience, and echoed from the walls of the house of commons, as the voice rolls through the forsaken chambers of a ruin. If we endeavour to find a cause for this, the only one which seems satisfactory is that he was beyond his audience. It was not that he did not go into detail, that he did not display clearly all the parts and bearings of a subject; for he did this with as much fidelity or ability as any of his contemporaries, but that his sentiments were too refined, his eloquence too elevated, his thoughts too philosophical, to be attained by the grosser perceptions and lower habits of thought that entered into the intellectual formation of his listeners. As a body, the house of commons possesses but little variety of talent. There are generally a few men of great ability, who take the lead, and do all the business: but, beyond these, the undulations of mind seldom vary from mediocrity. There are few badly educated, and few highly cultivated; and, in such a number, the beauties or the grandeur of eloquence could not for an instant be appreciated. The entrance to the heart, or the power which could awaken the souls of such men, must take the direction of self-interest. The noblest evidences of reason, the grandest bursts of passion, the most polished and most dignified declamation, would not awaken an echo of applause; and the appeals of Chatham, Burke, and Fox, before the American war, the ghastly horrors that were pictured of the slave

trade, and all the transactions of barbarity committed in the East Indies through the connivance and under the authority of Englishmen, set before them with a pathos such as no nation ever before witnessed, drew no expression of indignation, nor altered a single vote of a single court minion or hurling of ministerial corruption. How could Burke or any one act on such materials, which no heart could stir, no soul of fire quicken into passion, no appeal, no eloquence, move from the listlessness of their leaden sensibility? It never will be the case that a popular body is the best position for the development of the finest powers of the finest minds. Too much is lost by being carried away by the prevailing interest of the moment, too much by being compelled, for the sake of influence, to adapt themselves to the shifting scenes and incidents that grow from the circumstances of the times, and from the various hopes and designs of men. We mean that a popular body is not the best field for the efforts of extraordinary talent, where the individual is seduced by his ambition to look no farther than that, and to rest upon it all his hopes of fame. Where this is the case, temporary reputation is all that can be looked for. It is, perhaps, to the fact of Burke not gaining or seeking office, and always standing to his principles, and entering into no ambitious struggle for power, that he owes his present eminence, and will owe his future glory. Each day shows the gradually receding fame of his contemporaries, while to his is added greater brilliancy. No one now turns to a speech of Pitt or Fox for specimens of splendid diction, profound reflection, or original thought. They were intended for the day, and are embodied in its history.

With Burke it was far otherwise. He stands forward, beyond all others, not only as the most perfect orator, but as the first mind of his age. His speeches, though produced by the moment, and now no longer interesting, except as great intellectual efforts, and as parts of the history of the man, are remarkable for every thing that can make such efforts efficient or enduring. In extent of information, in knowledge of mankind and the affairs of life, in beauty of language and depth of thought, and in all which can fit man's labours for a lasting fame, they are unrivalled. They will be turned to as models in the same way that we open a page of Cicero, and would have been sufficient to establish and perpetuate his reputation, even if there were no collateral sources of glory. But it is by his literary productions that the world knows him best, and it is these which confer on him the highest title to admiration, as it is in them we see more thoroughly the completeness of his intellect, and the astonishing vigour with which he grasped every subject.

We must here close our remarks, though it was our intention

to bring the subject home to ourselves, and attempt to show what chances we have of being distinguished for oratory, and whether our institutions are favourable or not for that object. We may recur to this on a future occasion.

ART. III. *Lettres sur l'Amérique du Nord, par MICHAEL CHEVALIER, avec une carte des États-Unis d'Amérique.*
PARIS : 1836.

Letters upon North America, by MICHAEL CHEVALIER, with a map of the United States.

It is worthy of remark that the work of De Tocqueville on the United States has been translated into several languages, and circulated through various nations of Europe, whilst in the country of which it speaks it has not been republished, though the admirable version made in England is ready at hand. What is the inference to be drawn from this ? Is it that the work is unworthy of our notice as feeble or erroneous ? No ; for it is undeniably the ablest, most philosophical, and most correct, that has been written upon the subject ? Is it that we are heedless as to what is said about us by foreigners ? Let this be answered by the editions of your Halls, your Hamiltons, your Trollopes, your Kembles, multiplied *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*, and penetrating to every corner of the land. Is it that our reading public is too small to authorize publishers to issue many works ? Any one whose pursuits bring him into contact with the press, will be perfectly sure that such is not the case, when, before he has read the title page of one book, his attention is called to another. What then is the cause of the singular circumstance alluded to ? It is unfortunately obvious enough to one who considers the character of the productions which alone find favour with the community. "The book is literally too good. "He's not too wicked but too just to live." It is too instructive, too well fitted to make the reader think and learn. Were it only calculated to amuse a leisure hour ; were it well spiced with slander and misrepresentation, or sugared all over with blarney ; did it not contain a single idea by which a really just and profound appreciation of our institutions was evinced, and a beneficial feeling of pride or regret might be awakened, there is scarce a bookseller's window in the land that would not have its advertisement displayed with

all the attractions of variegated type and magnificent pulls. So we go. Now is not this a melancholy truth? And are not melancholy consequences to be apprehended from it for the people? "Drink beer, think beer," said a wise man—read trash, think trash, aye, and act trash, say experience and common sense.

For the same reason that "Democracy in America" found no introduction here, are these "Letters on North America," now before us, likely to be known here only in their foreign dress. We wonder, however, that they have not been translated ere this in England, as, with the exception of De Toequeville's work, they are beyond question the best effusions concerning our country that have appeared. In some respects, indeed, Mr. Chevalier has the advantage of his compatriot. If not so profound and elaborate, he seems to have studied with equal zeal the nature of our institutions, and to have entered as successfully into their spirit and scope, whilst he writes in a more popular style, and often with a fuller knowledge of details, arising from a longer residence and more varied opportunities. He is also a more decided admirer of them—more disposed, from, we suspect, previous republican hankerings, to look upon them and us with a kindly eye. His friendliness is certainly unquestionable, though it does not in general lead him to extenuate any more than to set down in malice. On the whole, we think he has exhibited as much impartiality, and fallen into as few mistakes, either of fact or opinion—as is possible for a stranger whose sojourn is of limited duration; and no one can read his book without deriving a great deal of entertainment and profit, and forming a high idea of its writer's intelligence, knowledge, and dispositions.

Mr. Chevalier arrived in this country at the period when the war against the bank of the United States was raging in all its violence, and several of his first and best letters are devoted to that subject. They manifest a perfect appreciation of the character of the extraordinary contest, showing him to have studied it with the interest it was so well calculated to awaken, and with an adequate comprehension of our banking system in particular, as well as of the general principles involved in the case. He was infinitely surprised, as well he might be, at the spectacle he beheld; and truly remarks, in more than one place, that had such proceedings been witnessed in a monarchical nation of Europe, those who are eager to establish every where a republican form of government, without regard to the condition of the country, or to the wealth and intelligence, the character and customs, of the people, would have seized upon them as a text against the monarchical system. "Unfolding the picture of an unexampled commercial prosperity all at once arrested by a caprice of power, they would demonstrate that

such is one of the inevitable consequences of the opposition of a dynastic interest to that of the nation. 'They would prove, by geometrical syllogisms, how completely it is the essence of monarchy to place authority in unskilful and imprudent hands, which in order to gratify a feeling of personal vengeance, would not hesitate to endanger the welfare of millions. They would raise an outcry of a *camarillo*, which, according to them, is one of the distinctive attributes of royalty. Unhappily for this theory, it is belied by what I have now before my eyes in the most flourishing republic that has ever existed.'

Our author had good reason to be convinced that ignorance or contempt of the true interests of the country is not the exclusive appanage of royalty, and that it is not alone in monarchies that a mountebank may be found in the place where a mathematician is required. 'The official papers which have emanated from the executive upon the subject of the bank, are, as far as their exhibition of administrative science and knowledge of the springs of public prosperity is concerned, about upon a par with the acts of the Spanish government.' As to the *camarillo*—I never have I heard aught of the kind so much spoken of as since my arrival in the United States. It is here called the *kitchen*, and, admitting only the fourth of what the opposition say about it, it is difficult not to believe that the influence of the kitchen cabinet upon public affairs surpasses that of the council of ministers."

We can imagine the censurations of an accomplished foreigner smitten with the love of republican institutions, and embarking for our shores with his imagination inflamed by all he had heard, and read, and fancied, of our miraculous condition of prosperity, order, and freedom, when, on reaching our land, he finds himself in the midst of universal confusion and distress, and learns that all is owing to the willing submission of the enlightened and virtuous people he had so much admired, to the most extraordinary pranks of ignorance and perverseness united which ever astonished a rational mind, or tortured a helpless slave. He learns that, not very long before his arrival, the country was in the situation in which he had pictured it to himself; that every thing then fully justified the boast that the grand problem of self-government was satisfactorily solved; that each citizen, as he contemplated the results which attended the efforts of his enterprise, his industry, and his skill, had ample reason to congratulate himself upon living in a land where no unnatural obstacles obstructed his onward course—where all inspired the utmost buoyancy of hope, all created the fullest confidence of merited success, all lent the most efficacious assistance to laudable undertakings—where all, in short, whilst it imparted that aspect of independence and erectness to the

inhabitants, which only there, perhaps, could be seen in complete verification of the boast of the ancient, "cos homini sublime dedit, cœli quoque tueri," at the same time developed, in their widest extent, the most useful and powerful energies of our nature. He learns that almost in a moment the whole face of things was changed "as if by touch of some enchanter's wand," as if some foul magician had breathed the breath of destruction over the land : and that this was the work of one whom the nation, in gratitude for services of a kind which ought never to have been rewarded in that way, invested with its highest honours - of one who, disqualified by temperament, education, and habits, for the post he was called to fill, and acting under the dictates of ignorance and passion, had conceived a bitter hostility to a principal instrument of the country's welfare, and assaulted it with all the eagerness and blindness of personal malice, hugging the idea that he was but executing the commands of patriotism. He learns that the intimation of their favourite had communicated itself to the people, and that instead of staying the profane hand which was scattering their happiness to the winds, and desecrating their institutions, they had leagued with him in the fierce crusade against their own interests and their own reputation, and at the moment were even urging him on in the career of ruin. He hears cries of distress which are echoed by the laugh of scorn ; he beholds turmoil made confusion worse confounded by those who might have calmed the tempest and poured oil upon the waves ; he sees himself surrounded by all the mischief which results from the perversion of the best materials of prosperity, by all the consequences of ignorance, and vice, and delusion ; and, if he does not, in a fit of disappointment and disgust, return at once to whence he came, but remains and endeavours to understand the causes of a spectacle so melancholy and so unexpected, he at length discovers, like Mr. Chevalier, that "an absolute people may, as well as an absolute king, disdain for a while the counsels of experience and wisdom ; that a people as well as a king may have its courtiers ; that a people that rules, when its authority is limited by no counterpoise, may also espouse blindly, and at every risk, the quarrels of its favourites of the moment." A mournful lesson to learn for those who have cherished the fond belief that a majority can do no wrong ; that there is no such thing as that "worst of tyrants an usurping crowd," in countries where the people are recognised as sovereign. But it is a useful lesson for that people especially to learn, and, if duly remembered, must be their best preservative against the perils to which they are exposed by the freedom which is given to the evil as well as to the good attributes of their nature. Self-distrust, to a certain extent, is as necessary

for them as self-confidence. The intoxication of national presumption must make them reel, if not fall, in the path before them; and when once the idea that all they do is right because they do it, obtains possession of their minds, clouds will soon gather upon their horizon, and the storm will burst upon unprotected heads. Sincerely is it to be hoped, that the experience we have had will not realize the wise man's remark, that experience is like the stern light of a vessel, only illuminating the crack behind. May it cast its brightest effulgence before our feet, for dearly have we purchased the lamp.

Mr. Chevalier thinks that the unpopularity of the banking system, resulting from the injury which had been produced by the mismanagement of various banks, was so great and so general as to have been a principal cause of the eagerness of the people for the destruction of the bank of the United States. To a certain extent, undoubtedly there was a strong dislike to the whole system, and some, if not many, would have rejoiced to see it entirely eradicated; but we are confident in the belief that at the period of the late president's first election, had the vote of the country been taken there would have been found a decided, perhaps an overwhelming, majority in favour of the institution. Its benefits had been too important, too palpable, not to have created a sentiment of good will towards it among a people who, when not labouring under one of those illusions to which even the clearest sighted may at times be subject, have too keen a perception of their interests to be indifferent or hostile to the sources of their prosperity. Nothing but a fit of what may be termed insanity could have prompted them to the determination to dry those sources up; and, if ever there was an instance of national insanity, that was certainly one which the good people of the United States have just exhibited. It was not until they had become so enamoured of the idol they had fashioned with their own hands as to be willing to sacrifice even themselves upon its altar it was not until fascinated with the idea that a single individual comprised all the wisdom and virtue of the country, they hesitated not to believe aught, however preposterous or monstrous, at his bidding - it was not until overtaken by this wretched delirium, that they loosed the silver cord of their tranquillity, and broke the golden bowl of their happiness. The *people's* president could not deceive the people. Those whom *he* chose to select as *his* enemies, must be *their* enemies. Those whom *he* denounced, *they* should denounce. Those whom *he* would destroy, *they* should destroy.

Our author mentions two striking instances of the degree in which every thing, whatever its real colour, looks yellow to jaundiced eyes. It may be useful to recur to them as samples of the whole treatment of the "*faulth ss* monster."

"Last year the government of the United States sold to the bank a bill upon the French government that the latter refused to accept, which caused a protest, the result of which was that the correspondent of the bank took up the bill in order to prevent the signature of the institution from being discredited. In this affair the executive of the United States was wrong. 1st. He committed an act of indiscretion in drawing upon the French government before the chambers had appropriated the funds necessary to pay the indemnity agreed upon of twenty five millions. 2d. Instead of drawing by a bill of exchange upon the French government, and selling this bill to the bank without knowing whether it would be accepted, the executive would have acted more suitably towards itself, towards France, and towards the bank, by authorizing the last to receive the payments of the French government in its quality of agent or of *fondé de pouvoir*. In virtue of commercial usages in all countries, and the United States in particular, the bank was entitled to a claim for damages. She made it. Her object in this was doubtless much more to exhibit all that was censurable in the executive proceedings than to put a sum of fifty or eighty thousand dollars into her coffers. But immediately the adversaries of the bank began to exclaim that, not satisfied with extorting from the sweat of the people immense sums for the benefit of its stockholders, (remark that the dividends of the bank are moderate compared with those of the other financial associations of the country, and the federal government is the largest of its stockholders,) it wished, in its cupidity, by means of miserable chicanery to seize upon still more of the public revenue, and buy the money of the people in the breeches-pockets of Mr. Biddle." To this reasoning for it is considered perfectly demonstrative reasoning, the multitude answered by imprecations against monopoly and the injustice of money, and by the cry, a thousand times repeated, of *Horrah for Jackson!*¹

"A few days since, another episode of a similar kind occurred. The bank is charged, by act of congress, with the care of paying the pensions decreed to the old soldiers of the revolution. It is a service which it performs gratuitously, and which is notoriously onerous. It has received various sums for this purpose, and has at present about five hundred thousand dollars ready for the next payment of the pensions. The administration wished to deprive it of the duty, and demanded the funds, books, and papers, appertaining to it. The bank replied, that, having been constituted the depositary of them by congress, she neither could, nor should, nor would give them up, except directed to do so by the authority of congress. The bank was right; but hear what happened. Its adversaries set up dolorous lamentations upon the hard fate of the illustrious remnants of the army of independence, whom the *outré* conduct of the bank, they say, is about to plunge into the most frightful destitution at the close of their lives. They uttered pathetic groans over these glorious defenders of the country, from whom a *monied corporation* wishes to ravish the gifts which a grateful country delighted to offer them in the days of their old age. You may imagine all the inflated arguments, all the patriotic trades, which may be put forth on this text. The fourth of February the president sent a message to congress in this spirit. All this, however, is sheer declamation of the vulgarest and most hypocritical kind; for who is to hinder the liberators of America from receiving their pensions, but those who will refuse them drafts upon the

¹ An admirable commentary upon this "demonstrative reasoning" has been recently furnished by the unanimous acknowledgment by congress of the rights of the bank in regard to the damages.

bank, which the bank would immediately honour? But an infatuated people does not wait for logic. It is, therefore, ascertained now by the multitude that the bank has resolved to starve to death the noble veterans of independence; and again, anathema upon monopoly! curses upon moneyed aristocracies! Hurrah for Jackson! Jackson for ever!"

It is almost impossible, at this time especially, when the country is suffering from the ill effects of the disastrous course that has been pursued, to speak of it with the requisite calmness; but we hazard little in affirming that future historians will consider the matter with no less astonishment than reprobation. They will say that, though less in degree, the infatuation of the people was of the same kind as that which drove the French during their first revolution to the destruction of what was indispensable for their welfare, as well as to the most degrading submission to ignorant, fool-hardy, unscrupulous despotism. They will be struck, as was Mr. Chevalier, "with the resemblance between most of the speeches and newspaper articles against the bank and the republican tracts in France in '91 and '92—the same declamatory, tinged style, the same appeal to popular passions, with this difference, indeed, that the facts alleged in the one case are vague, crude, and intangible; whilst in the other the facts were real." They will say, that, in both instances, the demon of mischief seemed to have gained absolute sway over the minds of men, and to have filled them with that mania for devastation which could only be appeased by the sight of the smouldering ruins of the temples of their prosperity, to which they then elyes had applied the ruthless torch of Alecto. They will remark the evidence afforded in both instances of the profanity of the assertion that the vox populi is always the vox dei, as well as of the manner in which men, when labouring under such paroxysms, appear to revel in the commission of the follies and the crimes most opposed to their predominant characteristics of virtue. How true is the observation of Luther, that the human mind is like a drunken man on horseback; put him up on one side he is sure to fall on the other.

We are now experiencing, in all their bitterness, the consequences of our frenzy. The fury of the tempest that howled so fiercely has subsided to a degree, but the sky is still overcast, and the swell of the ocean which ever succeeds is more terrible in its destructiveness than all the raging of the wind.

The conclusion of Mr. Chevalier's sixth letter is worthy here of translation.

"I am more and more convinced that the United States will turn this crisis to profit. Sooner or later, a principle of organization will issue from it for the system of banks. Very probably the national bank, if it be retained, and the local banks, will thenceforward be less isolated from the federal authority and the local powers; that is to say, the general and state governments will enter into the constitution of the banks:

and, in consequence, the banks will enter into that of the government of the country. Thus many of the abuses of the banking system will be reformed, and the normal and legitimate influence of the banks reinforced. It would be easy to cite a crowd of facts which already concur towards this result. It is thus that in some states the legislatures have established, or are busied in establishing, banks in which the state is a stockholder to the amount of one half or two fifths of the capital, names a large number of the directors, and reserves for itself an extensive control. I have already mentioned that there are states, such as Illinois, where every other species of bank has been formally forbidden by the constitution.

"Writers on the representative form of government recognise only the executive, legislative, and judiciary powers. In the United States there will soon be also the financial power; or at least the banks will there soon form a branch of the government as vigorous as any other. The bank of the United States is more essential to the prosperity of the country than the executive power such as it exists. The latter does a little diplomacy, good or bad, with the European governments, appoints and removes modest functionaries, manœuvres an army of six thousand men in the deserts of the west, adds from time to time some bits of wood to a dozen vessels upon the stocks at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, and Pensacola, (the seven arsenals of the federal navy).¹ All this might, in effect, cease to exist without endangering the security of the country, and without seriously shaking its prosperity, that is to say, its industry. On the contrary, take from the country its institutions of credit, or only that one which rules and regulates all the rest, the bank of the United States, and you plunge it into a state of commercial anarchy which might end by producing political anarchy.

"The word *policy* cannot have the same meaning in the United States as in Europe. They are not engaged like the Europeans in combinations of territory and continental equilibrium. They have nothing to unravel in any treaty of Westphalia or Vienna. They are free from all those difficulties which in Europe spring from differences of origin and religion, from the conflict of rival pretensions, of old and new interests. They have no neighbour to give them umbrage. The *policy* of the United States is the extension of their commerce, and the invasion by their agriculture of the immense domain which nature has granted them. The mass of their general and particular interests is there. There is the object which excites their political and personal feelings. As the banks are the soul of their commerce, of their growing manufactures, and even of their agriculture, it is evident that the success of their policy is intimately and directly linked with the proper organization of their system of banks. The true and real government of the country, that is to say, the direction of its essential interests, resides as much in the banks as in any other body or power created by the constitution. The moment has arrived when this fact should be acknowledged and sanctioned. In the same way as among a warlike people the office of grand constable or field marshal is first in the kingdom, so among a people whose business is industry, that of president of the central bank, for instance, ought to be a public *political* post, in the acceptation of the word political which is best adapted to the character of this people, as well as a post of the highest order.

"In this point of view it may be said that what is passing in the

¹ This of course is a picture of *constitutional* executive power--not of the "responsibility taking" system, which truly, in our author's phrase, "might cease without endangering the security of the country."

United States is a struggle in which the combatants are, on the one side, the military and forensic interests, which have heretofore shared the domain of public affairs between themselves, and on the other, the financial interest, which claims its portion. The two first have combined against the last to oppose its pretensions. They have succeeded in exciting the multitude against it for the moment; but they will succumb in the end, for the multitude has more to gain with it than with them. It is asserted that when the deputation sent by the merchants of New York came to Washington to present a petition with ten thousand signatures, President Jackson told the committee that they only expressed the griefs of the capitalists, brokers, and merchants, of Wall street and Pearl street, but that Wall street and Pearl street were not the people. I do not know whether the phrase really was uttered; but I do know that it expresses the opinion of the dominant party. In contrast to the old school of European tones by whom the people is restricted to the upper classes, there is here a school which eliminates the rich from the people. Nothing is more unjust; for if it be wished to estimate the real importance of the inhabitants of Wall and Pearl streets, it need only be asked what would New York be without them?

"In fifty years the population of New York has centupled. Its wealth also, perhaps, has centupled. Its vivifying influence has fertilized the country for a hundred leagues around. This unheard of development is not the work of lawyers or soldiers. The merit of it belongs chiefly to labour, to capital, to the inventive and enterprising spirit of this minority (an imperceptible one numerically speaking) of Wall and Pearl streets. It is very easy to declaim against the aristocracy of dollars, and against those base metals called gold and silver. Nevertheless do you not believe that these base metals have ceased to be base when in the hands of those who possess them they are the fruit of labour and industry? If there is a country in the world where it is preposterous to talk against the aristocracy of money and the base metals, it is this. For here, much more than elsewhere, every body has a profession. Whoever has capital makes use of it, and only succeeds in increasing or even preserving it, by means of great activity and vigilance. In consequence, the wealth of a man is here generally in proportion to his agricultural, manufacturing, or commercial importance, and even capacity. Merchants have their defects; they are inclined to weigh every thing in their money scales; and a people are to be pitied who should be governed by merchants alone. But a people governed by soldiers or lawyers would not be either happier or freer. The act of the senate of Hamburg, in basely delivering up to the English executioner proscribed individuals, merits the contempt of every man of heart; but is the rule of the Russian or even Neapolitan bayonets, or the babbling anarchy of the Directorate, less obnoxious to those in whose breasts the chord of freedom, or that of national and individual dignity, vibrates strongly?

"The revolutions of ages which remodel religion, customs, and manners, modify also the nature of social powers. Providence casts from their seat the powerful when they persist in misconceiving the new spirit of the people, and exalts the humble whom this new spirit animates. Four thousand years ago the functions of embalming the sacred birds, or preparing the litter of the bull Apis, must have been deemed highly important. In the empire of the East, the post of *protectorian* was one of the chief dignities of the state. And, without going so far back, scarcely four years have elapsed since in France the object of the ambition of a great number was to become a '*gentilhomme de la chambre*,'

and now, even, among the grand dignitaries of the English monarchy figures the *groom of the stole*.

"Nobody now-a-days embalms sacred birds; nobody prepares the litter of the bull Apis. Intrigues are no longer earned on for the posts of *protestant* or lord of the bed chamber; and, in the way in which matters are going in England, I don't believe they will be thought of much longer for that of groom of the stole. There are no longer grand constables, nor great vassals, nor *prince chevaliers*, nor peers of France, in the former sense of the word. The French aristocracy, so brilliant even fifty years ago, has disappeared. The manors of ancient heroes have become factories; convents are changed into weaving establishments; and I have seen Gothic cathedrals of the best style transformed into workshops or magazines for storage. Our brave soldiers are metamorphosed into pacific cantonniers, and open roads.

"Assemblages of small clerks whom the nobles used to employ to record the decrees of their sovereign justice, became rivals of kings, and guardians of the laws of the kingdom. Now the master of the forges of Burgundy and Nivernais, the distillers of Montpellier, the drapers of Sedan and Elbeuf, have taken the place of the parliament. German princes with fifty quarterings wait in the antechambers of emperors, kings, and ministers, whilst their majesties or their excellencies are conversing familiarly with some banker who has no parchments, or who has but deigned to accept them to oblige his royal friends. The East India Company, a company of merchants if ever there was one, has more subjects than the emperor of Russia and Austria put together. It is in the old world, where the ancient interest had stamped every corner of earth with its seal, that interest, under all its forms, is thus obliged to compromise with the new interest of industry, with the power of money, how is it possible that in the new world, where the institutions of the past have never taken deep root, where all thoughts are turned to business, to money, this power should not play its part upon the political stage, in spite of its adversaries and rivals?"

How just is the remark that "take from the country its institutions of credit, or only that one which rules and regulates all the rest, the bank of the United States, and you plunge it into a state of commercial anarchy, which might end by producing political anarchy;" and to how mournful an extent has it been verified. "The national bank has been destroyed, and what has been the consequence? Well for us is it that its place was immediately taken by a successor, which, though it could only partially supply the desideratum, has yet been most beneficial in preventing much of the evil that might have been experienced. Had we been left altogether to the tender mercies of the worthies who were so eager to provide "the better currency," who can say whether the consummation of political anarchy, as predicted by our author, might not have been brought about? Who can tell what might have been the full effects of the unresisted rushing in of fools where angels fear to tread? Who can tell what might have been the ravages of the billows of ignorance and corruption that have been dashing against our shores, had their fury not been repressed by a barrier of some description, however insufficient it may have proved to

stay altogether their course? The debt which we owe to this safeguard will sooner or later be acknowledged throughout the land, and choruses of grateful praise will be heard where nothing has resounded but the howl of frantic denunciation. We are confident that but a short time will elapse before an entire reaction takes place, and that men's eyes will be opened to the real sources of their sufferings and of their prosperity.

Justice will then be done to those who have fought for the country against itself, and especially to the eminent man whose situation exposed him to the brunt of the battle, and to whose integrity, moderation, firmness, and abilities, we shall be so deeply indebted for our ultimate triumph. The contrast which his upright and gentlemanly deportment presented to that of his principal foes—the manner in which he toiled the most ferocious onset, not less by the ags of his self-possession and courtesy, than by the superior strength and skill with which he handled his intellectual weapon; and the remarkable mode in which the increase of the difficulties which beset him only served to develop his power of overcoming them—in short, the singular combination he displayed of faculties adapted to the emergency—will then be duly acknowledged and gratefully applauded.

Our traveller was of course struck by the "speculation" which he saw in the eye of almost every one he encountered in the country he had come to visit; and discourses about this national propensity in an epistle from which we must make some extracts as *à propos* to the times. "Every body," he writes, "speculates, and every thing is an object of speculation." He corrects himself, however, as to the latter part of this remark, and declares that the American, an essentially positive and practical person, never speculates upon tulips, even at New York, although the inhabitants of that city have Dutch blood in their veins; but he need not have taken the trouble to make the correction. "Only let 'the positive and practical person' perceive the slightest chance of turning a tulip bed to good account, and we venture to affirm that M. Chevalier might behold him as deeply interested in its cultivation as in 'cottons, lots, banks, and rail-roads.'" The appetite of the speculative monster is by no means epicurean either in the United States or any where else, and flowers would be swallowed with quite as much avidity as more substantial articles, were it but "worth the while." When it has fed and fattened on so ephemeral a thing as ice-fortunes having been made, we believe, by this congealed "notion"—no reason certainly can exist why it should not live on a rose in aromatic bliss. *Nous errons*, when a fondness for horticulture shall have become general. Old Herrick's stanza will then be every one's motto:

“Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying,
 And this same flow’r that smiles to day,
 To-morrow will be dying.”

The two last lines, by the way, are striking and mournful illustrations of the character of the majority of the speculations which have maddened our countrymen.

“Most of them (says M. Chevalier) are imprudent, many foolish. The rise of to-day may and must be followed by a crisis to-morrow. Large fortunes in great numbers have sprung from the earth since the spring, others will return to it perhaps before the fall of the leaf. The American is not disquieted on this account. To excite his robust frame, he must have violent sensations. Public opinion and the pulpit debar his vigorous organization from sensual pleasures; cards and dice are likewise forbidden; he therefore seeks in business the strong emotions he needs to feel his existence. He adventures with delight upon the rolling sea of speculation. One day the waves elevate him to the skies, and he revels eagerly in this moment of triumph. The next he disappears amid the billows: he troubles himself not, but wails with cabanness, and consoles himself with the hope of a better fortune. And moreover, whilst all are speculating, whilst some are making fortunes, and others are ruined, the banks increase and extend credit, rail roads and canals multiply, steamboats are launched upon the rivers, the lakes, the ocean; the career is always widening itself for speculators, for rail-roads, canals, steamboats, and banks. Some individuals lose, but the country gains—the country is peopled, is developed, advances. *Go ahead!*”

“If motion and the rapid succession of sensations and ideas constitute life, here people live a hundred fold. All is circulation, all movement and agitation. To experiments succeed experiments; to enterprises, enterprises. Wealth and poverty tread upon each other’s heels, and dislodge one another in turn. Whilst the great men of the day dethrone those of yesterday, they are already half prostrated by the great men of to-morrow. Fortunes last a season; reputations, the duration of a flash. An irresistible current hurries all along, mingles all, and replaces every thing in new forms. Men change residence, climate, occupation, condition, party, sect; the states change laws, magistrates, constitutions. The soil itself, or at least the edifices, partake of the universal instability. The existence of social order amid this whirl seems a prodigy, an inexplicable anomaly. It might be said that, formed of heterogeneous elements which chance has thrown together, and of which each one follows an orbit modified only by its caprice and its interest, this society, after having raised itself for an instant to the heavens, must inevitably fall back prostrate, reduced to nothing. But such will not be its fate. In the midst of this unstable system there is a fixed point—and that is the domestic hearth, or, to speak more clearly, the conjugal bed. An austere sentinel, rough sometimes even to fanaticism, keeps off from this sacred point all that might endanger its safety—I mean the sentiment of religion. So long as this point shall preserve its inviolability, so long as the guard that watches over it shall continue its rigorous vigilance, the system may, without danger, make new evolutions and undergo new changes in appearance; it may be beaten by the tempest; but thanks to its elasticity and the aid of the point to which it is fastened, it will not be overwhelmed. It may even be broken up into different groups almost independent of one another; but it will still spread itself over the earth, will grow in extent, in energy, and in resources.”

In addition to the causes adduced by our author for the speculative mania by which our population is afflicted, we might indicate one that strikes us as not the least influential—we mean the early age at which our countrymen plunge into the business of life. Before their minds are at all matured; before they have obtained any thing like a competent knowledge of themselves or the world, with all the rashness of inexperience and confident hope—without, in a word, we will not say a proper, but the slightest noviciate—our youth throw themselves headlong into the turmoil of affairs, eager and determined to acquire wealth at once; lend a willing ear to every suggestion of fancy that seems to bring the glittering object within their immediate grasp; embark in the wildest schemes in pursuance of these delusive promptings; and often find themselves ruined at a period when they ought to be just beginning their career, and when, if they were so to begin it, they would start with comparatively little danger of violating the only safe precept, *festina lente* and sacrificing the substance for the shadow. But the habits that have now become as it were incorporated with their nature, cannot be shaken off by the most strenuous efforts of experience; the fascinations of “the golden Indies in the air,” which so early and so despotically took possession of their desires, still continue irresistible; the dull, plodding routine of sober industry is still regarded with contempt and disgust; the child is indeed here the father of the man, and the same disastrous results are again experienced when, alas! there is not the same vigour, the same elasticity, the same ability to repair the evil. We are, in truth, a young people in more respects than the mere date of our national existence. In all things we commence too soon—in our professional, political, and social, as well as our mercantile, pursuits. At a time of life when the English youth are about emerging from the academic shades, with their minds fully fitted for the *preparation* of themselves to play their parts upon the one great stage, our youth are already lawyers, doctors, politicians, and leaders of society, acting upon the interests and the lives of individuals, the character and condition of the community and the country. It is this, to a great extent, which renders fashionable intercourse so unprofitable and so insipid;¹ which causes so much intemperance and inconsiderateness in political proceedings; which diffuses so widely that “dangerous thing,” a little learning; which has multiplied the race

¹ “How did you like society in America,” was a question put to a distinguished stranger on his return from our shores—“Society!” said he, “I didn’t see any society; I saw a parcel of boys and girls.” ’Tis true ’tis pity.

of pretenders, seiolists, quacks of all descriptions, speculators, and fools. It is this which should be corrected as soon as may be, and which must be corrected by the very force of the serious lessons it has inflicted and will inflict. Begin not too soon, and hasten not too fast, are maxims of immense importance to our welfare, and should be written in the broadest characters upon every door.

The conclusion of this letter upon speculation has the following remarks in regard to the *strikes* and other such proceedings of what are called the working classes—though it would be a difficult matter to indicate any class in the country to which that epithet is not applicable.

“The philosopher, for whom the present is but a single point, in revolving these facts (the consequences of the trades-unions, &c.) may find cause of rejoicing. Labourers and domestics live in Europe in a state of almost absolute dependence, which is beneficial only to him who commands. Legitimists, republicans, *just-milieu*, all act towards the workmen they employ, or the domestic who serves them, as if he were a being of an inferior nature who owes all his zeal and efficiency to his master, without there being any thing due to him in return but his meager wages. It is permissible, it is laudable, to wish for social combinations which establish a more equitable proportion between rights and duties. In America the absolute principle of the sovereignty of the people having been applied to the relations of master and servant, employer and labourer, the tradesman, the manufacturer, and the projector, on whom the labourers impose the law, seek, as much as possible, to do without them, and substitute more and more the force of machinery for that of man: thus the most onerous toils weigh less and less upon the human species. The master, whose domestics obey him when they please, and who pays dearly for being badly and unwillingly served, favours, as much as he can, the inventions and improvements which simplify his wants, in order that he may be enabled to economize in the articles of work and servants.

“A curious study would be furnished in this country, not only by the great operative machines, but also by the tools of hand, and the utensils of domestic economy. These utensils, these tools, these machines, exert a powerful influence upon the practical liberty of the largest number. It is by means of them that the most numerous class is freeing itself from a yoke that tends to crush and destroy it. In this point of view, then, what passes here between the master and the servant, the employer and the labourer, contributes to hasten a state of things which every friend of humanity must desire with all his heart. But if philosophic satisfaction is thus ample, material and present satisfaction is almost entirely wanting. For him who is not a workman or a domestic, for him especially who has tasted the existence of the cultivated classes of Europe, practical and real life consists of a series of vexations, uncertainties, and discomforts, I might almost say, of humiliations. The independence of the labourers is sometimes the ruin of the employers; the independence of the domestics entails the dependence of the women, subjects them in their household to occupations little in keeping with the polished education which many of them have received, and keeps them thus enthralled from the day of their marriage to that of their death.

"When the *force motrice*, for which there is no counterpoise, acts with a great excess of energy, all classes without exception are made to suffer. Not only, then, is the existence of the classes which in Europe are called the superior and which here ought to take another name, deprived of a thousand little enjoyments which it is the custom to despise in books and set languages, though every one covets them in reality; but, moreover, the social machine is deranged, discomfort becomes general, and the extravagant claims of him whom I will call the inferior, to use the European phrase, fall back heavily upon himself. If the unreasonable pretensions of the workmen should continue, we shall see orders diminished, and labour will be less in demand. Speculations, if they are not consolidated by labour, must crumble like balls of soap; and, when the reaction comes, the workman, who economizes little, will feel it more than any other."

How unhappily true is this last observation, let the thousands of labourers who have been recently thrown out of employment by the terrible "reaction" which has desolated the land, bear irresistible witness. Never will that class attain "the greatest happiness" until they learn to consider and to treat the rich as friends and not as enemies, as their pretended well-wishers would have them to do for their own base purposes. The fountain from which they must draw the waters of their prosperity is supplied from that source, and if it be choked or dried up, they must suffer and perish. As yet they are not impressed with this truth, but experience will teach it; and the upper orders who are injured by their ignorance, must, in the mean while, console themselves as well as they may with the "philosophical satisfaction" which Mr. Chevalier points out for the benefit of their philanthropy. The good he indicates will doubtless accrue from the evil, and posterity will reap its benefits; but alas! posterity has done nothing, and is not likely to do any thing, as far as this point is concerned, for the present generation. The "man and woman," therefore, of the parlour must still submit, as in duty bound, to the pleasure of the "ladies and gentlemen" of the kitchen—to Miss Betty and Mr. Cesar—and the individual who employs a number of "sovereigns" to execute the work he wishes performed, must still acquiesce in their ideas as to the time and mode of its accomplishment, expressed in due accordance with the constitution and laws of the land and the spirit of our free institutions. Well! Horace also tells us that "*non si male nunc et olim sic erit.*"

Let each one, then, whisper to himself what the polite Frenchman said to the minister who told him, in reply to an application for an office, that he should not have one so long as he (the minister) lived—*J'attendrai donc, Monseigneur.* We must wait. It may likewise prove advantageous to bear in mind the philosophical suggestions of the sagacious companion of poor Juan, when the two worthies were up for sale in Turkey:

——— “You will allow,
 By setting things in their right point of view,
 Knowledge at least is gain'd; for instance, now,
 We know what slavery is, and our disasters
 May teach us better to behave when masters.”

We have observed above that all classes in the United States ought equally to be denominated working classes; and our author in a letter headed “labour,” expatiates upon this fact in considerable detail. He remarks the universality of material labour, and how fixedly our laws, our habits, our feelings, all look in that direction. “The acts, he says, of every local legislative session, at least to the extent of three fourths, have for their objects the facilitation of labour, and the progress of material well-being - the towns are all arranged in reference to business - every American is brought up with the idea of doing something even if he is a member of a wealthy family. “The man of leisure is a variety of the human species of which the inhabitant of the north, the Yankee, does not suspect the existence; moreover he knows that, however rich to-day, his father may be ruined to-morrow. Besides, the father himself is in business, and not anxious to disburthen himself of his fortune; if the son, therefore, wishes money at once, let him make it.” The following extract, though overcharged and wrong in part, is in the main correct:

“The habits of the people are those of an exclusively working nation. From the moment he rises in the morning, the American is at work; and remains absorbed in it until he retires to rest. He permits not pleasures to draw him from it—public affairs alone have the right of taking some instants from his private concerns. The moment of repast is not for him a recreation where he refreshes his wearied brain in the bosom of soothing intimacy. It is nothing but a disagreeable interruption of his labour; an interruption which he puts up with, because it is inevitable, but which he makes as short as possible. If politics do not engage his attention in the evening; if he be not called to some deliberative or some prayer meeting, he remains at home absorbed in meditation, recapitulating the operations of the day, or preparing those of the morrow. He ceases from labour on Sunday, because his religion commands it; but it specially enjoins upon him, also, to abstain from all amusement, all distraction, music, cards, dice, or billiards, under pain of sacrilege. On Sunday an American would not dare to receive his friends. His servants would refuse to lend their assistance; and it is as much as he can do to get them on that day to wait upon him at table at the hour that suits them. A short time ago the mayor of New York was *accused* by a journal of giving a dinner on Sunday to some English noblemen who had come from Europe in their yacht in order to give the American democracy a stronger idea of British tastes. He hastened to publish a reply that he was too well acquainted with his duties as a Christian to feast his friends on the Sabbath. Nothing, therefore, can be more lugubrious than that day in this country. By the side of such a Sunday, the work of Monday is a delicious pastime.¹

¹ Such might be the case with a person of Mr. Chevalier's views; but

“Accost an English merchant in the morning at his counting-room, and you will find him harsh and dry, and speaking only in monosyllables; accost him at the hour of the dinner, and he will take no pains to dissemble his impatience; he will get rid of you without always troubling himself to do it politely. The same man in the evening in his drawing-room, or in the summer at his country seat, will be full of kindness and urbanity. This is because the Englishman divides his time, and does but one thing at a time. In the morning he is full of business; at evening, he is the man of leisure who reposes and enjoys life—the *gentleman* who has before his eyes, for the formation of his manners and his instruction in the art of spending nobly his revenue, the perfect model of the English aristocracy.

“The modern Frenchman is an indefinite mixture of the Englishman of the morning and of the evening. In the morning, he is a little of the Englishman of the evening, and in the evening somewhat the Englishman of the morning. The Frenchman of former times was the present Englishman of the evening; or rather, to give every one his due—it was that Frenchman, whose type is almost lost in France, upon whom the English aristocracy has been moulded.

“The American of the northern and northwestern states, he whose character is predominant at present in the Union, is a perpetual man of business. He is always the Englishman of the morning. You may find many Englishmen of the evening in the plantations of the south; and a few are beginning to be found in the capitals of the north.

“Tall, thin, and careless, in his person, the American seems formed expressly for manual labour. He has not his equal for quickness in his operations of business. No one adopts more easily a new practice, he is always ready to modify his proceedings or his tools, and to change his occupation. He is a mechanician in his soul. With us there is scarce a pupil of the high schools who has not written his vaudeville, his romance, or his monarchical or republican constitution. There is not a peasant of Connecticut or Massachusetts who has not invented his machine. There is not a man of any consideration who has not his project of a rail road, his plan of a village or city, or who does not nourish *in pectore* some grand speculation upon the lands inundated by the Red river, or the cotton grounds of Texas, or the Yazoo country, or the corn fields of Illinois. A colonizer *par excellence*, the model American, he who is neither more nor less Europeanized, the pure Yankee, in a word, is not only a labourer—he is a perambulatory labourer. He has no roots in the soil, he is a stranger to the cultivation of the natal soil and the paternal domain. He is always in the humour to emigrate, always ready to set off in the first steamboat that passes, from places even where he has just established himself. He is devoured with the love of locomotion; he cannot be still; he must go and come, must keep his limbs in motion, and his muscles in activity. When his feet are not moving, he must twitch his fingers; or, with his inseparable knife, cut a piece of wood, scrape the back of a chair, or indent a table; or employ his teeth in chewing tobacco. Either because the *régime* of competition has given him the habit, or that he is beyond measure impressed with the value of time, or that the mobility of every thing around him, as well as of his own person, keep his nervous system in perpetual agitation, or that he is so constituted by the hand of nature, he has always something to do,

what right has he to suppose that others, with different ideas and feelings, do not find in what he thus deprecates the highest and purest satisfaction of which the human heart is susceptible?

is always in a hurry. He is fit for all kinds of business except such as require elaborate slowness. These horrify him; these are his notion of the infernal regions.

“‘Work,’ says American society to the poor man, ‘work, and at eighteen years of age, you will gain more, you a simple labourer, than a captain in Europe. You will live in abundance, you will be well clothed, well lodged, and you will save something. Be attentive to your work, be sober and religious, and you will find a devoted and submissive companion; you will have a domestic hearth more comfortable than that of many master workmen in Europe. From a labourer, you will become an employer; you will have apprentices and servants in your turn: you will find credit with open hands; you will manufacture or farm on a large scale; you will speculate and become rich; you will be elected a member of the legislature of your state, or made an alderman of the city, then a member of congress; your son will have as much chance of being chosen president as the son of the president himself. Work, and if fortune should turn against you, and you should succumb, it will be only to raise yourself immediately; for here a failure is viewed in the light of a wound received in battle; it will not deprive you of the esteem nor even of the confidence of any one provided you have always been careful and temperate, a good Christian, and a faithful husband.’”

“‘Work,’ it says to the rich, ‘work without ever thinking of enjoyment. You will increase your income without increasing your expenses. You will augment your fortune, but it will only be to multiply the means of labour in favour of the poor, and extend your power over the material world. Let your appearance be simple and austere. I permit you to have within doors beautiful carpets, the richest plate, the finest linen of Saxony and Scotland; but the exterior of your house must be like that of all the others of the city; you shall neither have liveries nor display luxury in horses; you shall not encourage the theatre, which relaxes morals; you shall fly gaming; you shall sign the articles of the temperance society; you shall abstain even from high living; you shall give an example of attention at church; you shall always exhibit the most profound respect for morality and religion, for the farmer and the workman who are about you, have their eyes upon you, take you for their model, and consider you in fact the arbiter of their manners and customs, although they have wrested from you the sceptre of politics. If you should give yourself up to enjoyment, if you should indulge in luxury, dissipation, and pleasures they would also give the rein to their passions, necessarily gross, to their violent appetites. It would then be all over with the country; it would be all over with yourself.’”

In the same letter, after speculating upon what would have been the condition of the western country if the French had been victorious in the struggle for its possession with the English in days of yore, and acknowledging that the rapidity and boldness of the movement of civilization would have lost considerably by that result, he pays an eloquent tribute to the marvellous energies of our population.

“With what zeal and what vigour do the Anglo-Americans fulfil their trust of a pioneer people. Behold how they hew their way through rocks and precipices; how they battle, body to body, with the river, the marsh, the primitive forest; how they destroy the wolf and the bear; how they exterminate the savages, who, for them, are but other wild beasts. In this conflict with the external world, with land and water,

with mountains and pestilential air, they seem full of that impetuosity, with which Greece cast itself upon Asia at the voice of Alexander, of that frenzied audacity which Mahomet breathed into his Arabs for the conquest of the empire of the East, of that delicious courage which animated our fathers, forty years since, when they overwhelmed Europe. Thus, upon the same rivers where the French colonists floated, singing and satisfied with their conveyance in the bark canoe of the Indian, they can count whole fleets of splendid steamboats. There, where we fraternized with the red skins, lying with them in the woods, subsisting like them upon the chase, journeying as they did on foot over rugged paths, the resolute American has prostrated the ancient trees, ploughed the soil, enclosed his grounds, substituted the best horned cattle of England for the stags of the forest, established farms, flourishing villages, and opulent cities, constructed canals and roads. These water falls which we admired as lovers of the picturesque, and whose height our officers used to measure, at the hazard of their lives, they have removed from the landscape and enclosed in the reservoirs of their mills and factories. If these countries had remained French, the population that would have sprung up would have been more joyous than the Americans; but it would have been surrounded with less of wealth and comfort, and ages would have elapsed before man would have been entitled to call himself master over the same extent of soil as the Americans have subjected in less than fifty years.

The above is certainly an instance of modesty and self-appreciation as commendable as it is rare. If all his compatriots were as sensible as Mr. Chevalier of their peculiar defects, and as solicitous to remedy them, we should not long see France lagging behind in the great race of material improvement. If we Americans, too, would only, in the same manner, open our eyes to the faults and deficiencies of our character and proceedings, there would be soon little scope afforded to malice for those comments, and animadversions, and caricatures which give us so much unhappiness. And if John Bull, instead of wrapping himself up in the complacent contemplation of the picture which one of his flatterers has drawn of him in lines as striking as, in his opinion, they are correct—

“Pride in their port defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by” -

would only suspect that he is not altogether an impeccable personage, it would doubtless be better for himself, his neighbours, and the world. One of the most important advantages of the facility of travelling at the present day, must be deemed to be the means it offers to the different nations of learning their own inferiority to others in some respects, and thus of removing a fruitful source of national evil—contempt for the rest of mankind. On this subject, by the way, of national vanity, our author has written an admirable letter, from which we are tempted to translate a passage, though of considerable length.

“In Europe every nation arrogates to itself the first rank. I do not

see, therefore, why the Americans should be more modest than the people on the other side of the Atlantic. The wonders they have worked in the last fifty years, give them the right to be proud. They, too, are thus persuaded that they are the first nation in the world, and proclaim it loudly.

"The fact is, that there is no chosen people to whom superiority has been entailed for a series of ages. The Jews, in whom this sentiment of an eternal predestination seemed the most deeply rooted, have been subjected for eighteen centuries to a trial which cruelly belies their belief. Since the time of Richelieu, and since the revolution of 1688, that is to say, since Spain began to slumber, France and England have been at the head of civilization, and share the supremacy--the first dominating by theory, the second by practice; giving the tone, the one to politics, the other to arts, taste, and manners. But what were France and England three centuries ago, in the time of Charles V., when the generals of that other emperor and king killed Bayard at Rebecque, captured Francis I. at Pavía and the Pope at Rome, whilst, at two thousand leagues distance, on the western coast, Cortez conquered for him the superb empire of Montezuma? What was Prussia three generations since--Prussia who now divides the sceptre of Germany, and who is worthy of it, who is the young Germany, the haughty and ambitious Germany, the Germany anxious to plunge into the future--as Austria is the patriarchal Germany, the mild and sage Germany, the Germany protectress of the past, and guardian of ancient right? What will all of us be--French, English, Prussians, Austrians--in three centuries, in a hundred years, perhaps, hence? Who can say whether some blast from the north, finding us divided, enfeebled by intestine strife, shall not have then forced us to bow our heads, which we now carry so loftily and proudly? Who knows whether the vigorous populations which germinate here upon a virgin soil, shall not have passed us in their turn as we have passed our predecessors? Who can tell whether the two great forms which now stand at the two extremes of the horizon, the first in the east, with one foot on Moscow and the other about to be placed on Constantinople; the second in the west, half hidden still by the vast forests of the new world, and whose out-stretched limbs extend from the mouths of the St. Lawrence to those of the Mississippi--who can tell whether these two young giants who gaze on one another from either side of the Atlantic, and almost touch upon the shores of the Pacific, will not soon divide the dominion of the universe?

"Civilization is a treasure to which each generation adds somewhat in transmitting it to its successors, and which passes from hand to hand, from people to people, from country to country. Departing from ancient Asia, it has occupied forty centuries in advancing to the borders of the European ocean. When a people have become the depositaries of it, wo to them if, instead of guarding it with vigilance and labouring to increase it, they drop it by the way side, and consume their time and their strength in useless quarrels! The treasure will be quickly ravished from them, and they will be lost. The Americans are the most enterprising of men, and the most ambitious of nations. If we should remain too long absorbed in our sterile disputes, they would be the people to come suddenly upon us, bear off this precious deposit of the destinies of the human species, and seize upon the first place.

"Each people has its qualities that education develops, which, at certain periods, shine with vivid lustre as a light on which advancing humanity fastens its eyes, and which at all times commend it to the esteem or the affection, the emulation or the respect, of the world. The

people of the United States have incontestably theirs. None are so well adapted by their intrinsic character, by the condition of their territory and of their population, for the democratic form. They thus possess in the highest degree the advantages of democracy; they have also its inseparable defects. But if there be matter for blame among them, there is still more matter for praise. Here is much that a European may glean who comes to seek, not subjects of satire, criticism, or sarcasm, (satire, criticism and sarcasm are, in every country, very vulgar occupations, since so many persons have given us the old money of Voltaire and Byron.) but positive facts, which may be imitated in our old land with the modifications required by circumstances entirely different from those of the Americans. Almost all English travellers have seen here a great deal of evil and scarcely any good. The portrait which they have drawn of America and the Americans is a caricature. It is a likeness, indeed, because a caricature well executed is always such. The Americans are right in rejecting their decisions; one can only be judged by his peers. It is not for the most unalloyed aristocracy of Europe, it is not for the English aristocracy, to pass judgment on a democracy. Now, the English travellers in America have belonged to the aristocracy either by their connections or their opinions, or they were aspirants to enrolment in it, or else they aped it in order to have the appearance of being members of it.

Beyond question a farmer of Yorkshire, or a mechanic of Birmingham, would have formed quite another judgment. They would probably have been as exclusive in their encomiums as the most disloyal of the tourists have been in their reprobation. The farmers and mechanics are nevertheless something in the estimate of the English population, and in the elements of the prosperity of Great Britain. Let us suppose that a farmer of Ohio or Illinois, having sold his flour and salt pork at good prices, should go to England and play the *nabob* for six months, and on his return should describe, with the rude eloquence of the west, the distress of the labourers in Great Britain, the law of tithes, the taxes on the poor, the frightful condition of the Irish peasants, the impressment of sailors, the venality of military employments; let us suppose that, as a painter of manners, he should add the sale of a wife by her husband, a boxing match, a scene of carousers rolling dead drunk beneath the table at the end of a banquet—if he should give such a picture to his countrymen as that of the moral and political condition of England, the English would shrug their shoulders, and with reason. Nevertheless the substance of the account would be correct; there would not be a fact falsely stated in any material degree. Now, such a book would be precisely the counterpart of what English travellers in general have published as a faithful representation of America. Do not unto others as you would not wish to be done by.

“There is one fact which strikes the stranger on his arrival in the United States, which is well calculated to impose silence on his feelings of national pride, especially if he is an Englishman: it is the aspect of general ease which the country presents. Whilst European societies are all more or less afflicted with the curse of pauperism, which is undermining them without there having been any cure for it discovered by the most skilful, here there are no paupers, at least in the northern and western states, which have been able to rid themselves of the leprosy of slavery. If any are met with, they are but an imperceptible minority of individuals without character, most of them people of colour; or they are adventurers recently arrived, who have not yet succeeded in habituating themselves to a life of labour. Here, nothing is easier than to live

by work, and to live well. The objects of first necessity are generally cheaper than in France, and salaries are double or triple. The other day I found myself upon the line of a rail road now in progress. The workmen were engaged in grading. This kind of labour, which demands only strength, is habitually exerted in the United States by Irishmen lately arrived, who have no other resource than their arms, no other talent than the vigour of their muscles. These Irish are fed and lodged, and this is their nourishment—three meals a day; at all of them meat in abundance, and bread, coffee and sugar at two of them, and once a day butter. During the course of their day's work, six or eight glasses of whiskey are given to them according to the warmth of the weather. They receive, besides, wages in money to the amount of forty cents (two francs, thirteen centimes) under the most unfavourable circumstances, often to that of three and sometimes of four francs. In France, the same work is commonly worth one franc, twenty-five centimes, and the labourers must find themselves.

"This positive, incontestable fact of the general comfort, is here side by side with another, which singularly enhances its importance in the eyes of an European who is a friend of reform, and an enemy of violence. In politics, radicalism is here all the fashion. The word democracy, which elsewhere frightens even republicans, is here run after, hailed with acclamations. The name of the democratic party is an object of dispute; there are three or four shades of opinion that claim it as their exclusive property; but it is the only kind of property unsettled. It is true that material property is quickly melted here, unless preserved by active vigilance, and renewed by constant labour. Nevertheless as long as it subsists, it is the object of a profound respect, which, I confess, has a little surprised me. It might have been expected that the theory of social economy would have borrowed some syllogisms from political theories. One who in Europe would not pass for the boldest in this regard, would be here an audacious innovator.

"From these simple observations it appears natural to believe that the study of this country may furnish precious hints for the solution of the great question which agitates Europe, that of the amelioration of the lot of the greatest number. It would be interesting to seek for the causes of this state of things, and of examining if, by means of some transformation, they could be put into play in the European society, and especially in France."

"The influence of money in the United States has afforded the subject of one of our author's best letters. Remarking that in a society devoted to industry and traffic, money must be regarded with a different eye from what it is among a people of military propensities, or one nourished by classical studies and erudite speculations, he asserts that money is here not what it is with the French; that it is of weight here in matters in which it has no power there; that it openly operates here when it would hide itself there. He was astonished in England to see handbills menacing offenders against certain police regulations with fines, with a promise of a moiety to the denouncer—"the blood would boil in our veins if a prefect of police were thus to offer a premium to denunciation"—and here he found the same proceeding still more in vogue. He acknowledges, however, that in England, with the exception of London,

as well as in this country, the police is not organized as it is in France, and that, therefore, measures must be resorted to for supplying the deficiency. The manner in which with us every thing is recompensed with money, attracted his notice, and, in some respects, his commendation. "It puts every one at ease; it facilitates, abridges, and simplifies, relations; and no embarrassment is felt in asking a service when it is understood that it is to be paid for." Punishment by means of money, which is so common, made him think of the times of barbarism when crimes were pardoned for gold—an observation, by the way, not overwise—and induced the remark that the sanction of our laws, and of the regulations and even the simplest ordinances of our police, is the sanction of money.

"I do not know an American," said Talleyrand, "who has not sold his dog or his horse;" and Mr. Chevalier does not dispute the fact. On the contrary, he seems to think we are an exaggeration of the English, whom Napoleon called a nation of shopkeepers. He says we are always *en marche*—with one bargain just made, another about to be concluded, and a couple in contemplation; that all we have and all we see is merchandise to our eyes; that at the foundation of all our acts money is to be found; that behind all our words money is still there. In this there is doubtless some overcolouring—an effort to point a phrase, and give an epigrammatic piquancy, even at a little expense of justice; but, in the main, we fear that truth has not been outraged. That we are imbued with an excessive love of lucre: that we are disposed to estimate every thing by its value in dollars and cents: that, with regard to whatever we possess and whatever we behold, we are, in the words of our national song, "ever mindful what it *cost*;" is an undeniable defect in our character, which the sooner we acknowledge to ourselves, the sooner we may shake it off: and the sooner we *do* shake it off the better, for it is sadly opposed to the full development of some of the finest attributes of our nature. Of all passions none so completely thwarts itself as the undue thirst of gold, preventing, as it does, the enjoyments and advantages which a proper expenditure produces. None are so unable to spend profitably as those who are most eager to acquire. He who has written so admirably "*de officiis*," says, with his usual *ore rotundo-ismi*, "*nil est tam angusti animi tamque parvi, quam amare divitias: nihil honestius magnificentiusque quam pecuniam contemnere si non habeas; si habeas, ad beneficentiam liberalitatemque conferre.*"

Our author remarks, however, that much as the Americans love money, it would be wrong to suppose that they do not know how to impose upon themselves pecuniary sacrifices.

'They are, he continues, even in the habit of subscriptions¹ and voluntary gifts; practise them without regret oftener than the French, and more largely also: but their munificence and largesses he calls affairs of reflection and calculation. He pays us, likewise, the compliment to say, that although it might be supposed that among a people so deeply absorbed in material interests, misers must abound, yet no where in our country is that sordid avarice to be encountered of which the instances are so frequent in Europe. This fact, however, is natural, in our opinion. Where so much importance is attached to the possession and the reputation of wealth, persons will be desirous of exhibiting any claims of the kind they may have to consideration. What may be complained of is, not that the opulent do not spend, but that they do not spend rightly. The *show* more than the *use* of riches is the general object. In Europe, on the contrary, where the mere possession of millions without a liberal and tasteful employment of them, gives comparatively little estimation to the individual, the fondness he may have for hoarding is not counteracted by the advantage of proving the fact of his wealth. Besides, the colossal fortunes which exist there, render it vain for persons of interior means, which here would be deemed great, but there are moderate, to attempt display.

The principal object of Mr. Chevalier's visit was the inspection of our public works, particularly of our rail-roads, for which indeed he was employed by the French government; and accordingly the most elaborate and carefully prepared letter in his volumes is upon our "means of communication." We regret we have only room for the conclusion of it.

"It is a noble spectacle, that of a young people executing, in the short space of fifteen years, a mass of communications at which the most potent empires of Europe, with a population of triple or quadruple extent, would have been frightened. What the public prosperity has gained and will continue to gain by it, is incalculable. The political world has not less to expect from it. These multiplied and rapid communications will contribute to the maintenance of the Union more even than the balance of the national representation. When New York shall be only six or eight days distant from New Orleans, not merely for the rich, travelling in a privileged way, but for every citizen, and for every workman, separation will be no longer possible. Great distances will then have disappeared, and this colossus, ten times more vast than France, will preserve its unity without effort.

"It is impossible for me not to direct my thoughts to Europe, and make a comparison little favourable to the great monarchies which cover it. The partisans of the monarchical principle assert that it is quite as

¹ Not, alas! we are sorry to say, subscriptions to reviews, and such unutilitarian matters, whatever may be the fact in regard to asylums and rail road stocks.

efficient for the happiness and greatness of the people, and for the progress of the human race, as the principle of independence and *self-government* that predominates on the other side of the Atlantic; and, for my own part, I am willing to believe that such is the fact. But material proofs of it must be afforded if it be wished to prevent the opposite system from making more proselytes. The tree must be judged by its fruit. The European governments dispose of the treasures and the arms of more than two hundred and fifty millions of men, that is to say, of a population twenty times as large as was that of the United States when they commenced their system of communications. The extent of country which demands the care of the former, including all the north of Europe, and the regions west of the Oural, is not the fourth of that which is actually covered by the states and the organized territories. The billions which they procure so easily for war, to destroy and to kill, would not be wanting to them for creative enterprises. They have only to will it, and all the European nations will be so blended in their interests, their thoughts, and their feelings—will be so approximated and mixed up together—that Europe will be like one nation, and a European war will be reputed a sacrifice equal to a civil war. In still postponing these useful labours, will they not give countenance to those who pretend that the cause of kings is irreconcilable with that of nations?"

In America, he rightly says in another letter, rail-roads have become a passion, a universal rage.

"When at Liverpool I went to engage a state room on board the *Pacific*; captain Waite offered me the last papers from the United States. The first that I opened was the *Rail Road Journal*. After we sailed, I became very sea-sick, and continued so until we arrived at New York; and of all the recollections, more or less confused, which I have of the passage, the most decided is, that in the conversations of the passengers I heard the word *rail-road* once every ten minutes. At New York I visited the docks where vessels are built and repaired. When I had seen the dry-dock and two or three others, my guide, who was a great friend himself of rail-roads, took me to the rail-road dock, where the vessels are moved upon a rail road. I found rail-roads in Virginia, at the bottom of coal mines, which, however, is not a novelty for a European. At Philadelphia, I visited the admirable penitentiary, which I found so neat, so quiet, so comfortable, (if I may so speak of a prison,) in comparison with our abominable prisons in France, so noisy, dirty, unhealthy, freezing in winter, damp in summer. The warden, Mr. Wood, who directs the establishment with so much zeal and philanthropy, after showing me the cells of the prisoners, the yards in which they take the air, the steam-kitchen where their food is prepared, and permitting me to visit a poor Alsatian, one of the convicts, said to me when I was about taking leave, 'But you have not seen all; I have still to show you my rail-road.' And, in fact, there is a rail road in the prison on the first story, along which the car which carries the rations of the prisoners is made to glide.

"Some days ago I found myself in a little town in Virginia, near which there is a fine rail road—Petersburg at the falls of the Appomattox. A merchant of the place, Mr. S. M., conducted me to a manufactory of tobacco, where a peculiar process is employed, and where that sort of tobacco is prepared which most Americans chew, and will continue to chew for a long time, in spite of the severe and, in this case, just comments of English travellers, unless the fashion of *retocs* should extend, and the ladies should place one upon the use of tobacco with as strong a

determination not to yield as the president's in regard to the bank. We were walking among the shops in the midst of the poor slaves who people them, and I had stepped back to look at some of the negroes who seemed almost white, and in whose veins the African blood was not an eighth part, when my companion said to me: 'You who interest yourself in rail roads, you must not omit to see that of our establishment.' We passed into a room where the tobacco is enclosed in barrels and subjected to a considerable pressure. The apparatus which produces this pressure is of a singular construction, the principal part being a movable rail-road suspended from the ceiling. Thus the Americans have made rail-roads in the water, in the bowels of the earth, and have hung them in the air. It is an invention of which their practical sense has so nicely seized all the advantages, that they seek to apply it to every thing, and every where, even at random. When they cannot construct a real one, and especially a productive one, across fields, from river to river, from city to city, from state to state, they provide themselves at all events with one as a plaything whilst waiting for something better.⁷

Our steamboats, of course, come in for a large share of our author's admiration, though this is by no means unalloyed, especially with regard to those which navigate the western waters. Few will contradict him when he asserts that a voyage upon the Mississippi is more dangerous than one upon the ocean—not one merely from Europe to the United States, but one from Europe to China. What with the perils of explosion, of fire, of snags, of concussions with other steamboats, accidents which are constantly happening, there is certainly much more need of making your will before embarking upon the father of waters, than when setting sail for the domains of the brother of the sun and uncle of the stars, or whatever other title he of the celestial empire may just now most delight in. M. Chevalier also particularizes the monotony of the river's course, the solitude of its flat and muddy banks, the dirty aspect of its waters, the strange customs of the passengers, cooped up in the same cage, as doing any thing but increasing the delights of the expedition; and he applauds the wisdom of the Louisiana planters who, when they migrate for the summer to the north to enjoy its cooler and purer atmosphere, choose for their conveyance one or another of the packet ships which sail between New Orleans and New York. As to the accidents that occur on the western rivers, he says that if such deplorable events were to happen with such frequency in Europe, there would be a universal outcry; the police and legislative powers would strenuously interfere; steamboats would become the dread of the traveller; and the public would excommunicate and abandon them altogether. This effect, he thinks, would also be produced, to a certain extent, in the eastern region, where the country is comparatively settled, and the lives of individuals are counted for something. But in the west, the

flood of emigration, pouring down from the Alleghamies, rolls along the plain with overwhelming energy, chasing before it the Indian, the buffalo, and the bear; prostrating gigantic forests as rapidly as the dry grass of the prairies disappears before the torch of the savage; and doing for civilization what the armies of Attila and Genghis Khan effected for barbarism. The law of all armies of invasion is its law, and the mass is thus every thing, the individual nothing. Wo, therefore, to him who makes a false step! he is trampled under foot. Wo to him who encounters a precipice! the crowd, impatient to press on, pushes him over; he is crushed and forgotten. Each one for himself.

"The life of a true American is that of a soldier. Like a soldier he is encamped, and his camp is a flying one—here to day and in a month fifteen hundred miles distant. It is a life of activity and violent sensations. As in a camp, quarrels in the west are summarily despatched upon the spot by a duel with knife, or rifle, or pistol *a bout portant*. It is a life of quick alternations of success and reverse. The wretch of to day is wealthy to morrow, and poor again the day following, according to the quarter from which the wind of speculation is blowing; but the collective wealth of the country pursues a constantly progressive march. Like a soldier, the American of the west has for his motto—*conquer or die!* but with him to conquer is to acquire dollars; to make a fortune from nothing; to buy lots at Chicago, Cleveland, or St. Louis, and sell them a year afterwards at a thousand per cent. profit; to bring cotton to New Orleans when it is worth twenty cents the pound. So much the worse for the vanquished; so much the worse for those who perish in a steamboat! The essential point is not to save some, or even some hundred, individuals; it is, as regards steamboats, to have numbers of them; safe or not, well or ill commanded, is of little consequence, provided they go fast and cheap. This circulation of steamboats is as necessary to the west as is the circulation of the blood to the human system. Care is taken not to impede it by any regulations or restrictions. The time for these has not yet arrived. They will be looked to at some later day."

In reference to the kind of people whom the traveller encounters in his steam peregrinations in the west, M. Chevalier is not disposed to be very complimentary. The account given by worthy Mrs. Trollope of the sociability of the good folks of that quarter would not, according to him, be altogether contradicted by foreigners, or even Americans from the capitals of the east, in the first paroxysms of their ill humour on escaping from those "floating barracks." He complains of the practical equality that there reigns—*"not a mock or paper quality"*—of the fact that every man there, who has a tolerable coat upon his back, is a gentleman, and that one gentleman is as good as another, and never thinks of putting himself out of the way for his equal. "He attends to himself, and none but himself; he expects no consideration from his neighbour, and does not suspect that the latter desires the least from him." In all this rudeness, however, our author bids his reader remark that there

was not the slightest tincture of malice: but, on the contrary, a degree of naturalness that disarmed all anger. The man of the west, he tells us, is rough, but not quarrelsome, susceptible, proud of himself and his country to excess, but proud without fatuity or affectation; with a good fund of obligingness and even generosity under his envelope of vanity and egotism: a great calculator, and yet not cold in his temperament, even capable of enthusiasm: loving money as a passion, yet not avaricious, and often prodigal; abrupt and uncouth, because he has not had time to soften his voice and modify his gestures; though unpolished, not so from taking pleasure in impoliteness, as he aspires to become a man of good society, and would already pass for such, but because he has been obliged to devote much more time to the cultivation of his land than of himself. "It is natural that the first generation of the west should bear the impress of the rugged labours it has so perseveringly prosecuted; but, though these reflections may be consoling for the future, they do not render life on board a steamboat upon the Ohio or Mississippi a very charming thing just now; for one attaches value to polite and engaging manners." Infinitely as we admire the west and the people of the west, we must say ditto to this opinion. We certainly have travelled more pleasantly even in that land of despotism and debasement called Italy, in a vehicle with no other and better company than ourselves, than in the very region of independence and equality, with a steamboat full of society, and all *gentlemen* to boot, from the captain to the cook. Most classical, by the way, is always the taste of the gentleman who rejoices in this last appellation; and we are rather surprised, considering the circumstance of our author's being a Frenchman, and, as a matter of course, an amateur of the *cuisine* as well as of the *genre classique*, (unless, indeed—which we are inclined to suspect— he has been bitten by the romantic mania so prevalent just now among his countrymen,) that he has not favoured us with some observations on the personages alluded to. Their achievements are all performed in *Grease* as unquestionably as were any of those of Leonidas or Themistocles, and in equally "*living grease*," too, we are sorry to say. To one who is at all addicted to that aristocratic misery, dyspepsia, it would be difficult to imagine any thing quite so awful as the dinner of a western steamboat.

"In the human heart there is a certain number of sentiments which must of necessity find vent in some mode. Restrain them on one point, they burst forth at another. The sentiment of respect for the depositaries of power, which, until our days of revolution, had so strongly cemented our European societies, has become gradually weakened on the other side of the Atlantic. In the west especially, it is altogether extinct. There, the authorities, so called, have attributes as modest as

their appointments are scant. They are *governors* who govern nothing, and judges who are very liable to be judged. The chief magistrate is pompously styled in the constitutions of these young states, commander of the forces by land and sea—pure mockery! for a reservation of the authority is stipulated in case of war, and even in peace he has scarce the right of making a corporal. But the sentiment of discipline and obedience loses nothing by this: it is maintained in tactically toward the men who are in fact the generals of the expedition, the providence of the volunteers. A little trouble is taken about the governor of the state, the people are docile and submissive towards the tax-collector, the driver of the stage, and the captain of the steamboat. With regard to them self-government is not in vogue. You rise, you breakfast, you dine, you sup, when it pleases the landlord or his chief of the staff, the barkeeper, to ring the bell or sound the gong. It is just the same as in the army. You eat whatever is set before you, without ever permitting yourself to make an observation. You stop at the pleasure of the driver or the captain, without evincing impatience. You suffer yourself to be upset and have your ribs broken by the former, or to be blown up and drowned by the other, without complaint or recrimination. It is here again the same as in the army. It has been remarked that the existence of the founders of empires, from the companions of Romulus down to the *flibustiers*, consisted of a mixture of absolute independence and passive obedience. The society which is springing up in the west has not escaped from this common law."

With regard to the all-important subject of the permanence of our Union, Mr. Chevalier does not speak with the confidence of one to whom coming events are distinctly shadowed forth. He describes, like all competent observers, many perilous breakers ahead, on which the goodly ship may peradventure rush to her destruction; but he also beholds various signs in the heavens which induce him to believe that the winds will not drive her upon them, and that she will be able to steer her way successfully between Scylla and Charybdis. Yet, though he does not think the Union is in danger of being broken in pieces, he, nevertheless, opines that it may undergo some modifications: and, with all the philanthropy of a citizen of the world, and all the spirit of a citizen of the country where every one is and has been employed, for a long time past, in manufacturing constitutions and systems of government for "*la patrie*" and the universe, he throws out the hint of an improvement which should be submitted as soon as may be to the consideration of our conscript fathers. His suggestion is to subdivide the general confederation into three intermediate confederations, corresponding respectively to the three great "homogeneous masses" of the Atlantic, the West, and the South. Thus, he thinks, would establish especial bonds among the states of each group: would give satisfaction to the doctrine of states' rights, without compromising the principle of union; and would render the Union itself more elastic. The existence of these three partial confederations he fancies would harmonize perfectly with that

of a central authority invested with the incontestable attributes of the present federal government—an army, a fleet, an external representation, a *droit de cité*, a supreme court, and, as far as possible, a custom-house and a bank. As he says this idea ought to be examined without much delay, would it not be of great value to some of the luminous sages of the assemblage whose deliberations have already given so cheering an earnest of the decorum with which they will be conducted, and the ineffable benefits they will inflict upon the state? Would it not be a more innocent topic than that, for instance, of making Draconic laws? And would it not afford a capital theme, *pro* and *con*, to some of the formidable orators who have evinced their determination to outdo all ancient and modern eloquence, and enlighten mankind upon every and any subject, especially on points of which they themselves are most profoundly ignorant? For our own part, we cannot help believing that M. Chevalier's plan would only make confusion worse confounded. Our system has quite enough wheels within wheels already, and any addition would not be very apt to simplify the machine and preserve its motions from the risk of derangement. With three such strapping, selfish children as our author would thus bestow on the mother Union, we rather fear the poor lady would stand a chance of being treated with a degree of roughness and contempt that might break her heart, and put an end to her wretched days; and then the parricidal villains would, in all probability, fall together by the ears, and end by furnishing the world with another melancholy illustration of the fate of those terrible belligerents, the Kilkenny cats. “*Di talem avertite casum!*” *Grand merci*, Mr. Chevalier, for your hint, but we would not take one of the kind from the Abbé de Sieyès himself.

The great danger to our institutions, it seems to us, may be dreaded from the fact of the little influence, comparatively speaking, which is exercised by the more enlightened and sober classes of the people upon our political proceedings. In a country where numbers are every thing, intelligence and virtue comparatively nothing, where the laws have no stipulations in favour of either natural or acquired superiority, and regard the most ignorant and debased as on a level with the wisest, brightest, purest citizens, it is to be expected that the sway of numbers will often produce effects such as we now have so much reason to deplore. Our present sufferings are, without question, mainly ascribable to the circumstance of the numerical majority (who were a lamentable minority of those best fitted for wielding power) having elevated an incompetent, and worse than incompetent, person to the chair of state, and there supported him, by the mere strength of numbers, in defiance of all the dictates of patriotism and common sense.

Here is the great evil—making the high places the rewards, not of merit, but of popular favouritism, and, as a consequence, of party prostitution. Is it not a fact, as indisputable as it is mournful, that he who has the noble ambition *ἀνὴρ ἀγαστερός ἐπὶ τοῖς ἔργοις ἐμμεναι καὶ λαῶν*—always to excel and be superior to others—is not enabled to gratify the generous impulse? Is it not a fact that one who wishes to obtain the honours of the republic must consent to sacrifices of his own honour and dignity, which ought to disqualify him for these very honours in the eyes of his compatriots? Can any one who says to himself, like the French philosopher,

“Je ne sais ni tromper, ni flatter, ni mentir.
Et quand je le pourrais, je n’y puis consentir.”

ever hope to soar upon the wings of such virtue to the summits of our political pyramids? Is it not by creeping alone that those can be reached? What is to be the result of this? Why that but reptiles, not eagles, will make efforts to place themselves upon the elevations—that only those who render themselves unworthy of the posts they seek, will strive to obtain them. Take, for example, a youth who feels both the desire and ability to achieve the loftiest distinction. He embarks in the career of his hopes, believing that all the glorious lessons he has learned are now to be reduced to practice—that the great models whom he has before his eyes, and in whose footsteps it has always been his fondest wish to walk, he may now perchance triumphantly imitate—that he, too, may one day read his blessings in a nation's eyes. Almost at the first step he finds he must truckle to what he knows to be caprice, or delusion, or vice, which he will not flatter; he looks around and studies the conduct and character of those who are outstripping him in the race, of those who are in possession of the eminences over which the star of his ambition is shining, and he sees what converts, to his eyes, the glitter of the orb into a sickly repulsive glare from which he soon turns in utter disgust; and, with hopes and spirits bruised, he retires from the contest, abandoning it to the mercenaries whose struggles alone are applauded by the people, and have a likelihood of ultimate success. This is no fancy picture. What has happened, and is happening around us, affords a melancholy illustration of its truth.

Did we believe that the high places were thus always to be polluted by the exhalations from the foulest fens of corruption—did we believe that we were always to be exposed to the repetition of such scenes and deeds as we have witnessed, to the shock of such miseries as we have endured—did we believe that we were always to be cursed with an aristocracy of vulgarity, and ignorance, and profligacy, in lieu of one of refine-

ment and magnificence, in which if there be vice it loses half its evil by losing all its grossness - did we believe all this, we should certainly deem it well for us to take the counsels of those who have only looked at the gloomy side of our institutions, into serious consideration. But such is not our belief.

- "Think'st thou yon darksome cloud,
Raised by a breath, hath quenched the orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

We recollect, a few years ago, that upon arriving from Europe, and entering the bay of New York, a sudden storm arose, (the day having been previously beautiful,) and in a few moments immediate destruction seemed to threaten our noble vessel and all on board. Nothing of the kind had occurred during the whole voyage, and apprehensions of being shipwrecked in the very harbour became strong and universal. Had it not been, indeed, for the skill and presence of mind of our veteran commander, the result must have been most disastrous. The boat lashed to the side of the ship was swept away ; seats upon an upper deck were literally hurled into the waves by the fury of the wind ; and the principal deck was flooded by rain, which poured down in torrents, to a depth that might have created fears of submersion from the waters of heaven as well as those of the sea. The gale however was too fierce to endure long. In an hour, perhaps, the evening sun was again beaming with his mellow effulgence in a cloudless sky, and nothing in the aspect of nature would have told of the scene that had just been witnessed. But proofs of it in mournful abundance were scattered around, and never shall we forget the spectacle they presented. The bay had been studded with vessels of various descriptions - some commencing and others about to terminate their voyage—their sails all spread blithely and confidently to the treacherous skies, "unmindful of the sweeping whirlwind's sway" -and now most were utter wrecks, these dismasted, those upon their beam ends, and several entirely beneath the water, with only a glimpse of their sides or a straggling spar to indicate what they were. In all directions human beings were seen clinging to whatever afforded a chance of salvation. Fortunate was it for them that our ship was near and uninjured. A considerable time was spent in picking them up, and it was not until those had been rescued who had escaped a watery grave, that we pursued our course. Like this storm is the one which has burst upon our land—as sudden, as violent, as fruitful of ruin—and the wrecks it has made are strewn around in heart sickening numbers. But soon as serene a firmament and as unsullied a sun will smile again over our heads, as gilded the scene of desolation we have described, and whispered

hope and comfort to the unfortunate beings who have thus been brought back to our memory !

We need not, however, expect to pursue the tenour of our way without encountering these shocks. We are particularly exposed to them, in fact, from the identical circumstance which produces that especial superiority we boast over the rest of the world. The grovelling plains, the lowly level of despotism may remain for ages in uninterrupted calm ; but the cloud-piercing heights of freedom are in the very region of the tempest. Ever and anon the thunder must roll and the lightning flash about them, until those who dwell in their midst may dread that the storm-spirit is abroad for the accomplishment of total ruin. But who would not rather breathe the pure, elastic, invigorating atmosphere that circulates among them, which is thus kept salubrious by the very convulsions which create so much alarm, than the close and stagnant air, tranquil though it may always be, which causes every thing to languish and wither ? Our institutions, like all other human concerns, have their imperfections ; and, even if they were intrinsically perfect, their contact with human nature - which is the same in the new as in the old world, at the present as in former times—must mar their effect. Here, too, if the amplest scope be afforded to the virtuous qualities of man, the same is also given to his evil passions ; so that if we have a greater probability of happiness, we have also a more serious risk of the reverse. Here, on this soil, is the grand battle to be fought between Ebony and Topaz—between the bad and good spirits that are ever struggling for the mastery of our breasts—-and he is no believer in an all-wise, an all-just, and omnipotent God, (who would not have commanded us to strive after perfection had he not provided us with the means of at least approaching it,) who fears that the victory will be achieved by the former. The contest will indeed be a protracted and a close one, but, with a proper trust in the Almighty arm which has been promised for our support, we shall come out from it with equal glory and advantage for ourselves and the world.

We are intimately impressed with the conviction that the possibility of retrogradation in human affairs is incompatible with the existence of an over-ruling Providence and the progress of Christianity ; that there must be a gradual, progressive improvement. We cannot admit for a moment the idea that our country has only been raised to the elevation it has attained, to be ultimately thrown prostrate on the earth. That would indeed be a fall—

“ Qui cadit in plano & vix hoc tamen event ipsum)

Sic cadit ut tacta surgere possit humo ;

*At miser Elpenor, tecto delapsus ab alto,
Occurrit regi debilis umbra suo."*

The whole history of the world proves this gradual advancement of which we speak. It proves that although at times mankind may seem to have lost what they had gained, and to have reverted to ignorance and barbarism, they have only, in the French phrase, *reculé pour mieux sauter*: they were at the moment but in a slumber from which they have always awakened, with renovated strength and spirits, to recommence their march. Thus the ship which now appears buried in the abyss of the ocean, is seen careering the next instant on the summit of a wave still more lofty than that from which it had previously plunged—thus the wanderer among the Alps descends from the eminence he has just reached into the valley which separates it from the more elevated peak beyond, until, after an undulating but constantly ascending course, he at length reaches the heaven-kissing mount from which the wonders he had yearned to behold are spread before his enraptured eyes.

Let us not then for a moment despair of the republic. It is treason to ourselves, to our posterity, and to the hopes of man. The spirit of evil may now be predominant, but his triumph will be short. We must learn how to obtain, how to appreciate, and how to deserve, the happiness in store for us. The uses of adversity are the salutary restoratives which may be extracted from the poisonous herb. "Some," says St. Paul, "shall be saved, yet so as by fire;" and "prosperity," says Lord Bacon, "is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour." The check we have received may be of more ultimate benefit to us than years of unalloyed, intoxicating prosperity—and richly did we merit its infliction. Let us always remember that our institutions are not built, like those of the old world, upon the shifting sands of privilege and injustice, but upon a rock—the rock of the eternal, immutable rights which God and nature have granted to man—and that though the edifice may be beaten by the rain and shaken by the blast, its foundations are too strong and too deep to permit it to be overthrown.

ART. IV. - *The Lottery System in the United States.* By JOSEPH R. TYSON. 3d edition. 1 vol. pp. 111. Philadelphia: 1837.

The first edition of this little work was prepared by its intelligent author in January, 1833, at the request of a number of of the citizens of Philadelphia favourable to the entire abolition of lotteries. A second edition, containing additional facts, was called for in the month of November of that year, and published by order of the same individuals, who were animated with a becoming zeal for the suppression of a crying public evil. A society was soon formed, entitled "the Pennsylvania Society for the suppression of Lotteries," which, in the month of July of the following year, issued an address to the people of Pennsylvania and of the United States, prepared by the same indefatigable gentleman, who was appointed chairman of the committee for that purpose. The efforts of the citizens above referred to, and the writings of Mr. Tyson, (a copy of the first edition of his pamphlet having been sent to the members of every legislature in the Union,) are believed to have mainly contributed to the subsequent entire abolition of lotteries in Pennsylvania, and to the important action which has taken place in some of our sister states upon this topic.

In several of the states societies have been formed upon the model of that in Pennsylvania, which have lent their ready and effectual co operation to carry out the expressed intention of the legislature. Without this aid, the states of New York and Massachusetts would not have been free, as they are now understood to be, of this bane to the moral health of their citizens. The former of these two states has gone so far as to restrain, by an express constitutional provision, her legislature from making thereafter any lottery grant. Maryland and Tennessee have followed the example of New York; and Ohio, Vermont, Maine, Michigan, Louisiana, and Connecticut, have abolished by legislative acts the entire system. Others of the states, as New Hampshire and New Jersey, have prohibited the sale of foreign lottery tickets, and have repeatedly refused, of late years, to authorize a lottery privilege.

In some of these states, however, where societies of the kind we have mentioned do not exist, the traffic in lottery tickets still prevails; and, as the spirit is one which demands constant repression, it was deemed proper to direct public attention again to the subject. Mr. Tyson says in his preface to the third edition:

"Besides presenting reasons for the universal abandonment of a policy so erroneous and destructive, the writer has in view the formation of

societies to aid the execution of the laws in those states in which the system is abolished. While it prevails in any state of the Union, there is ground for apprehension that the protective legislation of the others will claim respect only in proportion to that vigilance which shall assist in guarding it from infringement.

"In Philadelphia and other parts of the state, there is abundant reason to believe that the law, if not openly defied, is *secretly* violated. Nor is it matter of surprise that the lower classes of the people should feel a desire to indulge in the golden dreams inspired by the promises of the lottery, while such announcements as the following find their way into the newspapers of the day :—'A French paper, of February 7th, states that the coachman of Mr. Vandenaelen, of Brussels, has drawn a prize of five millions of florins, (about \$2,000,000,) in a German lottery.'

"The publication of such intelligence cannot but be injurious to the whole tribe of coachmen and servants, in this country, whose ambition, it is well known, is already sufficiently magnificent. 'If God,' says the Arabic proverb, 'purposes the destruction of an ant, he allows wings to grow upon her.' According to Burckhardt, the traveller, the adage implies that the sudden elevation of a person beyond his natural condition usually causes his ruin. Adopting the announcement to be true, we cannot doubt that the glittering prize will prove fatal to the character and peace of its unfortunate holder."

By the efforts of the Pennsylvania society, several offenders against the law of March, 1833, have been brought to trial, conviction, and punishment; and probably, if the institution should continue her efforts with as much ardour as she commenced them, infractions of the law in this respect will not go unpunished, and the system be completely eradicated from the borders of Pennsylvania. This happy state of things might continue, unless the legislature were induced hereafter to adopt a new line of policy, and again authorize the introduction of this enormous system of gambling. In order, if possible, to prevent this, it is proposed to introduce into the new constitution of Pennsylvania (now in process of formation) a clause similar to that in the charters of New York, Maryland, and Tennessee—abolishing altogether legislative discretion upon this head.

It is not our intention to go into either argument or proof upon the subject of the public evil of lotteries. This has been amply performed by others; and by no one better than the author of the little work before us. Public opinion we presume to be made up upon the point, and public feeling requires but to be again aroused, in order to adopt efficacious measures to prevent lotteries taking root with us a second time. The effectual mode, undoubtedly, would be that suggested, of a constitutional prohibition—to be, in its turn, aided and encouraged by the active, zealous co-operation of philanthropic individuals anxious for the preservation of the public morals. Many, we might say most, of the leading measures of Pennsylvania policy have been fostered, if not finally successfully

prosecuted, by means of similar institutions. The great cause of penal reform and penitentiary discipline is under lasting obligations to such an association. Education, internal improvements, and other valuable objects of our regard as citizens, have owed much of their prosperity to the combined action of associated individuals. Equal success has so far attended the exertions of the Pennsylvania society for the suppression of lotteries; and it needs but a continuance of their discreet and unabated energies to secure a complete and effectual triumph.

Mr. Tyson's description of the origin of lotteries is well written and of much interest.

"Gambling, by means of the lottery, is not of very modern origin. Though it has been tolerated and even fostered by Christian communities, it dates its birth so far back as a remote period in the history of the Romans. The uses to which it was applied, are faithfully delineated by Menestrier, a Jesuit father, who published the result of his researches about the close of the seventeenth century.

"The Christian world is indebted to the republic of Genoa for suggesting the idea of resorting to the lottery as a measure of finance. From Italy it migrated into France, about the year 1580, where its history presents one dark page of poverty, wretchedness, and crime. Its introduction into Great Britain was early, being nurtured and sustained by the friendly hand of government, as an expedient for raising money upon the principle of voluntary taxation. The first lottery mentioned in English history, was established in 1567; and Matland of Stowe informs us, that, in 1569, there were but three lottery offices in the kingdom.¹ A few years brought an immense accession to the number, and various statutes were made, to diminish, by restrictions and penalties, the malignity of their influence. But no emolument was equal to the emergency of its purpose. A new genius awoke into being, competent to evade, by dexterity and stratagem, the provisions of each new law. At length its enormity became too obvious and crying for popular favour. An enquiry was made in the house of commons, and, on the recommendation of a committee, new guards were applied. Still checks were found to be but a temporary alleviation. Like most mitigating remedies, they produced the effect of giving false security to the patient, rather than efficacy in counteracting the disease. Nothing less than a kind of legislative amputation could expel a poison so deeply seated and pervading.

"It may well be supposed, that if it prevailed in England when this country was colonized, the policy would be observable in acts relating to its early settlement. Accordingly, the second lottery granted by parliament was authorized in the reign of the first James, for carrying on the colonization of Virginia. The eastern colonies experienced the unhappy results of the same spirit of legislation. So early as 1699, the 'ministers met at Boston' denounced the lottery as a cheat, and its agents as pillagers of the people. But, notwithstanding this early denunciation of the system, and its recent extinction in England, the lottery has taken deep root and shot its noxious branches into many portions of the American Union. Legislative sanction is here given to this vice under the various pretences of excavating canals, building bridges, erecting school-houses, and endowing colleges, as well as for the construction of

¹ The first lottery in England was drawn at the west door of *St. Paul's Cathedral*!

edifices devoted to worshipping the Deity! Unhappy indeed, that the lover of freedom should consent to aim a deliberate blow at his proud institutions; and that the Christian votary should inflict a deep wound upon religion and morality, with the ostensible view of aiding in their promotion!

"But whatever may have been the origin of lottery grants in the United States, the objects to which they have been applied are not more multifarious than the number and amount of schemes have been overwhelming. In the different states, there are no less than twelve or fourteen lotteries which claim the sanction of a legal existence. What sum may be hazarded in a single day, it is difficult to calculate with any thing like precision. That it is alarming in magnitude, may be presumed from the fact that, in the single state of New York, schemes have been issued, since the adoption of her new constitution, to the enormous sum of *thirty-seven millions of dollars!* In Pennsylvania, schemes issued under the authority of seven other states, were, for a long time, vended to an incredible amount, in direct violation of law. It could not have been anticipated by the provincial assembly of 1762, when it prohibited lotteries with a striking preamble and a high penalty, that a few years would witness their multiplication to such an extent.

"This colonial legislation, whilst it displays the domestic feelings of the colonists, at an early period, likewise discovers the exotic source of the lottery system. But this more distinctly appears from the proviso of the act, which *saves* from the general prohibition, 'all state lotteries enacted and licensed by *act of parliament in Great Britain.*' There is no doubt the parent country taught her imitative off-spring to domesticate the lottery, by pointing out its manifold uses. The lottery, then, is a weed which is not indigenous to this soil. It did not spring up in this country, the result of necessity or the dictate of pecuniary expediency. In the enactment referred to, our ancestors pronounced it to be a mischievous and unlawful *game*—detrimental to youth, and ruinous to the poor—the source of fraud and dishonesty—alike hurtful to industry, commerce, and trade—and baneful to the interests of good citizenship, morality, and virtue."

After detailing some interesting facts which were elicited by the labours of a committee of the British house of commons in the year 1808, the author proceeds to sketch the progress of public opinion in Great Britain, which finally resulted in the overthrow of the system. He says:

"Other testimony shows what it is here unnecessary to quote—the ingenious and multiplied expedients of the lottery brokers for evading the laws, as well as the perfidy of the government officers in winking at transgressions, and partaking of the fruits of illicit adventures. The whole report discloses a scene of iniquity so multiform, and of misery so hopeless, as to sicken and appal the mind. The restrictions intended by new statutes soon ceased to exhibit any mitigation in their effects, till at last the whole system was absconded as the most noxious and venomous excrescence that could deform the legislation or poison the moral atmosphere of England. This temporary suspension of the system was preceded by events, which, perhaps, will ever be remembered in the annals of self-destruction. A scheme was formed in London, displaying several magnificent prizes of £50,000 and £100,000, which tempted to ventures of very large amount, and the night of the drawing was signalized by fifty cases of suicide! With these tragedies terminated, for a brief period, the career of the lottery in the English isle!

"From such facts, what opinion are we authorized to form of the magnitude of this evil? An evil which paralyzes industry, destroys domestic concord, saps the foundation of correct principles, and leads to the commission of the darkest crimes in the criminal calendar? What ought we to think of those laws which give it protection? As well might a legislature cherish, by the public bounty, a monster whose pestilential and baneful breath scattered deformity, disease, and death, widely over the country.

"But the immense revenue of a million pounds sterling, which the treasury annually derived from the lottery, was too great a temptation to be long resisted. It was soon again introduced into the budget, as an item, which, notwithstanding its plain consequences in the extinction of revenue, 'the state of the finances' could not forego. Large sums were year after year levied upon the people, by this detestable expedient to fill the coffers of the treasury. It is related upon good authority, that the annual subsidy has seldom been less than a *million*, since the period of the revolution. If it required the issuing of schemes in the Union Canal to the amount of *thirty three millions* for the purpose of collecting \$340,000, we may presume that the annual sales in England must be startling.

"The evils of the system again invoked the attention of the British public in 1819, and gave rise to an interesting debate in parliament. The propriety of its continuance was discussed by such men as Lyttleton, Buxton, Wilberforce, Canning, and Castlereagh. The whole subject was passed in review—its erroneous policy—its innumerable mischiefs—its sure tendencies and ascertained results—but all gave way to its *intrinsic necessity* as a means of revenue. The committee of 1808 had disclosed one pregnant and overwhelming fact, which furnished to various arguments a convincing and unanswerable reply. It was ascertained that, if the lottery were abolished, the increased consumption of exciseable articles would more than supply its loss to the treasury. In vindication of the system, the chancellor, it is alleged, assumed a position which is irreconcilable with all correct principles of government, and every sound notion of ethics. He is said to have asserted that there was always floating in society a given quantity of vicious inclinations, which he had a right to turn to the best account—that, as the spirit of gambling was rife, it was justifiable, in finance, to make it ancillary to the public burthens. It is not easy to decide whether such a sentiment is more incompatible with policy, considered merely as a matter of profit, or at variance with the plain principles of morality. Shall we pamper vices because they exist! Is it enlightened prudence or true virtue to hold out lures to the simple, the ignorant, and the credulous, which, if successful, must debase their characters, and render them dishonest citizens or dependent paupers? But without formally controverting a dogma which teaches such erroneous doctrines, we may leave it to the silent reflection of the philanthropist, satisfied that he will discard it as unsound, false, and illiberal. In 1823 the lottery was again sought to be propagated, but the tide of popular favour had so violently set against it as to require the salvo that it was proposed for the last time. Whether it has not again been recently revived is not certainly known, but surely the British nation has been abundantly admonished of its intrinsic banefulness to induce its entire relinquishment.¹ Upon the invention of

¹ A recent English newspaper informs us that the last state lottery was drawn in England in October, 1826, and that France has also announced her intention to abandon the lottery system.

savings banks for the benefit of the poor, it was found to present the greatest impediment to their success. But, during the period of its temporary discontinuance, these institutions recovered from their languishing condition, and gradually advanced in their deposits and usefulness.

"If the spirit of liberty be indeed rising in Great Britain, let the political sentinel rear aloft and higher the banner of private virtue and enlightened sentiment. If the *people* are to express their power, may it not be a brute, animal force, but may it be tempered by moral restraints and virtuous impulses. Let the *lottery* at least be weeded out as fatal to the true spirit and best interests of freedom.

Mr. Tyson draws the following comparison between gambling by lotteries and the other ordinary modes of dissipating fortune and character in games of hazard :

"Would licensed gambling tables be introductive of so much distress, such variety and blackness of crime ? In the first place, the lottery scatters mischief with a more prodigal hand than other kinds of gambling. It holds out enticements which reach every class in the community. It has attractions for the poor as well as the rich, for the concealed speculator no less than the avowed libertine. The subdivision of chances is so minute as to include among the adventurers, the apprentice to a trade, the indentured girl, and the chimney sweep. But it does not stop here. With its own undistinguishing spirit, it sacrifices older, victims, and ascends into higher walks. It penetrates into situations which would prove impervious to the contaminating influences of ordinary gambling. While in common games the personal agency which is necessary must expose the infamy of participation, the odium of holding tickets may be prevented by committing to another the charge of the purchase. It is thus that persons pretending to respectability have been known to speculate in lotteries, without incurring the disgrace which, in most communities, is incident to the practice of gambling.

"The risks are greater in the lottery than in other gaming. The chance of the latter may be as one to one, or greater, at the discretion of the player. The hazards of the former are frequently in the proportion of *one to thousands*. In the one, loss of fortune may ensue in a single night ; but, in the other, the excitements of hope and the agony of disappointment alternate in such quick succession, that the unhappy adventurer has a protracted struggle with the fickleness of chance, before he can know the result of the contest. In the mean time he is rendered a useless, not to say a pernicious, member of society. His principles are contaminated by familiar association with infamy and guilt, and his habits debauched by indulging in the excesses to which he has been driven.

"The life of a regular gamester may admit of useful employment in the intervals of play. But the adventurer in the lottery broods by day and night over his tickets—his imagination is filled with the grand idea of possessing the *capital prize*—and his mind is held in that state of intensity and excitement which admits of nothing to divert it from the one great and absorbing object of its contemplation. Ordinary gambling may ruin the victim of its infatuation at once, and drive him to suicide ; or he may borrow from his successful companion, beyond the possibility of repayment, in the hope of retrieving his broken fortunes. The speculator in the lottery, on the other hand, is not vanquished at a blow, but, in the caprices or accidents of the wheel, though often the loser, he is sometimes the gainer ; new stimulus is thus imparted to his cupidity—he is urged on to new ventures—continued ill luck nourishes the hope of

its speedy termination—and great good fortune only whets his appetite for greater ;

*'As in the dropsy, I indulged the thirst,
The patient joys, but his disease is worst.'*

He soon finds that he is incapable of a higher effort than disensing the merits of a scheme, or lounging upon the counter of a lottery office, so that that which was resorted to as promising a great blessing, has become the bane of his happiness, and the solemn business of his life. When his means are exhausted, and his friends lose their confidence, he cannot gratify his passion for the game, or his pugnacity for its successes, by appealing, like the regular gamester, to the fortunate winner for a new supply. Driven, as well by the desperate necessity of ministering to his excitement, as by depraved principles and reckless despair, he is ready for the perpetration of any enormity. Which, then, has the preponderance of evil as an engine of state ? If the risks be greater, by which the prospect of loss must be commensurately increased--if it be more likely to lead to measurable idleness--if its inevitable and certain tendency be to intemperance, to perfidy, to fraud, and to crime--and if its pernicious influence be more widely diffused--we can be at no loss to which to attribute the loathsome superiority."

The spirit of speculation is indeed one of the evil tendencies of American character, and should be repressed in every possible way, or, at least regulated and kept within proper bounds. When so repressed, it may prove, and has indeed proved, the prompter and the successful agent in the noblest enterprises.

We present a single additional extract on account of the useful information which it contains. It furnishes an abstract of what has been done in other states of this Union in the shape of legislative enactments upon the subject of lotteries.

"In New York the lottery system has prevailed to an alarming extent. During the year 1830, schemes were drawn, in the city of New York alone, to the overwhelming amount of *nine millions two hundred and seventy thousand dollars*. The year 1833 witnessed its termination in that great commonwealth, by virtue of an act passed in pursuance of the spirit which dictated a salutary provision in her revised constitution. That constitution, in the spirit of enlightened and genuine philanthropy, has disabled the legislature from ever making the grant of a lottery. The provision is in these words :

"Art. 7. Sec. 11. 'No lottery shall hereafter be authorized in this state ; and the legislature shall pass laws to prevent the sale of all lottery tickets within this state, except in lotteries already provided for by law.'

"Through the statute book of Virginia there are scattered forty or fifty acts of assembly authorizing lotteries for various objects of a local nature, connected for the most part with the cause of improvement. At the session of 1832-3 alone, no less than twelve new ones were enacted. Of this frightful number, it is consolatory to hope, from the diminutive sums mentioned in the grants, that only three or four will be rendered injurious by being carried into execution. An act of 1825 prohibited the sale of foreign tickets, but as it could not be executed, *licenses* were substituted."

"It is not a little remarkable that the Virginia legislature at the ses-

sion of 1832-3, should authorize 'twelve new lotteries to be drawn,' while an act to suppress them altogether was substantially passed by both houses! The bill for their suppression had received the sanction of the delegates, and was returned with an unimportant amendment from the senate, which, as it was the last day of the session, the former had not time to consider. It remains for us to hope that it will be revived and concurred in with unanimity.

In Ohio, Vermont, Maine, and Michigan, the lottery system is destroyed; and in Louisiana, where twenty grants have been authorized since the year 1810, its existence is to terminate on the first day of the coming year.

The constitutions of Maryland and Tennessee have wisely interfered in the destruction of all power on the part of the legislature, to license so pernicious a species of gambling.

New Hampshire passed a law in 1791 for the suppression of the evil, the penalty of which was altered in 1807, and thus again by an act of 1827, which is still in operation. This statute makes it penal to dispose of any property by means of a lottery, or to sell foreign lottery tickets. There is no grant in existence, but until recently foreign tickets were sold in almost every bookseller's shop in the state in open defiance of the law.*

In North Carolina the system is virtually abandoned by the suspension of schemes, and the absence of lottery offices for the sale of tickets; although the grant for the Neuse river is said still to be in being.

In Massachusetts the clandestine sale of lottery tickets, which had been extensively carried on in Boston, was arrested at the session of the legislature for 1832-3, with an energy and unanimity of sentiment highly gratifying.

The legislature of New Jersey, for the last twelve or fifteen years, has uniformly resisted the most urgent applications for grants of lotteries, but in defiance of the penalties annexed to *selling foreign tickets*, they are exposed in every part of the state. We are informed upon the best authority, that extraordinary arts are employed to induce their purchase. Newspaper publications, personal solicitations and importunities, hand-bills thrown in at almost every door, and the exposure of artful and gaudy signs to public view, are among the means resorted to. It is to be hoped that this violation of their laws will be stopped, both from considerations relating to their own citizens, as well as to those of Philadelphia. If the practice be connived at by the authorities of New Jersey, she may expect, now that lotteries in Pennsylvania are terminated, to be darkened by the light into Camden, and the neighbouring towns, of the numerous lottery brokers with which Philadelphia was recently swarming. Will she consent to receive into her bosom *two hundred greedy lottery brokers* to prey upon the vitals of her national prosperity? Will she consent to render inoperative the legislation of Pennsylvania, by presenting to her citizens an easy opportunity of evading the law in going beyond the reach of its penalties?

There exists no lottery in Illinois, but, owing to the absence of statutory prohibition against the sale of foreign tickets, they have been offered for sale during the past summer. Bills for the introduction of the lottery system have been from time to time presented to the legislature, but without success. At the last session of the senate, a bill received its sanction for the purpose of improving the condition of *Purgatory*;† but a large majority of the house defeated the proposition.

* The name of a road well known to travellers passing between Vin-

"In Connecticut there are two unexpired grants; the Retreat for the Insane, and the Enfield Bridge Company. The sale of tickets, not authorized by these grants, is prohibited by the revised criminal code of 1830, under the penalty of fine or imprisonment.

"The laws by which lotteries are guarded in this state, are so judicious that we propose to introduce an abstract of their provisions.

"The revised criminal code of 1830, prohibits all *unauthorized* lotteries in any form."

"In Georgia there have been thirteen grants since the year 1825. A penalty exists against the sale of foreign tickets, but the law, from long evasion, is regarded as obsolete. The system which obtains in this state of disposing by lottery of the public lands, is no otherwise pernicious than as it keeps alive a gambling propensity, and has been the means of giving them to unworthy recipients without a just equivalent."

"The last legislature of Missouri granted two lotteries, one for the construction of a rail road, and the other for the benefit of a hospital at St. Louis, to be under the direction of 'The Sisters of Charity.' It is much to be regretted that Missouri should now for the first time embark in a system which the other states are endeavouring to abolish, under an impression that the cause of improvement or true benevolence can be promoted by it. But the argument in favour of the bills was that, as foreign lottery tickets were not prohibited, they found admission into the state, and there was no way to remedy the evil but by the encouragement of a domestic system!

"In Kentucky and Alabama grants are in being, and foreign lottery tickets sold without any legal impediment. Lotteries exist in Rhode Island and Delaware, but to what extent and under what circumstances, we have no means of ascertaining."

We have remarked above, that the first edition of Mr. Tyson's pamphlet was issued in January 1833, and extensively circulated throughout the Union. Shortly after, the Young Men's Society of Boston—a very praiseworthy institution invited Mr. George W. Gordon, of that city, to deliver an address upon the subject of lotteries, which had then begun to attract much attention in that quarter. He delivered a lecture on the 12th day of March of the same year, which was very well written, and received justly a favourable consideration at the hands of the critics. Among other notices was a short one in a leading eastern periodical,¹ which passed very considerable encomia upon the interesting facts which Mr. Gordon had collected, and the great industry and research which he had displayed. That gentleman himself had, in his preface and notes, rendered due credit to Mr. Tyson for the array of facts which he had presented in sketching the history of this species of gambling, and the melancholy incidents attendant upon its progress. Many

cennes and St. Louis. It is observed of the *object* of this bill by a correspondent who has kindly given us the information, that 'it would be certainly a very proper application of money raised by means of lotteries, as, through their agency, many are fitted for this dreadful place.'

¹ The North American Review for October 1833, No. 81, Art. 8, entitled "Lotteries."

parts, in fact, of Mr. Gordon's lecture were but copies of passages in Mr. Tyson's "Survey," and others, the same ideas clothed in slightly variant language. Mr. Gordon, as we have remarked, pretended no concealment or denial upon the subject, but freely acknowledged his obligations. His reviewer, however, contented himself with the praise of Mr. Gordon's accuracy and research, without reference to the sources of his information, which were apparent upon the face of the lecture itself. The omission did injustice to the original collector of these facts whose pamphlet had been extensively circulated by those individuals in the city of Philadelphia who had embarked in the cause with so much zeal, and who were fully sensible of the merits of Mr. Tyson's sketch. Those merits should have been recognised in every notice of the subject.

With respect to this new edition, it may be sufficient to say, that the former editions appear to have become exhausted, and the demand for new copies to have increased. The author has nearly rewritten the whole performance, and added many new facts of an interesting nature.

ART. V. — *The Complete Gardener, or Directions for Cultivating and right ordering of Fruit and Kitchen Gardens, with divers reflections on several parts of Husbandry.* By the famous M. DE LA QUINTENYE, chief director of the gardens of the French king. Made into English by JOHN EVELYN, Esq.; illustrated with copper plates. London: Matthew Gillyflower, at the Spread Eagle in Westminster Hall, and James Partridge, Charing Cross: 1793.

Tillage is an art of great antiquity, of great importance, and of infinite diversity and use. It comprehends agriculture and horticulture, both of these arts being indebted to the plough and the spade. Horticulture, of which it is our intention to speak, although a distinct branch in itself, has the privilege of referring to the rules of tillage, with which agriculture is more immediately and constantly connected—the plough is the emblem of the latter art, and the spade of the former.

These terms—agriculture and horticulture—were not formerly applied to farming and gardening; nor was a man of education and refinement at all ambitious of engaging in either

of these pursuits. Fifty years ago a farmer stood very low in the scale; but revolutions and wars have driven an entirely new description of artists into the field—not of blood—not of the sword—but of the ploughshare. Revolutions and embargoes are great evils while they last, yet a state of things has arisen from them which shows that a permanent good has been extracted from the evil. But for the revolution, but for the embargo, the non-intercourse, our farmers would still have been stigmatized as clodhoppers; they would still be considered as a thick-headed, heavy-footed, sordid race—stupid and stubborn.

The heavy-footed craft is extinct, or rather the grub has been transformed into an enviable shape; a farmer, now, is frequently a man of education and taste, having a mind stored with knowledge of the most attractive kind. Although the business of farming is the same as it was formerly, yet how differently is it conducted—even the name of the art has changed! There is a charm about it which none but those who cultivate the earth can enjoy, which none but those can comprehend—the charm of independence.

An agriculturist is a maker of fences, a grower of grain and grasses, a breeder of cattle, hogs, and poultry—not of sheep, for that belongs to a separate branch of the art, requiring undivided attention—he is likewise a dairyman, a seller of butter and cheese. All this, with a thousand nameless things which necessarily spring out of these important radicals, are quite enough for the management of one man, if we add to them a bird's-eye knowledge of farmery, carpentry, and natural philosophy. He is likewise a husband and a father, and has to observe the courtesies of hospitality and the rules of good neighbourhood, as well as his duties as a Christian and citizen. All these labours and pleasures, well performed and enjoyed, will send a man tired enough to his ten o'clock bed, and to his dreamless, healthy sleep, without meddling with horticulture, that book of many leaves, each one requiring a distinct and *alert* faculty to comprehend it.

The horticulturist is likewise a tiller of the earth, but *his* duties and pursuits are of a more varied nature. He frequently uses the plough, but then it requires a different attention. There have to be more doublings and windings—more care in its management, than when in the hands of a farmer. But the additional care required is not that the furrows may be deeper, or the sod turned more evenly, but that the roots of trees may not be injured.

A horticulturist cultivates the ground on a small scale, and depends greatly on the spade; in fact, the period is fast approaching when a labouring horse will never be seen in the

field but at the first ploughing, before the garden is prepared. The horticulturist is a maker and mender of fences: we lay *great stress on this branch of rural economy*: and although the farmer should have his intersecting fences of cedar, oak, or chestnut rails, sliding into holes made in a well seasoned cedar post, yet a gardener and orchardist may indulge in those that are of a more fanciful description. But we cannot avoid saying that an intersecting fence on the grounds of a horticulturist is a nuisance, not only to the eye, but because it is a nursery for weeds and brambles. There should be a strong, high boundary fence, close enough to turn cattle, as the phrase is, but that is all. If he will indulge in cross fencing, the cedar or wild pear, prim, hawthorn, or the attar rose, make very pretty division lines. Indeed the boundary fence should be lined with close shrubbery, not only that an ugly fence may be hidden, but that the pigs, dogs, and poultry, from the road, may not creep in. When we allude to this branch of tillage, it should be distinctly understood that our remarks apply to those engaged in the pursuit for profit. Gentlemen who pursue it for amusement need not be bound down by rules of this kind.

If it be not fitting, as it certainly is not, for an agriculturist to meddle with orchards, vineyards, and gardens, still less should the horticulturist undertake to breed cattle, or make hay. Neither poultry yard, piggery, nor dairy, must be his; the only animals allowed on his grounds should be horses for the plough and carriage, as many hogs in a pen as the waste of the kitchen and the weeds of the garden will maintain, and, at most, two cows for the use of the family. These cows on no account should be at large, but confined to small grassy enclosures, where there is a plentiful supply of water.

This delightful branch of art cultivates herbs for pharmacy, delicate and nutritious vegetables for the table, orchards and vineyards for their delicious fruits, bees for their honey and wax, forest and ornamental trees for their uses in ship and house building, and, lastly, flowers to regale the senses. This is the occupation that gives vigour to the body, and serenity to the mind. It is a pursuit that places a man above his fellows: for the broad and *living* canals—the ships and warehouses of commerce—the compact ranges of manufactories—the folios of science—the achievements of genius—do not so much perpetuate a man's fame to posterity, as do the noble trees he has planted, which, receiving their sustenance from heaven, and their health from man's care, scatter their abundance and usefulness over the face of the whole earth.

Let him who is engaged in the racking cares of commerce, say in what frame of mind *his* eyes close in sleep, and what are the anxieties of his waking hours. Let the manufacturer tell of his

feverish dreams by night, and his dyspeptic symptoms by day. Let the literary man expose the ills to which the studious are liable from lassitude of body and irritation of mind. Let the professional man descant on unjust preferences, and on the tardiness of rewards. Let the artist speak of envy, jealousy, and want of patronage. Let science, too, open the laboratory, and show the hydra with which she has to contend. Trace them all through their labours, their pleasures, and their perils; pursue them through crowded streets, the deleterious effluvia of gutters, the propinquity of vice, the contagion of diseases, the ringing of fire bells, offal carts, banks, hose companies, exchange offices, eating houses, omnibus stages, and, worst of all, idle children! Look at all this—follow these men—look at their daily walks and occupations - and then turn to the horticulturist.

Follow him to his repose at night—deep, tranquil, and refreshing. No incubus, in the shape of a protested note, takes away his breath. No nightmare, in the form of a printer's devil, rides through his brain. His dreams are not harassed by thieves that rob the vaults, the keys of which are tied to the wrists of the cashier for safety. No villanous hook catches him by the waistband, and drags him through intricate machinery that he may be crushed at once, or dashed to pieces by the fall, while, suiting the action to the feverish thought, he bounces down in the bed, awakened by the dislocating shock with the horrid reality of having fallen! He dreams none of this. *His* midnight fancies, like the true scenes of the day, are through green fields and blooming orchards. He still hears the music of birds, the hum of bees, the murmuring of brooks, the joyous laugh of children, the whistle of the gardener, the tender voice of his wife, and he awakens—gratified and refreshed—only to a continuance of the same pleasures.

Yes, he awakens only to feel more strongly the fresh breeze of the morning, and the aroma of a thousand plants which shed their fragrance more freely *before* sunrise. He walks out amongst his contented labourers, and encourages them by his kindness—all within is peace and gratitude, and a well regulated repast welcomes him back to partake of its wholesomeness and delicacy. All this he doubly enjoys from the consciousness that it is the work of his own hand. And, above all, comes the thought that, unlike those who follow other occupations, he has but *one* master—one who, asking nothing for Himself, gives all that is required of him—bright sunshine, soft falling showers, winds that drive away pestilence, lightnings that purify the air, *cold that rests the tired soil*, health, and a grateful spirit, which enables him to perceive and enjoy all these blessings.

Such a man—and there are many such—would not exchange

one of the tranquil hours of twilight, when the deep shade falls, for all the fictitious sentiment and brilliant display of a ball room, or a convivial party. He can, at once, commune with higher powers, and, in every succeeding year, as the shadows of evening draw in more closely on his fading vision, and external sounds fall more faintly on his ear, his nature will approximate more to the simplicity and purity of innocence. No painful retrospect of duties neglected, of broken faith, of sanguinary battles, no fears of the deep curse which rests on him who has injured the widow and the fatherless, disturb the evening of his days. Rather than have the fame and expire like poor Napoleon, with "*tête d'armée*" upon his hips, he would prefer the happy style of the good Abbott Boniface, who, raising his feeble eye to the falling dews, exclaimed, "what a fine dropping morning for the early colewort."

And now, with this enlivening touch from the wand of the great magician of the north, we shall turn with zeal to our task—that of pointing out the merits of the quaint old book prefixed to our title page, and to show the necessity of encouraging some able pen to write a good work on horticulture to suit the present time—one that will not only treat of the operative part, but also of the theoretical. We say theoretical, but we must be understood to mean theory deprived of jargon and technicalities; such an elucidation of the theory as that any gentleman farmer can comprehend it; including in the term *theory* the physiology of plants.

This work of M. De la Quintinye is a small folio, and now very scarce. It is one of great merit, every word of which deserves to be studied; for if the difference of climate renders his rules regarding planting of little avail, excepting in our eastern states, yet the whole is mingled with excellent hints and judicious advice. His thoughts and opinions are so quaintly expressed, and with such raciness, spirit, and truth, as well as simplicity, that the work forms a rich treat both to the man of letters and the horticulturist. When we consider, likewise, that it was translated from the French by John Evelyn, he himself claiming a large portion of our respect and gratitude for his own admirable works, we feel assured that we are conferring a favour on all lovers of the art by making this work of De la Quintinye known. We say making it known—for the book is so old and so rare that few of our readers may know any thing about it.

There is no doubt of the fact that trees will grow in any soil of moderate depth; more rapidly and luxuriantly, certainly, if planted in a deep rich loamy soil having a clay bottom, but always serviceable and ornamental wherever they may be placed, provided the necessary care is bestowed on them. In

spite of neglect and hard usage, in spite of impoverished soil and ungenial climate, fruit trees will grow and attain a good size, although the fruit may be neither large nor finely flavoured. De la Quintinye, who was a man of science as well as a practical gardener, assures us that he has been so entirely misled in the character and quality of a pear, the tree being advantageously placed both as to soil and warmth, that he was induced to graft from it, although one which after a trial he was previously obliged to discard as worthless. If poor fruit is thus made sensibly better by a favourable location, what may we not promise ourselves from really good fruit grafts under similar treatment and position.

Climate and soil operate beneficially or injuriously on every thing that has life, and in no way is it so apparent as in vegetable life. This must be obvious to all, for plants have not the power of locomotion, and are, therefore, entirely dependent on the situation in which they are placed. With animals the case is different; injudiciously as they may be placed, they still have the power of modifying the evils of their situation. They can move to a more moist or drier spot, to shade or sunshine, to heat or cold; and they have certain modes of making their wants known. With a knowledge of these facts, we should study the nature and habits of a plant before we commit the violence of removing it from its native bed. We should, at least, render its new home as nearly similar to that whence it was taken as possible.

Experience has convinced us that greater importance should be attached to the practice of trimming and shaping young trees whilst still in the nursery. This was a point that could not be well urged a few years ago, as the art was then in its infancy, and we had but little knowledge. Trees should certainly receive their *first* and *best* pruning in the nursery, for here, in this department of horticulture, it is that error first proceeds—error that clings to the tree throughout its brief life. For the want of previous instruction, the purchaser mangles and disfigures, instead of improving it. He hacks and hews all branches indiscriminately, not knowing that there are such mysteries as bearing and unbearing buds. He has never heard of a *fruit spur*—how should he, therefore, know it from a barren lateral twig? He cannot tell a fruit bud from a leaf bud, nor a water sprout from a sucker.

Does an ignorant man understand why young trees, which are generally deprived of many of the fibrous roots when dug up from the nursery beds, cannot bear to have their branches shortened when newly set out in an orchard? If a man who designs to plant trees to obtain fruit, would only teach himself all this—and it is soon learned—he would know that it is better

to cut out whole limbs, nay, the vertical limb itself, than to shorten the branches of young trees that are just transplanted. If there be any exception to this rule, it is in the case of pear trees that we plant in deep rich soil with clay bottom. Our experience in this matter is of long standing, for we have had extensive orchards under our own care, and of our own planting. Those trees purchased from nurseries presented a miserable contrast to those of our own grafting; the latter of which received their shape and best trimming a year before transplanting, but, after transplanting, the limbs were never shortened.

The reason of this is apparent; a newly transplanted tree with lacerated roots, is not in a condition to receive nutriment from the soil immediately. The tree, therefore, has to depend on the different joints, or articulations, for all the nourishment necessary to sustain life until new roots come out. For it should be known to horticulturists that there is always a *reserve* of proper juices, or cambium, at every joint of the tree, and around the base of every leaf and fruit bud. As the roots of the young tree are torn and debilitated, they can do nothing more than imbibe through their spongelets the mere *fluid* parts of the sap; whilst the nutritive parts are kept back, and do not enter these spongelets. This fluid mass mixes with the *reserved* cambium - thus diluting it, and, of course, no vigour can be imparted to the extremities that this sap reaches. All that the feeble power of the roots can effect, is to elevate this diluted mass, and thus sustain life until it can recover from the shock and form new roots.

If the limbs of a young tree be shortened when it is newly transplanted, the instinct of vegetation stimulates it to the same exertion as when it was firmly rooted. The consequence is, that all the efforts of the tree will be directed to the formation of new limbs *on the shortened extremities*. As nothing but simple fluids is carried up the sap vessels so called, the assimilatory and other proper juices, which are in a state of elaboration at each articulation, are, as we before observed, very much diluted, having received no other accession of nutritive matter than what simple water conveys.

If the bark of a tree is wounded, nature forces certain secretive matter to the part, that the injury may be repaired; in a short time, therefore, the bark is restored. If we shorten the limbs of a tree, the same process commences; the sap, with the diluted juices, is sent to the extremities as is usual when wounds are to be healed, and when limbs are to be lengthened. But when the sap reaches the amputated parts, as it has no further conducting medium, it forces itself against the buds that are nearest the ends; and thus it happens that so many weak, spindling twigs shoot out at the ends of the branches

injudiciously cut off. Instead of having only one or two limbs to supply, the roots are compelled to furnish food for the enlargement and nourishment of a great number, without having a sufficient supply for the purpose. If the whole limb is cut off *closely* to the tree, without leaving any ring, or swelling at the base, no buds can be found, and, consequently, no other effort is necessary than to renew the bark, or rather to cover the amputated part with new bark.

Two operations are going on in a newly planted tree; the first is an elevation of fluid matter to the shortened extremities for the formation of lateral branches; and the second is the lateral transmission of a suitable fluid to the shortened or bruised roots. The same process is carried on below as above ground; we perceive that, if a branch or limb is shortened, it never grows again, but that several new ones spring out from those buds nearest to the amputated parts. It is the same case with the roots; if they are bruised, or cut off when taken from their beds in the nursery, they never grow again. Nature is obliged to repair the mischief by forcing out new roots at right angles with those that were removed. A twofold disturbance, therefore, takes place in the economy of the tree, if both limbs and roots are bruised or shortened. It will be the true policy to cut off a few of the small limbs close to the tree, if the roots have been much injured.

We are thus minute on this point, because such utter recklessness is shown both in removing trees from nurseries and in trimming them when in orchards. If it is understood that great care is necessary in the removing and pruning of trees, and that it is not a haphazard affair, to be left to unskilful hands, those who intend to cultivate them will at least learn so much of the art as not to injure when they mean to do good.

It would be in the power of nurserymen to give all the necessary advice if they allowed themselves more time, but the generality of them are in such haste to sell that they cannot do justice to themselves or their patrons. Some of them feel very much injured if a purchaser complains that the trees are unthrifty and misshapen, and turn out differently from the fruit ordered. Those only who have orchards can tell how great an evil it is, when trees for which a great price is given, and which have been nursed with great care for many years—some kinds requiring six or seven years to arrive at maturity—produce mean and worthless fruit.

We do not say this to injure that valuable class of horticulturists—the nurserymen—on the contrary, it will be of permanent benefit to them if we show where they are at fault—a fault which has arisen as much from the ignorance and impa-

tience of the purchaser as from the desire of immediate gain in the nurseryman. That we may receive an equivalent for our money, and keep men in the strict line of their duty, we should ourselves be tolerably well acquainted with the business and the services we exact of them. No man, let his station in life be what it may, if he intend to plant trees, should be ignorant of what constitutes a well-shaped thrifty tree. Nor should he be satisfied with the mere enjoyment of the delicious juices of a peach, plum, or pear; he should at least know the names of what gives him so much pleasure.

The "famous" De la Quintinye had the greatest affection and reverence for a tree. In describing the position in which it should be placed in a well laid out garden, he refers to it as if it were possessed of animal life. He apologizes to them individually, as if they could feel and be mortified when he places one before the other, giving his reasons for his partiality in the most kind and conciliatory manner. In a garden that will only admit of twenty-four pear trees he places the winter bon-chrétien *first*, not only on account of its antiquity, but that "this pear was one of the first that by its singular excellence gained the admiration and courtship of the world. The great monarchies, principally that of old Rome, having known and cultivated it under the name of *crustumium volenum*, so that in all appearance it made a noble figure among those conquering people in the magnificent entertainments they usually made, as well to set out the splendour of their triumphs as to do honour to the tributary kings who often came to pay their homage to those masters of the world."

He then proceeds to speak of the peculiar merits of this pear; and although three folio pages are occupied with a description of it, yet all he says is so new, so fanciful, yet so just, that we are carried along unresistingly, and think that not one word could be left out. We feel tempted to make extracts, but there is still so much to say that we forbear, and proceed to his choice of the second pear for his little garden, first informing those who are selecting fruit for their orchards, that the bon-chrétien in our country is not deserving of the high encomiums bestowed on it by M. De la Quintinye. Perhaps it would stand higher in our favour were it not that two other pears ripen at the same time, so far superior as to throw this one in the shade. Of these pears we shall presently speak.

"Now let us see upon what pear tree our choice will fall to be the second dwarf pear, both of a garden so small as to allow of but two, and in a garden where a great number are required; for truly it is a point not easy to decide."

"We have, above all the rest, six different sorts of pears that put in briskly for this second place; nay, and which can hardly

brook without murmuring that the *bon-chrétien* should peaceably enjoy the honour it has newly received—these are the butter pear, the autumn bergamot, the *virgoulee*, the *lechasserie*, the winter ambrette, and the winter thorn pear. Besides these, there are the ancient *petitoin*, the good *Louise*, with four new comers—the *St. Germain*, the *colmar*, the *erasanne*, and the *mar-chioness*. All these, finding themselves provided with sufficient merit, want not the ambition to enter into this dispute, every one of these twelve pretending severally to have more perfections and fewer defects than any of its rivals, or at least to be nothing inferior to them; and accordingly pretending, also, to win from them the place here in question.”

“And I grant they all have such powerful motives for their several pretensions that we cannot be censured to have made an ill choice to which of them soever we shall give the preference. However, my judgment is, that the six last ought to retire for a time, and leave the six first to fight out this quarrel; and I shall give, if I be not mistaken, such good reasons for it, that I hope they will be satisfied with them. But before I declare myself for any one of those six, it will be necessary to examine separately and without prejudice all the several reasons pleaded by every one of them.”

He then proceeds to detail, in his quaint yet sensible way, all the merits of the pears in question, and in speaking of the butter pear he observes, “that the reasons for the preference are—first, that it possesses the perfection of the first degree of goodness which is desirable in fruits, and this is a smooth, delicious, melting softness, for which the name of butter pear was given to it by way of excellence, and in effect when we want to extol other pears, we give them the borrowed name of butter pear. Therefore, this pear believes it has a right to pretend that not one of the other pears should dispute with it for an extreme abundance of juice, nor for a fine and delicate pulp and rich taste, which are all the conditions necessary to constitute an excellent pear.”

We cannot follow him through the other five pears, but state that his reasons are satisfactory. In speaking of the bergamot he says,—“Would to Heaven it were true that there was a sort of later bergamot, and that every year we could be sure to have some of them till the end of March, as it sometimes happens. In that case we might have just grounds to brag that we had, at least, four or five months in the year the real treasure of fruit. Some certain curious persons would fain persuade themselves and me too that they had this sort of later bergamot, but to my great regret I cannot forbear confessing that to the present time I have not been able to convince myself that I have attained any such good fortune, although in truth I have been

wanting neither in care nor diligence, nor in any other precaution that might contribute to the making a conquest of such importance. What I have attempted to that end what in pains and what in expenses—has been infinite as well as to no purpose.”

“The lechasserie pear might put in for a little here, so strong is its party, but it rather chooses to join in with the ambrette, which is a pear of ancient standing among us, and in great esteem. These two pears do not think themselves overcome by all that has been said to the advantage of those that have first spoken. They will not make it their business to destroy one another, being agreed to serve alternately at the entrance of gardens, and so their principal ambition is to remain united and allied in interest and friendship, that they may be able the more vigorously to defend themselves against the three preceding ones. And that which contributes the more, with the strict union they have made one with the other, is that in effect they have some resemblance,” &c.

He then proceeds with the winter thorn pear :—“The winter thorn pear, which well knows its own worth, will not let itself be condemned without speaking.”—“It has a satiny skin and a colour between green and white; it has a tender, butter like consistence, having ordinarily a very fine and delicate pulp, an agreeable taste, and a sweet juice, relished with an admirable smack of perfume. It has little to say against the two last pears, and especially against the lechasserie, and ingenuously confesses the good qualities of both of them, but yet without consenting to give them the precedence, till there shall be a regulation for it. But as for the other pears, it objects to them what these last just now reproached it with.

“It is therefore now the question to terminate this contest, which has appeared but too long. Having however examined all the reasons alleged by each of them, I must confess I have a very particular esteem for every one of them; but yet in regard to the *trees* which bear these fruits, we must not judge the question under discussion altogether upon the same foundation as if we were only examining the merits of their fruits. For upon the bare foot of merit, in what garden soever it be, where there are to be but two dwarf pear trees, I should ever incline to give the second place to the bergamot, as I have the first to the bon-chrétien. The bergamot, methinks, cannot be too much honoured, being, as it were, the queen of pears. For indeed it is like the excellent muskmelons, its pulp appearing at *first* firm, without being hard or stony; and, second, fine and melting, without being doughy or mealy, and its juice is sugared, having a little perfume without having any mixture of sharpness or wildness. And, lastly, its taste is rich and wonderfully deli-

cious, accompanied by something of noble ! For such a pear as that, may it not vaunt having approached very near the perfection of fruits, and ought it not to serve for a rule and model to all those that shall pretend to an entrance into the catalogue of good fruits ?

“ The decision in favour of the bergamot to the exclusion of the other pears, would not at all surprise those curious persons that have tasted those that are really good ; for assuredly it excels the butter pear, which cannot deny that it has a little mixture of sharpness in its juice. It surpasses the virgoulee, in that it is a nimbler bearing tree, and is not at all subject to that odd, strawy taste which, as I may so say, persecutes the most of the virgoulee pears, and does them a thousand ill offices in good company. The bergamot surmounts the three competitors the lechasserie, the ambrette, and the winter thorn—because they certainly have nothing in them more excellent, nor more advantageous, than our bergamot in the point of perfect goodness ; but as one may say without any desire to offend them, that both the one and the other have sometimes the ill hap to have a faint and insipid puce, and a hard or mealy pulp.

“ The article concerning the bergamot pear has given me a great deal of trouble to decide it. I return now to declare my judgment of that sort of trees which, together with the beauty of their fruit, have the advantage to be graced with a beautiful wood : and, therefore, I incline here to give the second place to the butter pear.”

We have omitted in these extracts the most important portions of them, such as are of invaluable service to horticulturists ; but we trust they will soon have an edition of this great work—one of the greatest, certainly, that has ever appeared. It is the expensive manner in which it is *got up* that prevented frequent reprints, but in the way that we manage such things now that objection is set aside.

De la Quintenye is in fond communion with all the fruits, and talks to them as if they were living beings ; and his taste being excellent, for he was unrivalled in this particular, he may be considered as the best guide when fruit is to be selected.

And first he tells us his taste and judgment in pears :—“ I love those that have a butter-like and smooth pulp, or at least tender and delicate, with a sweet, sugared, and well-relished juice, and especially when these perfections are well set off with something like a perfume—such as the bergamot, butter pear, lechasserie, ambrette,” &c.

He would have added the Seckel and Washington, too, had they been known at that period ; for these two native pears, in the estimation of connoisseurs, possess the very character and

perfume of which he so frequently speaks, and which no one can describe so well as himself.

“In the next place, for the want of the foregoing sorts, I love those that break short in the mouth, with a sweet and sugared juice, and that smack a little of perfume, such as the winter *bon-chrétien*—gathered out of a good place—the *robin*, the *cassole*, the dry *martine*, &c.

“In the third place, I truly esteem those that are pretty much perfumed and well scented, though I do not care that this perfection should be enclosed in a pulp that is extremely hard and full of dreggy matter, as the *anadotte*, the *citron*, and the great winter musk pears. For this hardness and stoniness does so much disgust me in all sorts of pears, that though I love a little touch of perfume in every fruit, yet these two great faults do in a great measure lessen the esteem which I should otherwise have for the pears last mentioned.”

Who that reads the above necessary qualifications of a pear, would, after this, eat one that encloses that hard, dreggy, stony matter which so much disgusts honest M. De la Quintinye ! But thus he continues :—

“After having thus expressed what pleases me in *raw* pears, it is no very hard matter to guess what particularly displeases me in them ; for that is, doubtless, a pulp which, instead of being of a butter like, smooth and tender substance, or pleasingly short in the mouth, is doughy, as the *belissime* and the *musk valley* pear ; or which is sharp and sour, as that of the *bernardiere* ; or full of earthy, dry, stony, dreggy matter, as the *musk perner* ; or of a wildish taste, as the *gillazale*, the *Dutch* or *fosse* pears, and a numerous train of others of which I shall make a catalogue.”

If we had assisted in this catalogue we should have added a number of our market pears, quite as worthless as any above mentioned. Some of our inferior nurserymen, taking the opinion of indifferent judges, graft their young trees with fruit that is not fit to be eaten. The markets are full of such trash, there being a very great scarcity of good pears.

“Lastly ; I declare myself an enemy to all affected multiplicity, and that I am not at all taken with the pleasure of some that pass for curious persons, who assert publicly that those who pretend to have any thing like a garden, should have in it a little of every thing. There are some whose palates are far from being delicate, who boast, for example, that they have two or three hundred sorts of pears, which they warrant all to be good ; and they affirm, in a manner, as much of the goodness of peaches, plums, apples, and grapes, of which they also boast to be stored with an incredible variety.”

We are of the same opinion with this excellent critic, that the fewer sorts we have in our orchards the better, presuming always that they are of the choicest kinds. If others were of this opinion, the nurserymen would have less disposition to introduce every worthless variety which an uncultivated taste is fond of recommending. Eight or ten kinds of pears, coming on, or ripening in succession, are sufficient to gratify the most ardent cultivator. To speak only of those that come to perfection in the middle states—there are the skinless and julienne, both excellent summer pears, the latter ripening in the house like a *Beurré*. The *Seckel*, *Beurré*, *Washington*, *vergalous*, and *crasane* for autumn, and the *St. Germaine* and *ambrette* for winter. The last two ripen in the house during the month of January, February, and March. We could speak of others just coming into notice, such as the *passe colmar*, the *Duchess D'Angouleme*, &c.; but there is so little difference in the quality and flavour from some of those already mentioned, that we do not lay much stress on their cultivation. The nurserymen will soon find out whether it will be their interest to cultivate them.

Pears which rank very high in Europe do not always sustain their reputation here; we should not be in haste, therefore, to introduce them into our orchards. The *moulebouche*, that was in such great repute in France, is but a fourth rate pear in this country. We have been witness to such great disappointment in this way, that we cling to those we know with renewed fondness. The *bon-chrétien*, which receives such enthusiastic, nay, almost parental encomiums from that best of judges—*De la Quintinye*—is but a third-rate pear when brought into our gardens. And that famous *jargonelle*, “overhanging the south end of Andrew Fauservice’s cottage,” and which is highly extolled in England, is very indifferent fruit here.

And here, if we may be allowed a digression, we would remark that the Scots, in early times, were far behind the rest of the civilized world in the cultivation of fruit. Sir Walter Scott, in the vast and diversified range that he took of the occupations and peculiarities of the Scottish nation, does not hint that there was any predilection for horticulture, or that gardening formed part of their employments and amusements, as it did of the English people. Whatever of taste is shown in this way is due to the labour of that indefatigable and extraordinary race of people—the monks. Sir Walter Scott is liberal in his distribution of rounds of beef, Scotch collops, cock-a-leekie, moor-cock, and barn-door chuckies—(alas! he knew nothing of our *cavassback* ducks.) In fact, he makes his readers as hungry as his heroes, and as thirsty to boot, at the savoury messes he

conjurcs up, even in such unpromising places as the Clachan of Aberfoil—the cave of Warrock point, and Prior Tuck's hut. So tender is this most admirable author on this score, and such is his sympathy for an empty stomach, that we are scarcely told of the hero's hunger until the very appearance of the savoury viands excites *him*, as it often did *us*, to confess that “there are mony worse things than a hot dinner.” The only horticulturist worth naming is our old friend Boniface.

Within the last twenty years two fine pears have made their appearance in this country—the Seckel, and the Washington—both of them delicious, and far superior to every other pear that ripens at the same season. They rank very high with foreign connoisseurs, and have one great advantage over exotic pears in never, or very rarely, being attacked by the disease called fire-blight. This malady often destroys a tree in a few hours nay, sometimes instantly, as if blasted by lightning, or struck with apoplexy.

We may therefore well boast of these native pears, for they combine all that De la Quintinye—a man of refined horticultural tastes—considers as so essential; the Seckel being melting, juicy, musky, and sugary, having a perfume withal, which entitles it to be called the queen of pears. The Washington is not far inferior to it, being likewise melting, juicy, and sugary, with a very delicate perfume, but not diffusing itself so exclusively over the senses. One has time, as it were, while enjoying this pear to talk of it and commend it, and take up one after another deliberatively, experiencing bland and generous feelings. With the Seckel it is different, for there is something so piquant and delectable in its flavour that there is no break in the thoughts whilst devouring it—there is no interval by which you can ascertain whether you are willing to share your treat with another. No one minds giving away a *Beurré* or a *vergalous* after the thirst is satisfied—for these two pears, excellent though they be, serve more to supply the place of mere fluids, than to excite the salival and olfactory glands. The Seckel is eaten for no such common purpose—and the Washington!—but we forbear to discuss their merits further; we pity the man who has never tasted them.

An orchardist once suggested to us the propriety of allowing foreign pear trees to grow in a stiff soil as a preventive to fire-blight, because a *vergalous*, which had arrived at a good age, and was still in a flourishing condition, had lived for many years in a tough sod. How far this practice might operate beneficially on an entire orchard of pears is very problematical, for in the case of the isolated *vergalous* no definite conclusion could be drawn, as the extremities of the roots—which in a large tree are far distant from the trunk—may have come within the

range of open cultivation. It is from the fibrous extremities of the roots that the tree derives sustenance.

For ourselves, we are of opinion that shortening the terminal twigs every spring will often prevent the tree from being injured by fire blight. We pursued this experiment for eight years on twelve St. Germaine pears - the most subject to this disease of any exotic pear—and they were never injured, whereas three others, equal in every respect, and which stood in the same row, not having had the ends of the twigs cut off, died of the fire-blight the third year after planting. Five years after this four others died, so that only five trees remained of the twelve. Trees that are thus cut every year do not of course grow so tall, nor have they that symmetrical appearance which so distinguishes them; but if they can be saved from destruction by this process - only allowable in cases of life and death—it matters but little how trees look.

We were not led to this experiment for the purpose of destroying the eggs of the scolytus pyri, which some horticulturists suppose are deposited in the terminal shoots, but from our knowledge of the instincts of a plant when its extremities are lopped off.

There are various opinions respecting the cause of fire-blight. Some imagine that the sudden death of the tree is caused by the insect above alluded to—the scolytus pyri - which they say injects its poison under the bark and thus gets immediately into the circulation.

Others, again, think that the disease is caused by the rarification of the fluids, which ruptures the vessels near the cuticle. That the sap thus set free, by coming in contact with atmospheric gases, acquires certain deleterious properties which renders it unfit for the uses of the tree: and that when thus vitiated, it excoriates the bark as it passes downwards, and by its acrid and acescent qualities decomposes or corrupts the fresh sap as it is ascending.

Believing, as we do, that the sap ascends through the interstices, and that the vessels, called sap vessels, are mere absorbents, we are inclined to the latter opinion - that the vitiation of sap is the cause of the disease. There can be no doubt that the effect is produced by the rupturing of the absorbents, and the sap, or the crude particles of the ascending fluid, not being abstracted by the elaborating vessels, are acted upon immediately by atmospheric gases, and this union decomposes the particles, thus rendering them injurious to the tree.

Here is a cause adequate to the effect; and because we do not know by what process the ascending fluid is decomposed, so as to excoriate the bark of the tree, we should not infer that such an occurrence cannot take place. In *post mortem* dis-

sections something analogous occurs. It frequently happens that in dissecting dead bodies the surgeon wounds himself with a knife. If great care is not observed in cleansing the wound immediately, the wound inflames and causes death! This happens whether the subject dissected die of disease or old age; it is the *change* which takes place in the *fluids* of the body after death, that causes it to assume a virulent character. This fluid, thus vitiated, when in contact with the healthy circulation of the living subject, imparts its venom to the whole mass.

It is the same case in every part of nature's economy; *stagnation*, or a suspension of free circulation, causes diseases of various kinds, and we may be assured, when the subject comes to be fairly examined, we shall find that there is as regular a circulation going on in the planetary systems, as there is in our own individual system. Mr. Espy, of Philadelphia, is on the track of a beautiful and important discovery in meteorology, which ensures the probability of a regular circulation. He is tracing the laws which govern the weather, and, thus far, his labours have been successful. He must have extensive and both at home and abroad; and which will be slowly and grudgingly afforded him; for it is in the nature of man to be envious of those who are so fortunate as to strike out something new. We earnestly entreat him to proceed, and be not discouraged by neglect, or the sneers of the ignorant.

But to return to our subject. We cannot be persuaded that insects are possessed of a poison so subtle as to infect a large tree immediately; nor can it be that the instinct of any animal or insect is so defective as to destroy the life of a plant gratuitously. We are aware that the instinct of inferior insects is very limited, but the destruction which follows their depredations only takes place when the purposes and ends of their being are fully answered.

The plant on which they feed, and on which they depend for a birthplace for their numerous progeny, is safe from any other evil of their own creating until their object is secured or completed. The mischief that results from their presence is always perceptible on the leaves and bark; the former are eaten up, and the latter are punctured, as is the fruit of the tree likewise. In all these operations they have but two objects in view—their immediate sustenance, and the safety of their offspring. These instinctive propensities are deeply implanted in their nature, and we never hear of the destruction of a tree until these two great objects are attained.

The appearance of a tree when struck by fire-blight, is entirely different from that which is produced by any other disease or accident. In fire-blight, a tree looks as if it were scorched by fire, or lightning. It becomes black and shrivelled,

and the juices of the fruit, as well of the tree, are entirely dried up. There can be no doubt that this is caused by the prevalence of the electric fluid during a summer shower.

We have repeatedly seen the insects that deposit their eggs near the buds on the terminal twigs, or shoots; but they do not at all resemble the *scolytus pyri*. The insects seen are of a pale fawn colour, with very narrow wings, and long delicate feelers—we speak so as to be understood by others than entomologists—they are about half an inch in length, and are very restless and shy. They lay their eggs near a bud, and these eggs are most commonly seen on the twigs of the peach and plum tree. Although these eggs are placed, like those of the locust, diagonally, yet one single incision, or puncture, serves to place the whole number, eight, in the exact and beautiful order that we see them, lying four on each side, so as to form the letter V. The locust, likewise, forms the letter V, but an incision is made for each egg, and this is very perceptible on the *outside* of the bark; whereas the other insect leaves no trace of the hole wherein its eggs are deposited. The locusts do not observe any rule, nor are they precise as it regards the age of the twig, or limb, which they choose for the nest of their eggs: we have frequently seen them on limbs three years old, but the fly of which we speak always lays its eggs on the twig which is the growth of the same year of its own existence.

Now it follows that if the *scolytus pyri* were the cause of fire-blight, there would soon be an end of them; for their eggs are deposited in the bark in July and August, just about the time that the disease takes place. Fire-blight would, therefore, be a sure remedy for their destruction, as the whole race would inevitably perish with the tree, as no further sustenance or moisture could be afforded them. Every nurseryman, of common observation, must have seen the eggs of the fly we have described when cutting buds from yearling twigs for inoculation; for, in consequence of the closeness of the puncture to a bud, the latter is often destroyed as a *fruit* bud, but degenerates into a leaf bud. We have not confined our remarks to one section of country, having ascertained that these insects are common to every part of the United States; and, as they were never observed until the importations of foreign fruit trees became common, the presumption is that they are exotics likewise. At any rate they do no further mischief to the tree than to destroy a few buds.

So far from attributing this terrible disease to insect virus, we know that fewer insects infest the pear than other fruit trees; and it is the pear tree alone that is subject to this calamity. The pear tree has a free and rapid growth, thus enabling it while young to slough off fungi and other atmo-

spheric depositions. The bark is smooth, and it has a stout, tough, highly polished leaf. Even in those years when the fruit of all other trees has been stung by the curculio, so that *not one* apple, quince, cherry, plum, and nectarine, was without a worm in it, the fruit of the pear tree was exempt. A pear is very rarely stung by the curculio; the skin of the pear, at the time the insect lays its eggs, is hard, tough, and very astringent; they prefer, therefore, to deposit them in more tender fruits, and, above all, fruits that drop off or ripen in August and September; as the dropping of the fruit enables them to crawl under ground, and get down below frost before winter commences.

It is the foreign tree, such as the Beurré, vergalous, St. Germaine, D'auche, le chasserie, &c., that is most subject to this terrible blight. They grow so rapidly that the little vesicles, from their extreme attenuation, are not able to resist the full flow of ascending sap, and, when this is aided by the electric fluid, the vessels burst. In the course of many years observation, we *have* seen native pears attacked by fire-blight; yet it is by no means common. There is an insect called the borer, which completely girdles the tree, but which girdling does not take place till the eggs are hatched, or rather till the fly is ready to emerge from the chrysalis. These girdled trees do not assume that shrivelled and blackened appearance when dead, which those do that are struck by fire-blight. The very few instances wherein we have witnessed the destruction of native pear trees by this disease, only prove that there must have been some local derangement in the circulatory process—a rapid growth and a consequent distension and rupture of the sap vessels; thus reducing them to the same liability of attack from fire blight to which foreign pears are liable.

Both heat and cold will rupture the sap vessels of a plant—heat, by raising the temperature of the ascending fluids, thereby causing an unnatural distension of the vessels until they burst—and cold, as De Maïron observes, by producing some new arrangement of the fluid particles, which causes them to occupy a larger space than at first, and, of course, in the act of arranging themselves, the little vesicles must be rent asunder. To so great an extent does this peculiarity in the freezing process prevail, that large forest trees have been split asunder. During the severe cold of the winter of 1829, almost all the large, full-bearing apricot trees were so injured by the splitting and cracking of the bark, that they did not survive the season. The apricot tree is the most delicately organized tree that is imported.

The sap vessels of many other plants and trees are likewise wholly or partially injured by the rarification and freezing of fluids. Cherry trees, particularly those that have been trimmed

up high, often perish by the excoriation of their own sap. Every one conversant with the diseases of trees, knows that, if the gangrene or mortified part of a cherry tree is not cut away, the whole tree will become tainted and perish. That this excoriation does not kill the tree instantly, nor give the limbs so black and shrivelled an appearance, is owing to two causes—the first is the peculiarity of structure, making it less liable to the action of the electric fluid: and the second is the viscid and glutinous nature of the secretions themselves. The exudations of a cherry tree are conspicuously gummy, whereas no such glutinous secretion is perceived in the pear tree, the sap of which, being very thin, can get more immediately in contact with atmospheric air.

The *scolytus pyri*—numerous as these insects may be—do no further injury to the tree on which they live, than to destroy the leaves, puncture the limbs, or sting the fruit. The exuvie, and other rejected secretions of insects, only blight or paralyse the particular spot on which they are ejected. Were the insects so great in number as to cover the surface of the whole tree, still the effect would not be like that of fire-blight. The shrivelling and blackness of the fruit and bark are produced by some chemical process independent of the agency of insects: even the fruit of the pear tree, when almost of the full size, is shrunk up in an instant, and left without juices.

Insects, in following fixed laws, perform their duties with great regularity and unerring precision. They adhere to their instinctive propensities with great pertinacity, and apparently with a sagacity far above instinct. They choose the most vigorous limb for the purpose of laying their eggs in it, and why they should inject into the wound that they make a subtle poison, so as to reach the very vitals of the tree whereon their offspring rests, is utterly incomprehensible. The destruction of a tree by girdling, as we observed, does not take place until the whole metamorphosis is complete.

The knotty excrescences that we see on trees, are formed by insects—one series after the other depositing their eggs on the new bark that is formed over the old nests. By this means the circulation is impeded; for the tree must suffer in proportion to the number of ligatures which encircle the limbs. In certain districts, the plum and the morello cherry tree became extinct in consequence of a number of very minute insects of the cynips tribe which took possession of them. We still see the labours of this very destructive insect in orchards, particularly near the road fences. A man should be despised for suffering such a nuisance to exist on his farm. Every knotty wart on the limbs of the common damson plum, or morello cherry, contains myriads of insects, which spread from tree to tree, and, as they

can fly, from orchard to orchard. The remedy is very simple ; the black wart can be cut out with a sharp knife even when of the size of a pea, and the sooner it is done the better for the tree.

The Lombardy poplar and the locust tree have suffered by the ravages of this insect ; if the former were worth our care, it could be easily made to flourish again. As the locust is both ornamental and useful, a very little attention, until the tree is five or six years old, will keep off the insects. In this tree, as well as the Lombardy poplar, the excrescence formed by the insect is not black, as on the plum and cherry tree, but of the natural colour of the bark. But let the insect be what it may, or the mode of depositing the eggs ever so peculiar, we still perceive that no instantaneous blight is the consequence of it.

Having mentioned the Lombardy poplar, we shall observe, that, in common with other naturalists, we accounted for the decay of those trees on the supposition that as the twig, or slip, is part of the parent tree, it must partake of its nature, and be subject to the same laws of vitality. But we have changed our opinion on this subject ; and having already detailed them at large in a late article on vegetable physiology,¹ we shall only observe that the ragged and forlorn appearance of the poplar is entirely caused by the insects that puncture the bark near the articulations. We have seen large trees decay gradually from this cause, but still there was no shrivelling or blackening of bark, or leaves ; the latter remaining firm and green to the last.

It is to render an introduction to the horticultural art easy and pleasant, that we take the business of advice out of the hands of regular teachers ; but we wish our friends the nurserymen to understand that we do not imagine *them* to stand in need of any advice we can offer. If we can instruct others, the nurserymen will find great advantage in it, as an ignorant purchaser is of serious injury to them.

It is not the fault of the nurseryman, altogether, that our orchards present such a piteous spectacle as they often do, after years of labour and reasonable expectation. The fault is as much owing to the ignorance and unskillfulness of the purchasers themselves--the want of horticultural knowledge being very apparent. We shall, therefore, throw out a few hints for the guidance of those who have not had a regular training.

Let them understand, therefore, that while trees are young, the ground can be cultivated between them with light crops, such as buckwheat, melons, or potatoes ; that is, provided these crops have been well manured. But after the trees begin to bear, a crop of vegetables, or grain, should never be taken from the soil, unless full half of their value has been expended in manuring

¹ See American Quarterly Review, March, 1837.

them. As to the mode of distributing manures in an orchard either for the trees alone, or for a crop between them, long experience has taught us that, under every circumstance, the broadcast method is the best. This mode is far more beneficial to trees than when certain portions are applied to the area of each tree. Buckwheat, sowed twice during the summer, and ploughed in lightly, is a cheap and excellent manure; the advantage of ploughing in such crops as buckwheat and weeds we shall proceed to state.

No crop should be allowed to arrive at maturity, that is, to form seed, after the trees are six or seven years old, unless they are full fifty feet apart; nor yet should the ground remain uncovered, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. This practice would be more injurious to the trees than the exhaustion from a seed crop; but before we go into further particulars, let us take a view of vegetable life.

For what purposes do trees grow, and why does fruit ripen and fall to the ground? The answer is ready—for the embellishment of nature, and for the gratification of man. It is not our intention to touch on the delicate subject of *sensation*—a feeling which many philosophers imagine a plant to possess, and which certainly implies a capacity to suffer either pain or pleasure—nor shall we descant on the beauty of vegetation, independently of its use to man. We shall advert solely to the course that nature takes in these operations—a course which the dullest observer cannot fail to understand.

But whichever way we proceed in the investigation, whether we view a plant as ornamenting the earth—as it relates to the individual enjoyment of the plant itself, or as it regards the gratification of man—we shall perceive that it is effected by one very simple and beautiful contrivance, a contrivance that is to perpetuate vegetable life as long as the earth exists—this is the production of seed! This seems to be the whole effort of the plant, and to bringing the seed to maturity every thing is made subservient.

It cannot be solely for the gratification of man's appetite that the fruit or seed of plants is formed and protected with so much skill and care, else the gigantic plane tree, and the lofty pines, would have the fleshy covering of their seeds of so palatable a nature as that man would appropriate them to himself. There are certain bounds which the Creator has set to our enquiries, else we should not remain ignorant of the cause which renders fruits so different in their nature and quality when growing in the same field, and nourished by the same food; or why the same fruits are refreshing and nutritive in one latitude, and unwholesome and unpalatable in another. The pulp, or fruit, as it is called, and which man considers as formed for his own

exclusive use, is nothing more than a covering which is to nourish and protect the seed until it arrives at maturity. That the pulpy rind is palatable, is owing to the wisdom of the Creator, who, foreseeing that man would do nothing unless he sees some immediate benefit to himself, rendered the rind of the seed, or *fruit* as we call it, an object of desire. Thus it is, indirectly, that the necessity of preserving the seed is implanted in our bosoms.

There are many trees that have their seeds likewise protected by a rind, which our sagacity detects as injurious and our taste as unpalatable; yet useful and necessary as the wood of these trees is to the arts, they would soon perish if nature had not endowed them with a capacity to assist themselves. The rind or seed of forest trees, for instance, is of no use as *food* to man, but owing to their minuteness and levity they are blown to a distance by the wind, and fall on some spot where there is room for them to take root and expand to the size of the parent tree. But with the trees that bear fruit the case is different. Pear, plum, apple, peach, and quince trees are of small size compared to those of the forest; the branches, therefore, cannot throw their fruit to a distance, for this fruit is large, heavy, and very juicy. It would, when the seed is ripe, fall to the ground *immediately under the tree*, where, if it germinated at all, it would be at the expense of the parent tree. But as it is an object of intense desire to man, he gathers it carefully, and after devouring the rind he plants the seed at judicious intervals.

It seems therefore to be the peculiar object and care of nature to throw every facility in the way of maturing the seeds of all plants, from the chickweed to the oak. The same process is observed, the same effort is made, in bringing the seeds of useless and noxious weeds to maturity as in those of the largest tree in the field. For this purpose nature takes advantage of all the changes that decayed vegetation undergoes. As in the beautiful language of Scripture, a sparrow does not fall to the ground unobserved, so a poor weed is not trodden under foot without the knowledge of a kind Providence, who immediately converts it to some use. All the decayed matter—all the manures which are placed in a field for the sustenance of a crop—are converted into food. It is the business of the plant, therefore, to imbibe as much of this as will serve for the maturity of the seeds. The greatest exhaustion of soil takes place during the period of the ripening of the seeds; until that time arrives, what are called the nutritive particles of manures are not carried up in such abundance.

A thick, full crop of oats—one of the most exhausting of grains—will appropriate all the nourishment which a well

manured field affords. It will therefore be at once understood why trees perish or are stunted, when planted in grain fields or among biennial grasses. The sap vessels of grain and other annual and biennial plants are more ductile are more greedy of nourishment than those of the hardy, woody fibre, such as trees and shrubs. The gases which propel all the nutritive fluids, find a readier admittance in the spongelets of succulent, rapidly growing plants, than in those of trees and shrubs. Of course, as the universal law respecting gases obliges them to rise upwards and get into space as quickly as possible, they naturally rush to the easiest point of access. It is much easier for gases to elevate themselves by following the course of the sap vessels of a plant than to rise immediately from the soil, because they are charged with certain elementary particles, the greater part of which is abstracted by the plants, thus leaving the gases at greater liberty to ascend into space.

In this view of the case all light crops should be considered as manure; and therefore must be ploughed under before the gases extricate the best of the nutritive particles from the rich soil to bring these crops to seed. We observed that the most valuable portions of it are absorbed by the spongelets which the seed is maturing. If no weeds or other light crops were allowed to abstract this aliment, the gases would find the spongelets or the roots of trees the next best point of entrance for the purpose of elevating themselves. It is in this way, therefore, that trees are benefited by the absence of other vegetation near to them.

Turning down the soil, with the plough or spade, confines the alimentary particles to a stratum whence they can be available to the spongelets of the roots of trees. Even should there be no light succulent crops of grass or weeds, the mere turning down the upper surface of the soil would be beneficial to trees in another sense. Gases can deposit the particles with which they are charged with greater ease when they are allowed to move in a fluid medium. The soil, being moved, has its upper dry surface turned down, and the moist earth then becomes the surface, and it is from this damp medium the gases have an easy transit. We have elsewhere entered more minutely into the subject of gaseous action, and shall say no more at present than that gases always effect their object through a fluid medium; and when deprived of this they move at random.

We hope that we have sufficiently explained why trees should be allowed to absorb all the nutritious particles of manures, and why no other crops should be allowed to produce seed near them. In the article on Vegetable Physiology we have gone more at length into the rationale of the principle, and to that we refer those who have a curiosity on this interesting subject

Our present purpose is confined to the mere practical details of horticulture, yet we thought the few digressions made in theoretical explanations would materially assist the cultivator in his views.

We here enter our protest against *tall* trees, whether of the fruit or ornamental kind. It is the practice to trim trees up very high. This was done by the nurserymen to facilitate the packing of them in bundles for exportation, and ignorant persons required that they should be so trimmed that the plough might go closely to the tree. Nature works for us more judiciously than we do ourselves; she points out the true mode and the exact time when an operation of this kind should be performed. A tall tree with a slender body is blown about severely by our high winds and equinoctial gales. This violent motion ruptures the spiral and other delicate vessels, and thus renders them unfit to elaborate the sap and other secretory matter. The body bent and twisted in every direction, is unable to support the weight of the branches, and of course the tree presents a crooked and unsightly appearance.

A tree that is allowed to grow low will bear the vicissitudes of weather much better than if trimmed up; the body grows stout and the limbs spread finely, making an ample shade to *protect the roots from the sun and heavy rains*; a beautiful provision of nature! In process of time, as every one has observed, the under or first branches of a well-shaped tree become crooked and get out of the centre of gravity, giving way to other branches that grow above them, just like the process of teething in children. By cutting off these crooked, under limbs, which all disappear piece by piece in the course of time, we give more height to the tree at the precise time when it is proper to do it. When these first branches, like children's first teeth, are gone, the next set come out boldly, and maintain their proper horizontal position during life. Mr. Mark Harden has an excellent paper on this subject in one of the early numbers of the *American Farmer*.

As it respects grafting, the greatest choice exists with respect to the buds. All nurserymen know—at least they ought to know—that if a tree is grafted from a scion cut from a *horizontal* limb, it will bear fruit much sooner than if the scion were cut from an upright limb. Those slender water sprouts—which from their length and smoothness are so seducing to a scion cutter, and from which he can cut three or four grafts—are utterly unfit for the purpose. A tree grafted with one of these scions takes a longer time before it bears fruit; pear trees throw up a great abundance of these water sprouts from the *central* limbs, and if young trees are grafted from them, they are very tardy in bearing. These water sprouts, or vertical

limbs, have never a sufficiency of those juices which assist in the development of fruit.

Perhaps, too, the disease called fire-blight, which is so destructive to exotic pears, may arise from being originally grafted with the scions of a water sprout, the sap vessels of which are larger and weaker than those that are taken from horizontal limbs. But this is thrown out as mere conjecture, though there is great show of reason in it.

No one should plant trees unless he is able to give them the care and attention they require. "Plant trees, my son," said the old Laird of Dumbiedikes, "they will aye be growing whiles you sleep." A rich and valuable hint, and coming from a source to which we are already so largely indebted, it should make a strong impression. But although it is our duty to plant trees, and we feel confident that nature will do much for their preservation, yet they are not to be abandoned entirely to the vicissitudes of the elements, or to their enemies. It is proper that the ignorant should be told that canker will obstruct perspiration—that frosts will blight the flowers—that insects will puncture the bark and fruit—that winds will distort the body and break the limbs, that rains will cause rot and insipidity—that drought will produce premature ripeness and decay; but that man more destructive by his ignorance and neglect—is worse than canker, frosts, insects, winds, rains and drought.

Many of the accidents and diseases to which a tree is liable, the skilful, well-informed horticulturist can cure. For instance, canker can be removed by lime-washings; and manure well applied will allow the tree to grow rapidly so as to prevent a recurrence of the disease. By allowing the trees to grow low, they will not be twisted about by winds. By cutting out the black warts the nests of the cypres can be utterly destroyed. Trenching will carry off superabundance of water, and a water cart will greatly relieve drought. Above all, common vigilance will prevent the plough from injuring the roots and the lower limbs. As it respects the insects which sting the fruit, and deposit their eggs in the punctured part, we have no remedy to offer, save that of repeatedly shaking the tree, a process which must necessarily be limited to very young trees.

Does not a man, after reading all this, feel that a tree is a thing of life, and that if he undertake the care of one he is responsible for its welfare? He may be assured that he has duties to perform towards the tree that he plants in his orchard as well as to the child in his bosom, the animals in his stable, and the strangers that are within his gates. We shall now proceed to speak of the fruits themselves.

The most suitable apples for the nuddle states, for purposes of cookery, are the early summer pearmain, the Boston harvest,

the Porter apple, and the lemon pippin. This last mentioned apple, independently of its very great beauty, being, when ripe, of a golden hue, tinged on one side with a faint blush, comes from a tree that is hardy, thrifty, and a great bearer.

The next apple deserving notice is the fall pippin, sometimes called the Holland pippin; it is thus described by Mr. Cox in his work on fruit trees:—"The fall pippin is one of the finest and most beautiful apples of the season, the size is very large, and generally weighs a pound. The form is rather long than flat, the skin is smooth and fair, of a clear, pale, greenish yellow. The flesh pale yellow, juicy, tender, sprightly and finely flavoured, with a delicate perfume. It is a very popular apple for market, and is used both for cooking and for eating. It ripens in October, and keeps well as a fall apple. The tree grows very vigorously, handsomely and spreading, with uncommonly large shoots and leaves."

After these summer and fall apples come the belle fleur, the Esopus Spitzenburgh, the Rhode Island greening, the yellow and the green Newton pippin, the Priestly, and the little lady apple. Here are a number of very fine apples, but we forgot to mention the Black apple and the Swaur, which latter is often preferred by many people to the Newton pippin. It would take precedence of all winter apples ripening at the same time, if it kept well. Every state throughout the Union has a few standard apples of its own, which the horticulturists love to cultivate; but here, as in France, what is very fine and juicy in one section of country, is but poor fruit in another.

The apple is subject to fewer diseases than other fruit trees; the black rust, or canker—which eventually become moss if the tree is hardy enough to live through the cutaneous irritation—and the punctures of insects, being its worst enemies. A good white-washing or soap washing will destroy the canker; and if the holes which the insect makes in boring through the bark are filled with hard soap, or turpentine paste, the worm within will perish before it becomes a fly. This insect is called the borer, and the place that it punctures for the purpose of depositing its eggs is easily detected by the appearance of a snuff coloured dust at the edge of the hole. In process of time—three years—the tree will be completely girdled, if care be not taken to prevent it.

There would be a great annual profit from the apple tree, if the curculio did not sting the fruit. This insect has increased very rapidly of late years. Under one large apple tree four bushels of apples were picked up, the apples not larger than a small persimmon. *Each apple had a worm in it*, and as the average number of apples was five hundred to a bushel, here at once were two thousand curculios ready to commit depredations

on this tree next year. These insects crawl from the apple after it falls, and get in the earth, where they burrow deep, below frost. The apples that remained on the tree of which we spoke—it was a Newton pippin—were all more or less stung, and there was scarcely one that did not show a trace of the worm when it was cut open. An apple thus wounded never grows to its full size, and the punctured side is always knotty and indented; and trees which, if it were not for the curculio, would bear from twenty to fifty bushels of apples each, now only average ten and twelve bushels. The fruit, therefore, is not only less in quantity but in quality also, and all caused by the ravages of the curculio; in fact, it is only the young trees that bear fair fruit, for, in a few years, from the dropping of the apples the whole fruit will be punctured.

Manures should never be thrown near the trunk or body of a tree, as is the usual unwise practice. The truth is, that water soapsuds, litter compost, or stable manure should be dug in a little beyond the area where we suppose the roots to lie. Manures—that is, philosophically speaking, the gaseous fluids which are extricated from manures—are the nutriment which sustains the plant, and all such should be within reach of the roots, or, rather, the extremities of the roots. The *mouths* or spongelets (the spongioles of Dr. Dutrochet) of the roots are placed at the extremities of the fibres, and it is to them that manures should be directed; the broadcast method, therefore, is the best for trees. Nothing is gained by throwing manures against the body of a tree but a plentiful increase of suckers, which are nourished by this careless process.

The peach tree is now so generally cultivated that we shall say but little of it, excepting of the diseases which injure it. We must, however, let M. De la Quintinye be first heard, only observing that the peaches of which he speaks are not now known in this country by the same names. Nor is it of importance to point out many by name, as every year produces an endless variety of excellent peaches equal in goodness to the old ones. There are a few, however, which should never be suffered to *run out*, such as the early Ann, the rareripe, the Malacaton, the lemon cling, the Swalsh, and the late heath.

The fruit of the peach tree in the famous garden at Versailles, which was under the superintendence of the most excellent and scientific De la Quintinye, only ripened when trained against a south wall. In our happy climate—happy in ripening the first fruits—a peach tree shoots up luxuriantly and bears delicious fruit without care, by the road side. Yet difficult as the culture of peaches was, and still is, in certain districts of France, hear how one enamoured of the subject describes the qualities and pretensions of a good peach.

"The excellence of peaches," says De la Quintinye, "consists in the good qualities they ought naturally to have. Of which the first is to have the pulp a little firm, so that it may be just perceivable and no more, and very fine, withal, which ought to appear when their skin is taken off, which skin should be fine, shining, and yellow, without any thing of green, and easy to strip off, which, if the peach be not ripe, will not be the case. This excellence further appears when we cut a peach with a *silver* knife, which in my opinion is the first thing to be done to it at table by any one who wishes to eat the fruit delightfully and with a true relish. And then we may see, all along where the knife has passed, an infinite number of little springs, as it were, which are, methinks, the prettiest things in the world to look upon. They that open a peach otherwise, oftentimes lose half of the delicious juice."

"The *Troy* peach follows the avant: it is a wonderful good little peach to stir up in us the idea and remembrance of the excellent ones of the year before."

After enumerating a number of others, in his quaint way, he proceeds:

"The *cheverense*, with the *pavie rosane*, comes in at the beginning of September, and almost at the same time begins the *persico*, the *bellegarde*, and a number of others, to supply us plentifully for fifteen days. They are, in truth, an illustrious, charming, and delicious shoal or glut of fruit: the violet peach alone, which, in my opinion, and in the opinion of others greater than myself, is the *queen of peaches*; and is in itself sufficiently qualified, without the help of any others, to satisfy the whole mind."

Now this is all downright earnest in De la Quintinye; his whole heart was in the subject, and, as he deemed it of the first importance, he could not avoid expressing himself strongly. He was a man of classical attainments; of an ancient noble family; gentlemanly and courteous, and of an amiable disposition. Being possessed of a large fortune, he was able to gratify his tastes by travelling in foreign countries, where his love of horticulture increased as he proceeded. His fame having preceded him, he was invited to the court of Charles the Second, who conceived a great friendship for him. Here he was offered a handsome pension, but he could not be prevailed upon to remain, and immediately on his return to Paris, he was taken into the service of Louis the Fourteenth. He took the entire charge of the king's gardens, and soon produced a salutary change in the art of horticulture, not only in France but in England. He may truly be called the father of modern horticulture; and, on an examination of the greater number of works on this subject, we cannot perceive that any thing *new* has been added. His

genius grasped at the whole science, both theoretically and practically, and, like all truly great minds he descended to the most minute part of the subject. Modern science has introduced new instruments, and the improvements from microscopic investigations have given additional facts; but greatly has the art been indebted to De la Quintinie, and all our modern writers—one copying from the other—little imagine that to this French writer they owe the greater part of their knowledge. The only wonder is, that every horticulturist has not a copy of this work in his library. But let us hear what further he says of peaches:

“The admirable appears in crowds soon after the middle of September. Ah, mon Dieu! what peaches for colour, delicacy of pulp, abundance of juices, for sugared sweetness, and for a rich, exquisite taste!

“The *nivettes*, beautifully and marvellously excellent as they are, have the modesty to wait until the admirables are declining before they ripen, and then they show themselves, and, for ten or twelve days, amply recompense the pains of those who plant them in a good place.

“The *pavé* peaches, the *andillas*, and the *narbons*, press earnestly to accompany the *nivettes*; but for all their beauty—and which in truth may be called a painted beauty—those peaches, I say, would do wisely to forbear an attempt that can turn to nothing but their own disgrace.”

Of the thirty two peaches which this learned and curious person enumerates, he discards *nine* as positively bad, and some of the others, with his right good will, he would erase from the list, if the chasm in the time of ripening could be filled up. He condemns the practice of multiplying the kinds of fruits as strongly as *we* do, for sooner or later it ends in wearing out the best varieties.

“Oh unlucky and itching humour, thou mayst properly enough be called the daughter of vanity and ignorance, how great a confusion dost thou occasion among fruits! Is it possible that people should not know that a difference of soil, of exposure, of climate, or of the temperature of the seasons, is able to produce those little varieties in fruit which yet are not essential? Notwithstanding which, they have given me an infinite deal of pains to discover the truth.”

So easy is it now, to guard peach trees from the injury done to the roots by the fly called the *egesia exitiosa*, that, in orchards containing two thousand trees, not more than three or four of these trees were punctured during the summer. As there are two or three generations of these insects in the season, it is proper to search for them at three different periods. An experienced eye can easily detect the place where the fly has

deposited its egg, by the brown dust that lies on the gum which exudes from the puncture. 'Thus fly--egesia exitiosa—is accurately described in page 331 of the 6th volume of the American Farmer. Killing the worm soon after it is hatched, is the best preventive, and this is done by bending a piece of stout wire at one end, having a sharp point, and following the traces of the worm.

The most formidable disease, at present, is the yellows, which, if suffered to pass unnoticed until the tree is entirely tinged with the jaundiced colour, will destroy it in two years, sometimes in one summer. If the tree is not large, and the disease has just commenced, it can be restored to its health and green colour by a bold trimming, rich manuring, and plentiful waterings. This malady is not propagated from tree to tree by the farina of the flowers, as is sometimes conjectured, but arises from a hot, dry soil, and scantiness of nourishment. A moist, well cultivated soil, ploughed mellow, and so as not to touch the roots of the trees, rarely, if ever, engenders the yellows. Great care should be taken not to plant the kernels from those trees that were infected with this disease, as it is communicated to them; and trees from such seed, especially if planted in the same ground whence they grew, will surely become diseased and perish. We have seen whole rows of yearlings in the nurseries destroyed by the yellows.

Exhaustion and indirect debility always succeed the great excitement of an *overbearing* year. Trees that have borne fruit beyond their strength, assume the same appearance with those that have the disease called the yellows; the same method of cure must be observed. When thus reduced, great pains should be taken with the manure, as none but the most ripe and mellow should be applied: the compost made from the cow-house being always preferred to that of the horse stable, the latter being too stimulating.

It will be perceived by this—and these remarks are the result of long practice and minute observation—that peach trees should be planted in a deep moist soil, well loosened and frequently manured. Buckwheat ploughed in twice during the season before the blossoms form, is sufficient for a light top dressing; and coarse litter, well ploughed in during the fall just before the winter sets in, is all that the tree requires, unless diseased. There cannot be too much stress laid on the impropriety of allowing a tree to bear too much fruit; exhaustion and disease will too surely be the consequence. Nor should too much fruit be suffered to hang on one limb, as the little delicate vessels, and even the bark, are strained and cracked, so that the injury they receive prevents them from bearing fruit the next year. Four things, therefore, contribute to bring on

the yellows—overbearing, improper nourishment, want of nourishment, and a hot, dry soil.

Apriots and nectarines are not so frequently diseased by the yellows, and they would yield good crops were it not for the ravages of the curculio, an insect which destroys the fruit. Cherries suffer in the same way by the same insect, scarcely any ripening without one or more worms in each. Birds make no impression on the numbers of these destructive insects; nor is it possible or prudent to let hogs run loose in a young orchard as some persons advise. It is well known that, from the propensity these animals have to turn up the ground, they would materially injure the roots of the trees. They break down the limbs, too, and rub off the bark of the trunk.

Our experience has taught us that cherry trees should be grafted low, and kept low, so that the head may form about four feet from the ground. All the imported trees of this fruit are unable to resist the extremes of heat and cold of our climate. Many are seriously injured in the bark by the action of the sun's rays on the south side in summer, and by the cold easterly winds in winter. Allowing the trees to grow low, enables them to shade themselves; and if a wisp of straw is tied on the easterly side in winter, the bark will be prevented from bursting. When the sap vessels are ruptured in summer, and the bark throws out gum, the knife should be freely used *until every particle of the mortified part is cut out*. Notwithstanding the reluctance that may be felt in thus disfiguring the tree, whole limbs and branches must be sawed off *below* the affected part, for like fire-blight in pear trees, it poisons the sound portion of the tree when it comes in contact with it. If the gum does not find its way all around the limb, then the whole limb need not be amputated, but only that portion of the bark and wood whence the gum exudes, but not a single speck of the vitiated portion must be left behind. The wounded parts quickly heal; in fact, no tree heals so rapidly as a cherry tree.

Another advantage in keeping the cherry tree low, is the ease with which fruit can be gathered. A man on a step ladder can pick all the cherries from the tree without snapping or cracking the limbs, or bruising the bark, or breaking off the fruit spurs that are to bear fruit the next year. It is not generally known that the fruit buds for the next year are all formed this summer, in July and August, just as the fruit is ripening. If this were fully known and duly appreciated, horticulturists would be more careful in their choice of persons to pick fruit. All exotic cherries thrive well in our climate, and they would be a source of great profit to the orchardist, were it not that the same insect which injures other fruit deposits an egg in the cherry likewise.

Plums are very extensively cultivated, and it more frequently happens that fine varieties spring up from the kernels or seed of good plums, than from those of other fruit. Several years ago, the plum trees were very materially injured by the multiplied larvæ of insects, which caused a great number of black, knotty warts to form on the limbs, and soon spread all over the tree. All the morello cherries and plum trees were destroyed by the ravages of this insect. A check is now given to the evil by cutting out this black wart as soon as it appears, so that we might reasonably hope for a remuneration for our trouble and expense, as plums are generally good bearers, if the same insect which punctures the nectarine, apricot and cherry could be destroyed. We had at one time under our care several orchards of the rarest and finest fruit, all in full bearing; yet out of fifteen hundred apricot, nectarine, plum, cherry, and apple trees, there was not *one* bushel of fruit, for three successive years, that was perfectly free from worms. Amongst the number were four hundred nectarines, and four hundred plum trees; *not one* plum or nectarine from all these trees remained on the tree till ripe every one had a worm in it!

Our markets would be barren of fruit if it were not for the new orchards that are continually springing up, for it is a fact, well known, that a young tree is not so apt to be stung as an old one. This arises from the few insects that have found their way to the new orchards. As they fly from tree to tree, they soon begin their operations, and then all our care and labour are lost.

These insects have held dominion over our fruit trees for centuries, and, for any thing that we can see to the contrary, they are likely to continue their power over them so long as we choose to plant trees. They have increased in frightful numbers, and yet the greatest ignorance and indifference prevail respecting their ravages. Every man owning a fruit tree saw that the fruit dropped from the tree before it was ripe— he saw that apples, quinces, and cherries were knotty, filled with worms, and unfit either to be eaten or preserved— he saw that it was hopeless to get a single nectarine from a tree of great promise, unless it were protected by gauze nets, and yet he never troubled himself, much as he loved fruit, to enquire into the cause of the evil.

We have detected four varieties of the curculio— one of these deposits its egg in the pod of the pea, which egg becomes a fly during the month of March— sooner or later according to circumstances. The second variety feeds upon the *leaves* of the grape vine, but this insect only appears at intervals. The third curculio, like the second, does not make its appearance

every year ; but instead of the leaf it eats the *bud* of the grape vine before it shoots out into leaf. A very little vigilance will soon exterminate these three species ; but it is the fourth variety that requires all our attention, for it is this destructive little insect — not quite so large as a common house fly — that destroys all our fruit.

This formidable enemy is of a greyish black colour, and, unlike the other three, has a long proboscis which originates immediately from the neck. The pincers, or mouth, are at the extremity of the proboscis, and it is at this extremity, likewise, that the feelers take their rise. These feelers can be elevated or depressed at pleasure ; and when the insect is at rest they lie curled up with the proboscis, which is bent under the throat, resting on the body. It feeds after the manner of butterflies, drawing the juices of the fruit through the tubes. It begins its ravages in May, as soon as the fruit is formed, and continues to deposit its eggs so long as the fruit remains on the tree. This it does year after year increasing in numbers as we increase the number of fruit trees ; and we can easily understand why whole orchards of fruit are destroyed when we are told that there are three generations of these curculios in one summer !

What, therefore, is to be done ? every experiment has been resorted to, every remedy applied ; but no impression is made, either to prevent the increase of the insect, or to save the fruit from being stung by it. It is very mortifying to be thus baffled by an insect that is neither poisonous nor difficult of approach. We are persuaded that a remedy *must* exist somewhere, and we should hope that time would discover it, if those who are most interested would exert themselves.

We have thrown our views of this matter into this form with the hope that our readers, who are of a different class from those who confine their thoughts to the common books of gardening, may be fully impressed with the importance of the subject.

Not one of the modes hitherto recommended has been found serviceable. In orchards of twelve or fifteen years' growth, hogs might be turned in to eat up all the fruit that falls, and thus destroy many of the curculios, but this could only be beneficial in case of there being no other orchard within a mile or two. It is a fact which cannot be too often repeated, that these insects can fly from tree to tree, and they travel from spot to spot till at length they destroy all the fruit. This is one reason why a stone pavement is of no service for more than a year or two ; the curculio flies to these trees from neighbouring orchards. Besides, an orchardist who has three or four thou-

sand trees to guard, would find it impossible to pave around them all.

Offensive odours or fumigations do not annoy these destructive insects. The fumes of tobacco, sulphur, resin, and other pungent gums and herbs, make no impression on them, neither are they moved by saline or sulphurous waterings or washings. We do not however despair, and we now make an earnest appeal to all lovers of the art of horticulture to make strong efforts to devise a remedy for the evil.

We call it an evil! we might say *calamity*, for it is extending itself even to the north, where hitherto it seldom made its appearance. Fruit is no longer a luxury; it is a necessary of life. Thousands of persons labouring under fever and debility are almost wholly sustained by it, and the poor have a right to enjoy it, for it is cultivated with very little expense. Our pride, our tastes, and our health, require that we should exterminate these destructive insects.

We here close our remarks, the result of long experience and close observation, hoping that vigorous efforts will be made to destroy the curculio. The horticultural societies of Philadelphia and Boston have offered a premium of two thousand dollars to the one who shall devise a simple, easy, and cheap remedy. This offer is of several years' standing, but no one has yet made an attempt to claim it.

We hope, also, that what we have said of the work of M. De la Quintinie will induce the public to call for it. This author is a man of taste and science, possessing liberal sentiments, with shrewdness and good sound sense. Above all, he is honest and scrupulously exact. He is the father of modern horticulture; without vanity or prejudice; and cares no more for the moon's influence upon vegetation than we are inclined to do ourselves.

ART. VI.—*Albwick Castle, with other Poems.* 1 vol. pp. 98.
New York : 1836.

In a former number of this Review¹ the opinion was expressed that the multifarious and bustling concerns of the American nation have, for a long time past, conspired to create an impulse which is prevalent throughout the bounds of the republic, and can hardly be said to have any direct or congenial alliance with works of the imagination. This impulse is fiery, prospective, and *practical* ; it is connected with the enterprises of working-day spirits, and the forecast which belongs to a plodding, active life. That it has benefits immediate, and rewards ultimate, cannot be denied; and it is better, perhaps—may we not say that it is *best* without a peradventure—that such an impulse should exist, than that the people of our Union should be guided by day dreamers, and turn from their numberless architectural erections of warehouses, tenements, towns, and cities, which spring up as it were like the gourd of Jonah, in a night, garnishing the banks of rivers, or the inland borders of western seas—to castles in the air—the Titanian piles of some visionary brain. The useful, now-a-days, must be preferred before the ornamental : the mere embellishment of life must be a secondary matter in a young republic, scarcely as yet released from its swaddling clothes—restless and revelling in the haleyon newness of its youth.

When, therefore, a departure is made from the ordinary course of men, in our country, it certainly argues a strong as well as an adventurous intellect in him who leaves, even for a little season, the beaten thoroughfares where persons jostle each other in the pursuit of gold—essayng to disport himself in the fairy gardens of imagination, and to create around him, in delicious abstraction, “his own green world of thought.” It stamps the man who *succeeds* in this career, with the character of one equal to either fortune, good or bad. We have always repudiated the notion that high mental capacities and fine attainments can disqualify any man for the most momentous and trying duties of life ; and we verily believe that the scholar, who studies mankind in his closet—who reads the present in the past—to whom the records of dead empires are merely the pregnant commentaries upon the passages of to-day’s experience—can apply lesson after lesson, that he has conned in theory by himself, with practical effect, in his intercourse with men. We believe it impossible that such a man can dissociate himself from the world, or play the anchorite, “among his

fellows but not of them," as many are apt to contend he can. He is prepared always to make deep impressions; history, teaching by example, has fortified him with a self-adequacy for portentous emergencies, whether they are of a private or widely social character. He benefits others by his counsel; and remembering the models of goodness or evil which tradition, or the page of the annalist, may have furnished him, he applies them to his own case, or to the circumstances of communities or masses of men, with unerring advantage. A mind thus strengthened in itself, can allow relaxation to its energies, and be led into airy and delectable creations, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. Grace is added to grace in its expressions, whether poetic, or in prose: thought provokes thought: and Fancy stands ready to obey the calls of the master as the handmaid of Truth.

That the interests of literature and commerce are not more directly identical, is owing to the false and fully refuted notion that the latter pursuit is at variance with every thing dignified and useful itself. We speak now of the estimation in which it is held by the multitudes who swarm about the crowded wharves, or through the bale-obstructed streets of the Atlantic cities, and extend themselves along the iron and watery avenues of trade, from New York to the Kalanazoo, and from Philadelphia to the boundless contiguity of western shades. To the ears of such as these, the hiss of a locomotive is sweeter music than the happiest stanza that ever melted like the honey of Hybla from the divine pen of the poet, or the most eloquent sentences from the inspired lips of the ambitious statesman, or "oily man of God." With them, taste is an arbitrary affair; the expression of an opinion on a subject allied to letters, is not a matter of much moment; the occasions in which it is required occur infrequently; and they discharge their verdict, hit or miss—unmindful of consequences, because they know that at the worst no harm is done. The latitude accorded to *taste* is the hobby-horse on which they ride, and which carries them triumphantly through every peril. If they shoot wide of the mark in a literary decision in company, there are no bones broken; and thus many a valuable author, a delicate-minded architect of pure and lofty verse, is dismissed with faint praise, or shop-keeping dogmatism, who deserves the honours of his contemporaries, and the thanks of the world. A state of things is thus superinduced by the ease with which a mere opinion, whether just or not, can be made to tell among a social assembly, or a community, that is decidedly inimical to the interests of poetry, and the march of inspiration. A failure in verse, with judges like these, has no special discredit about it; and many a writer, therefore, who should be proud of his tuneful abilities,

and consider them as gifts from God, is driven, by custom, to think lightly of his faculties—to depress his immortal yearnings, and subdue “the better part of man” within him; to believe the glow of thought a trifle, and the uprising of his soul toward its Maker, the play-game of an idle hour. And for whose sake is this course pursued? For whom does he thus underrate his intellect, and drive himself into the confession that *he* too is a muckworm, and “of the earth, earthy?” Why, for those who think that the efforts of the soul, if not convertible at once into dollars, are of far less moment than handicraft rewarded: and who carry out to the full, in their creed, the sentiment so sentimentously disclosed in Horatian numbers:

“Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
Virtutisque viam desert arduæ.”

The author of *Almwick Castle* has had the discrimination to appreciate this condition of society, and has governed himself “in a concatenation accordingly,” as the man says in the play. Born in the country—his young eyes familiarized with majestic and beautiful scenery—the fairest leaves of the great volume of nature opening invitingly around him, he moved onward in his juvenescence, like Obidah the son of Abensimah, in the oriental tale, who “left his caravanserai early in the morning, and pursued his course over the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and invigorated with rest; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.” With this freshness about his spirit, as we may easily conceive, HALLECK began his intercourse with the world. In this country, as is well known, no man can put his hand to the plough of enterprise and employment, and look back successfully therefrom. At any rate, if meaner souls indulge in the deleterious retrospections of life, the writer of *Almwick* was not of the number in *his* early day. It came to pass that he was transplanted from the earlier retirement of the country to a city location, where he soon became commingled with the traffickers of the metropolis, and found the spirit of “the sugar trade and cotton linc” descending upon him. How many lovely images, the first-born of his fancy, have been lost over the day-book or the blotter, no one but himself can tell. At night, as one may readily suppose, when his mercantile countings, balances, and registries, were done, his countenance became sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, whose thick-coming influence marred his rest. We have no idea, however, of pitying him for his position—for it was doubtless that which compelled him to husband his best imaginings, and pour them forth, in happy moments—Heliconian emissions

gushes of genuine inspiration. His feelings and his ideas were thus *condensed* into song; and he wrote that which must endure. Yet we cannot but believe that many a charming stanza has run through his mind, as he walked, "at morn or dewy eve," which perished in voiceless conception. Of his hours of retirement, it may doubtless be said, as he philosophized or built castles in town or country—

"Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past,
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew revealed;
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind."

His city residence, however, did not seduce our author away from the remembrance of the country. He reverted to its calmness, its seclusion, and its purity, in many a melodious line. To him there was a charm in recollected rocks, waters, and vernal uplands—"ruris amœni rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque." He heard, even in the crowded and garish ways of the town, those celestial voices which breathe at night from echoing hills and thickets over land and sea. The power of these entered into his heart of hearts; but he was environed by the every day realities of a crowded capital; the follies of its dwellers passed in daily review before him; and, quenching within himself what we must call his better inspirations, he launched his bark of authorship upon the sea of *satire*. In doing this, he acquired a burlesque habitude of style, which we regret to say became afterwards almost a passion with him, and the effects of which are absent from but very few of his compositions. In the verses of Croaker, written in conjunction with others, his spirit roamed and revelled among the stupidities or the "sins, negligences, and ignorances," of the town. Many a citizen rued the movements of his caustic quill: but like the sword of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the comedy, it was no less polished than keen. There is one species of satirists that may be called insupportable: those who condemn without grace, and rebuke without good nature. This propensity, in man or woman, but especially in the latter, is beyond endurance. It is produced from ungenial minds, and betokens the utter absence of those lovely humanities, without the enforcement of which no writer can enduringly or really please.

Since he dissolved his partnership with the firm of *Croaker and Co.*, Mr. Halleck—who has been justly accredited in the literary world as the chief operator in the concerns of that well

known house -has had little to do with satire. Not that its vein is extinct within him; but he has too much *goodness of heart* to engage in the breaking of social butterflies upon the wheel of ridicule. The follies of the time are numerous enough, it is true; and no week or month elapses in which they might not be castigated with effect; but the task is an ungracious one, and is usually assumed by unamiable spirits. It was a love of effect, mainly, which induced the author of *Alnwick Castle* originally to adventure himself in a sphere where he doubtless would have continued to shine -but not in a light grateful to himself, in retrospective contemplation. It is certain that true satire is pleasing to all but the object on whom it falls; "good natured friends" laugh at it; the pictures it gives are drawn with a fidelity which nothing can diminish; every one owns the joke, though many may not approve it. It is a dangerous power, therefore; but it has its degrees. Pre-eminence in satire only, is tolerable. Its secondary grades are personality and caricature -and thus the art, in its inferior spheres, cannot be agreeable to a high-minded man, who might indeed pursue it as far as he would list, if self-respect did not constrain him. But it is with satire, we suspect, as with love -"affection ceases when contempt begins;" and he who keeps about him the constant, refreshing redolence of a gentleman, is extremely cautious to shun even the appearances of a departure from the honourable laws adopted by every one who deserves the name. Motives of this nature have unquestionably caused Mr. Halleck to stop before he violated one principle of social amenity, or alienated personal esteem. He has left the field of satirical remark to twilight spirits, and humble caricaturists, who paint without faithfulness, and revile without good nature. The editions of *Croaker* have been denied to the press, while the poems of which they were merely the promise still live, familiar to the eyes and lips of men.

If, however, our author ever felt a momentary regret that he did not keep up his hunt for the follies and foibles of metropolitan life, he has been abundantly consoled in the success of those better, though not more popular works, which seem to have emanated warmly from his soul, and to have been dashed upon paper by a hand burdened and busy with the genuine promptings of genius. Intending to offer proofs of his sudden power, it is not improper to preface them with our impressions of the method by which Mr. Halleck commits himself "to virgin sheets." He does not seize upon one bright and lofty thought, and, delighting in it, *per se*, dilute it into a column or a page; he preserves it; he joins it with others that may occur to him from time to time, whether he move at nightfall along the dim streets of the city, catching glimpses of the distant country

across the Hudson or the bay, as the sun sinks to his evening pavilion—or whether he gain an afternoon to visit suburban landscapes, and “walk in the fields, hearing the voice of God:” and when his mind is *full*, he pours it forth, a deluge of strong and brilliant imaginings. He suffers little or nothing to go forth to a cold-bosomed public which does not bear the impress of a master's hand. The first poem in the volume before us establishes the powerful originality of his style. In the present age of indiscriminate locomotion—when “the universal Yankee nation,” using the phrase in the *national* sense, are every where present in Europe, by travelled delegations—we all know how stale and unprofitable are their pictures and descriptions of ivied ruins and broken turrets, the homes of rooks and owls—where the moon is as constant an attendant for every tourist, as if she were hired for the occasion, under a contract of “no postponement on account of the weather;” we know the thrice told tales of halls, and armours, and corridors, and so forth—part romance, part reality;—and it is an easy thing to set them down at their true value. But, let the reader peruse such a concentrated sketch as the following of Alnwick Castle—and will he ever forget it? Not soon.

“Gaze on the abbey's ruined pile:
Does not the succouring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch;
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.”

We ask a close attention to the lines we have *Italicised*. If there be any thing more delicious in the whole range of English literature, we have not yet encountered it. Something akin to them may be found in Bassanio's exclamation in the Merchant of Venice, when he draws from the leaden casket that which assures him how he is beloved:—

“Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
——Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends.”

In this little gem of a picture, the author of *Alnwick* has taken us back to the past. The pomp and circumstance of the victory and the return are there; the harpings in the hall of triumph; the shouts of retainers; the joy of the feast; the draining of huge draughts of Rhemsh down;—the speaking roll of the drum to the “cannoner without;” and the echoes which that noisy functionary sends thrilling magnificently toward the empyrean. This is *abbreviated romance*—it is the spirit of unadulterated chivalry. The true poet alone could thus embody the scenes of other days. Some who affected the burlesque, and shone therein, have delighted to imagine that knights templars have left their blacksmith’s bills for mending coats of mail unpaid, all the way from England to Palestine; and bold historians have sometimes represented them as clumsy horsemen, with their limbs galled and their unwashed persons irritated, by rusty armour. We do not, for our parts, affect this dissolving of ancient spells: and we can scarcely forgive those venerable chroniclers, Froissart, de Thou, or Stowe, for representing the characters of so many heroes, “dear to fancy” and treasured in the recollection of every true lover of the brave and noble, apparently *in puris naturalibus*—without that ornament which, with the aid of their recorded deeds, imagination could easily supply. For the same reasons, we take but little pleasure in perusing those short narratives in the Decameron of Boccaccio, from which Shakspeare has built a fairy and unconquered world. Who would go to the dull outline which some old monk or annalist has furnished of Romeo and Juliet, when he could revel in that glowing description written by the bard of Avon? The moonlight sleeps upon the garden of the Capulets, when we survey it from the window of our imagination, as palpably as if the rustling of its leaves were in our ear—we hear the stifled sigh—the broken vow—the voice of Philomel singing in the branches. What has “unaccommodated” history to do with the enchanting transactions of that balmy night, and the loving interlocutors who made its presence holy? By the mass, nothing. The poet’s duty is to give us things, robed *couleur de rose*; to shed around nature a perfume richer than the breath of the violet—and to suffuse it “with tints more magical than the blush of morning.” A power or skill like this bespeaks more readily the poet, *nascitur, non fit*, than the wildest bursts of animal passion: it exhibits a quality, ethereal—heavenly—which owns no touch of this working-day world. And as often as we think of the devoted pair of Verona, so often are we reminded of their familiar identity; as if we saw the noble girl sinking into the tomb of her fathers. In our mental vision,

“The summer rose hath not yet faded—
 The summer stream not yet decayed ;
 The purple sky is still unshaded.
 And, from the sweet pomegranate-glade,
 Floateth the night-bird's serenade ;
 Flower, and stream, and song remain --
 Not one of Nature's charms hath fled ;
 While she, who breathed a softer strain,
 Herself a fairer flower, is dead.”

We had not intended to stroll into so long a digression--and return to our author. Having quoted a parallel to those charming lines at the close of the extract from *Abwick*, in the same language, we ought perhaps to seek a better in some older tongue. The task is difficult ; for with all the luxurious tastes of lyrists in the by-gone time, they had not a better perception of the beautiful than has been accorded, early and late, to a favoured few in many ages, who have swept the lyre with measures of English modulation. Mr. Hallock has built his rhymes with care : he has *turned his stylus often*, until every note he has recorded has discoursed pleasantly to his spiritual ear. Hence, his sentiments, above expressed, are not less pure than smooth - reminding one of those sweet and juicy lines in the *Carmen ad Lydium* of Horace :—

——“*dulcia oscula, quæ Venus
 Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.*”

Next in order, among the productions in the volume under notice, appears that splendid lyric, entitled *Marco Bozzaris*. We will not so far question the good taste of the reader as to presume that he has not perused this stirring effusion, “time and again ;” but we cannot refrain from offering the first portions of it for renewed admiration. To ourselves, the best test of its merit is the effect which it has upon our feelings. It is like contemplating a distant conflict, in which we have the deepest interest, but are forbidden to take a part. The spirit of liberty *thrills* through every line. We are convinced, while we read with tingling veins, that the writer possesses the true *chivalresque* quality ; and that, occasion serving or demanding, he would be quite ready to distinguish himself, like Körner, not with the lyre merely, but the sword. In truth the very quantity and movement of this noble poem seem instinct with martial ardour. Like the war-horse in Scripture, the author, in his spirit at least, “goeth forth to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him ; the glittering spear and the shield. He saith ha, ha ! among the trumpets ; he heareth the battle afar off ;—the noise of the captains, and the shouting.” Let the reader observe the life-like energy with which the Turk is

awakened from his last gorgeous dream, and hears the death-shots falling around him, like the angry bolts of heaven as they leap from the bosom of an Alpine tempest;—the stern and patriotic command that rings through the sacred air: the tumult that ensues;—the leaden rain—and the harvest of death. We mark some lines in *Italie*, not that we suppose their grandeur and beauty will not be perceived, but to express how especially we appreciate them.

“At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring.
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

“At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suhote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day;
*And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.*

“An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
‘To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!’
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
‘Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!’

“They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,

*And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun."*

The verses in memory of Robert Burns, addressed to a rose brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayreshire, in the autumn of 1822, which follow the lyric from which we have just made an extract, are worthy of any modern pen, whose products are but the synonyms for true inspiration. The author has written in a strain worthy of his subject: his method is simple, fervent, and dear to the heart. He has a Scott-like faculty, we think, of contemplating his theme with a nice severity;—there is a *simplex munditiis* about the objects of his song, sometimes, that really gives them more attraction than the most laboured measures could otherwise impart. The mere sight of a rose, brought across the Atlantic, awakens in his mind a host of happy and pathetic imaginations. He is reminded of the autumn noon when he first detached it from its parent stem, on "the banks of bonnie Doon." He bore it with him across the winter sea; and lo! when it meets his eye in his native country, a multitude of recollections pass, with kaleidoscopic colours, through his mind. We consider this faculty of making one thought provoke a legion of others, as among the highest attributes of human intellect. That our author possesses it to more than the ordinary extent, is undeniable. With him the running brook might indeed furnish forth its volumes; or the mossy stone, half hidden from the eye, fructify into a sermon. This power of his reminds us frequently of the peculiar gifts of the imaginary German, *Teufelsdröckh*, with whom the author of *Sartor Resartus* has caused the English and American reader to be well acquainted. This faculty of making the most evanescent thing in nature a nucleus for profound reflection, is admirably exhibited in the following passage:—"As I rode through the *Schwarzwald*," he writes, "I said to myself: that little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe—is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool; that smithy fire was primarily kindled at the sun; is fed by air, that circulated from before Noah's deluge—from beyond the dog-star; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of immensity." We cannot help comparing the spirit which dictated these sentences, to that which can evoke from a scentless rose, a thousand leagues from the source where it bloomed, a tribute like the one from which the following quotation is offered.

- “ Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind.
- “ Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
 Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
 And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
 The mightiest of the hour;
- “ And lowlier names, whose humble home
 Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
 Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
 From countries near and far;
- “ Pilgrims whose wandering feet have prest
 The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
 Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
 My own green forest-land.
- “ All ask the cottage of his birth,
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung
 And gather feelings not of earth
 His fields and streams among.
- “ They linger by the Doon's low trees,
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr.
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
 The Poet's tomb is there.
- “ But what to them the sculptor's art,
 His funeral column, wreaths, and urns ?—
 Wear they not, graven on the heart,
 The name of Robert Burns ?”

There is a good deal of spirit about the poem of *Wyoming*, and some delicious rural description—but in the abrupt, parenthetical dashes, and vicissitudes of style, which it contains, we recognise a residuum or leaven from *Croaker and Company's* peculiar passion; and we must be permitted to say, that we look upon it as the offspring of bad taste. Every one knows that Campbell's Gertrude was painted *couleur de rose*; yet the fair Wyoming, or the banks of the fair Susquehanna, never came palpably within the scope of his corporeal eye. He looked at them merely, through the glass of his imagination. But we confess we had rather see his heroine as the bard of Hope has painted her, than to scrutinize her proportions, hoeing corn, sans hose and shoon. We do not affect this blending of styles. One at a time is sufficient; and there is an infelicity about the commingling of two or more, at the very best. Abrupt transitions, such as we find in *Don Juan*, are amusing, it is true, but then they are utterly devoid of *dignity*: without which, pathos is a poor gawd, and the virtues, pitiful ministers

to the burlesque. We really think that Mr. Halleck should eschew this propensity henceforth, whenever he writes gravely. Wit he has, and humour, in abundance; but let him not present them in compositions that might move, as with the wand of a prophet, the sacred fountains of sympathy or tears. We are aware of his versatility; but it should be evinced in the *separate*, rather than in the *collected* variety of his performances. *Olla-podridas* of the kind may have told well in Matthews' amusing rehearsals—but they are not defensible in a bard like Halleck.

Passing over the elegiac effusion on the death of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, which is familiar to every admirer of our author, we reach the ensuing lines entitled "Twilight." There is about them a holy music, which rings at the portals of our spiritual ear, like the breathings of some enchanting lute. As we read it, all our visions of the tender and the lovely throng up in glittering array before the eye of reminiscence. We see the sunlight playing again on the vernal landscapes of our early youth; a momentary glimpse is given us of the sheen of waters, that can never flash so blue and bright as in other days; hallowed hours, spell-bound moments, are hurrying by upon the wings of remembrance; and, convening again around us, in sweet communion, the distant and the dead, we go back with rapture to the times when, to our unpractised eyes, there was a newness of lustre in the brave evening firmament, fretted with dazzling fires; and when the mere boon of existence sufficed us, while we could look upon the folded lily, as it rested in humble modesty on the margin of the water-brook, and "rocked to sleep a world of insect life in its golden cradle."¹ These of course were childish affections; and when we come to be men, we put away childish things; but a strain like "Twilight" re-presents them anew.

" TWILIGHT.

- " There is an evening twilight of the heart,
 When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
 And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
 As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
 We gaze upon them as they melt away,
 And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
 But hope is round us with her angel lay,
 Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
 Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.
- " In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
 Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
 Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo
 Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.

¹ Outre-Mer.

Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;
 We knew not, cared not, it was born to die ;
 Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
 With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
 And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
 Like our own sorrows then--as fleeting and as few.

" And manhood felt her sway too--on the eye,
 Half realised, her early dreams burst bright,
 Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
 Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;
 And though at times might lour the thunder storm,
 And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
 Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
 The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
 'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
 Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

" But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
 There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
 That angel smile of tranquil loveliness,
 Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;
 That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
 That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
 Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
 And hushed the last deep beating of the heart ;
 The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
 A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death."

The moral idea of this poem is as charming as its execution. The subject is common enough ; but it is the treatment which gives it unction and acceptance. One naturally loves to contemplate the setting sun, when, after describing one of his long summer-arches, his red forehead plunges adown the west, and gorgeous companies of clouds, "contextured in the loom of heaven," begirt him round, waiting in painted liveries about his royal throne. Heaven seems nearer at hand ; the creeping murmurs of the dark appear preparing to stir from their caverns ; the twilight breeze is lifting its wings from the white crests of the ocean, and poising them for a rush over the interminable inland ; and the crescent moon, with the largest stars burning in her train, hangs herself in the dark depths of heaven, dividing with the farewell light of day that aerial abyss. At an hour like this, we cannot help exclaiming, with the tranquillizing *Glück*—

" Methinks it were no pain to die
 On such an eve, when such a sky
 O'ercanopies the west ;
 To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
 And, like an infant, sink to sleep
 On earth, my mother's breast.

" There's peace and welcome in yon sea
 Of endless, blue tranquillity—
 Those clouds are living things ;

I trace their veins of liquid gold—
 I see them solemnly unfold
 Their soft and fleecy wings.

“ These be the angels, that convey
 Us, weary pilgrims of a day,
 Life's tedious nothings o'er,
 Where neither cares can come, nor woes,
 To vex the genius of repose,
 On death's majestic shore.”

“ The Field of the Grounded Arms, Saratoga,” is a production which has all the spirit, without any of the poetry, of music around or within it. We are surprised that one so accustomed, both by practice and the habitudes of his thought, to harmonious numbers, as Mr. Halleck is, should have written verses like these, which halt so tediously away. Had he treated his theme in blank verse, all would have been well; but as the piece now stands, it is a truly amphibious and hermaphrodite composition. The sentiment is stirring and patriotic; the conceptions, fine; but the construction is a species of *composite order*, whose constituents it would be difficult indeed to explain or trace home. We copy one quotation as an illustration.

“ Stranger! your eyes are on that valley fixed
 Intently as we gaze on vacancy,
 When the mind's wings o'erspread
 The spirit-world of dreams.

We may be prejudiced against this nondescript sort of quantity; but the mode strikes us as very nearly akin to the annexed specimen of a verse which we offer with the aid of an *indiscriminate* memory, from an effusion of Warren, or Day and Martin—a polished press-gang, who are famous for compelling the Nine into their service:

“ Sixpence a pot, we
 Axes for our best jet-
 Blacking; but if you
 Takes back the pot, we
 Makes a deduction.”

The reader will bear in mind that we may not quote the foregoing *verbatim*; but we have preserved the pauses and the system. With respect to structure and motive power, the parallel is almost complete.

It gives us pleasure to continue our course through Mr. Halleck's volume, and to find that a weakened gust for one poem, may be succeeded by the strongest admiration for another. *Red Jacket* is one of those lofty and fervid effusions, that one reads to remember. The author's humorous propensity creeps out in it occasionally; but, as a whole, it is

magnificently done. There is a pathetic under-song in this production, which leaves its echo in the heart. The author has represented Red Jacket very much to the life; though the transatlantic allusions might have been well dispensed with. That noble old chief had a spice of the philosopher about him, which would have done honour to the wisest potentate that ever bent the million to his beck, or swayed a party with his nod. There was a natural grandeur about him, forest-born; the air that circulates over interminable wildernesses, and sweeps in freedom across inland seas, was the vital aliment for which his free nostrils thirsted; the perfume that goes up to the sky from vast reservations, as it went from the flowery tops of Carmel in the olden time, was his chosen element of respiration; the anthem for his ear was the voice of Niagara. We can readily believe that he admired his own untrammelled way of life; revered *Manitou*; and, perhaps, loved the fire-water which drowned the memory of his wrongs. In a part of his tenets, he had wisdom on his side. The man who chooses to run wild in woods, a noble savage, can find many enlightened wights in the purlieus of Christendom to bear him out in his partialities. The dress of Red Jacket, in his primitive condition, was of the simplest kind. He was not in the straitened, tailor-owing condition of many at the present day. "I have thatched myself over," says a modern European writer, perhaps in the predicament just hinted at, "with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the entrails of furred beasts, and walk abroad a moving rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters, raked from the charnel-house of nature." In his best days, Red Jacket had no fancy for integuments like these: and his bard should not have stooped to compare his dress at any time with that of "George the Fourth, at Brighton;" for Halleck is a man who cannot easily conceal from himself the fact that there are noblemen of nature,—and that a drawing-room, whether of the British monarch, or of *le Roi Citoyen*, "is simply a section of infinite space, where so many God-created souls do for the time meet together." But we keep the reader from our quotation.

"Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

"Is beauty?—Thine has with thy youth departed;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not for tears.

- "Is eloquence?—Her spell is thine that reaches
 The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
 And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
 The secret of their mastery—they are short.
- "The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
 The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
 Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding,
 The hearts of millions till they move as one;
- "Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
 The road to death as to a festival;
 And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded
 With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.
- "Who will believe? Not I—for in deceiving
 Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
 I cannot spare the luxury of believing
 That all things beautiful are what they seem.
- "Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
 Would, like the patriarch's, sooth a dying hour,
 With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
 As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;
- "With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
 With motions graceful, as a bird's in air;
 Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
 That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair!
- "That in thy breast there springs a poison fountain,
 Deadlier than that where bathes the Upas tree;
 And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o'-mountain
 Is calm as her babe's sleep, compared with thee!
- "And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
 Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.
- "Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
 Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
 Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;
 Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;
- "Hope—that thy wrongs may be by the Great Spirit
 Remembered and revenged, when thou art gone;
 Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
 Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne!"

We now take our leave of Mr. Halleck, with the expression of a hope that he will not keep his light, which sends its beams so far, under the bushel hereafter. We counsel no neglect of his day-book; but we entreat him not to let his inspiration expire over the entries therein. He must have a good share of leisure after all. Let him not waste it in society; let him bear in mind that, with respect to *his* commodity at least, poetry will sell as well as peltry; that he has a mine of inalienable bullion in his brain, which no pressure can drive away,

no commercial revulsion diminish. The paper in his *escritoire*, if he choose to stain it with poetic notes of hand, will always command a premium. He can serve both Apollo and the Syrian god; and to *him* each will be true. He has written enough to secure that fame hereafter, of which he has already had a not disgraceful foretaste. He has no right to stifle the stirrings of the power within his soul. We speak thus more in reference to his duty to the public than to himself; since in the selfish sense, so far as fame is concerned, he might contemplate his dissolution with composure; assured by the past, that when his death-hour comes, be it soon or late, he will leave behind a name which his countrymen, and the lovers of genius every where, would not willingly let die; and that even now he might enrobe himself in the cere-cloth, and contentedly "take his farewell of the sun."

ART. VII.—*The Life and Services of Commodore William Bainbridge, United States Navy.* By THOMAS HARRIS, M. D., Surgeon, United States Navy. 8vo. Philadelphia: 1837.

The brilliant and perhaps unexpected success which attended our naval conflicts with Great Britain during the war of 1812, rendered the names of the principal commanders familiar as household words throughout the land. Their well-fought battles were at the time hastily chronicled, and soon followed by the various demonstrations of a well-spread and thoroughly popular fame. The mixed emotion of national exultation and gratitude to the victors, sought to express itself in illuminations, public receptions, presentation services of plate, and the various manifestations of that joyousness which sprang up in the bosom of every citizen, from a sense of the honour of his country, and of the exploits of his countrymen. Neither did this feeling appear in mere demonstrations of the more formal and speech-accompanied description—it mingled itself with domestic doings and with household feelings: parents and sponsors borrowed, from the honoured navy-list, names for the little Christians who were brought in those days to the baptismal font. If the rage for multiplying collegiate institutions throughout the country

had been of somewhat earlier date, we doubt not that, with that curious felicity which distinguishes so much of our nomenclature, not a few colleges would have received their titles from names that were renowned upon the quarter-deck. The history of the navy furnished the sign-painter with his theme, and many a faithful Red Lion, and Black Bear, and Rising Sun, were content to yield their places to naval exploits, or naval commanders. The likenesses, or what purported to be such, of the latter, pendent upon the sign-posts of village or road-side taverns, bore the brunt of as many storms as did their originals. We recollect to have seen at a little halting place on the brow of one of the Allegheny ridges, a sign decorated with a likeness of Commodore Bainbridge, as the artist had been so considerate as to interpret it by appending the name: it was unquestionably a rude tribute; but for all that, perched up as it was so far from the element on which the name had been made known, it was fame.

The reputation which the American naval commanders have enjoyed, has, however, been of an indefinite kind. They stand in need, therefore, so far as the accuracy and permanency of their fame are concerned, of careful biography. We are ready to acknowledge that, previously to the perusal of the work before us, our general familiarity with Commodore Bainbridge's name and services had not enabled us to do full justice to the sterling qualities of his character, or accurately to appreciate the extent and value of his services. The care of his memory has fallen into good hands, for his biographer, Dr. Harris, beside full general qualifications for the purpose, brought to the work the additional qualification of personal familiarity with the history of our navy, acquired by long and active service, and a participation in one of its brilliant achievements. For other reasons we were pleased to find Dr. Harris's name associated with such a work as the present; we hail any instance of a professional man of eminence finding, amidst his professional duties, hours enough to be devoted to a literary undertaking. The memoir of Commodore Bainbridge will be found to possess its appropriate biographical interest, and at the same time an incidental value considered in connection with American history.

We were glad to perceive that Dr. Harris has not been disposed to overlook a fundamental principle of biographical composition, which is too often neglected by writers who allow themselves to be tempted from the portraiture of individual character by aspirations for the higher dignity of history.

“Commodore Bainbridge's career in the navy has been nearly contemporaneous with its origin. It has been therefore suggested to the author to annex to his memoir a sketch of the history of the naval policy of the United States, of the events which distinguished the partial hos-

ilities with the French republic, and a more extended account of the various actions with the Barbary powers in the Mediterranean under the command of Commodore Preble and others. The incidents of these brief but eminently successful wars, were considered appropriate subjects for the biography of an individual actively engaged in the one, and personally most interested in the results of the other. It will be seen that the author has ventured to give a cursory view of many of these events: but to have extended his narrative, would have destroyed the individuality of a personal memoir."

Yes, as soon as the individuality of the personal memoir is merged in the record of events, no matter how important they may be, the work may be history, or it may belong to that intermediate species, better known in French than English literature—"Memoires pour servir," &c.; but assuredly it ceases to be biography. It is a grievous error in literature that works purporting to be biographical, should be distinguished for that subordination of individual motives, and passions, and actions, which is the appropriate characteristic of history. The dividing line between them may be so distinctly marked that none need cross it unawares but from wilful or stupid blindness. Writers of history are too often (to use a western world term of greater significancy than beauty) *squatters* on the territory of biography, to the injury of the rightful proprietors, and to the disparagement of their own functions. It is the right of a reader of a work of pure biography to look for a knowledge of personal humanity, and not to have foisted upon him in its stead aggregates and abstractions, by which many a luckless individual has been lost in his own biography. When we look at the past through the medium of biographical composition, we are entitled to be informed what some one being—man or woman—has done or thought or felt—to be informed in what manner the individual, his personal power swaying perhaps the destiny of thousands, has acted upon the age in which he lived, or, if withdrawn more into the seclusion of his own being, how the age has acted upon him. To present it in its most general form, the philosophy of biography is to teach by showing to us how the individual, who may be the subject of it, either has been deepening the shades which hang upon the world, or by the blessed influences of a wise and happy spirit has been adding—no matter in what quantity, or whether in lofty or lowly life—it may be the ray of a planet, or of a beacon, or of

" some gentle taper
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation"—

still something to the light of good thoughts and good deeds, which is a sustaining element of human nature.

The memoir of Commodore Bainbridge has carried our

minds back to several interesting periods of American history ; and after commending Dr. Harris's fidelity and discretion in not allowing himself as a biographer to be tempted too far away to subjects of an historic nature, we unblushingly claim for ourselves, in the notice of the volume, the reviewer's great privilege of digression. We are *ex officio* discursive. The remark, in the passage above quoted from the preface, that Commodore Bainbridge's career in the navy has been nearly contemporaneous with its origin, though true, may, without some slight qualification, leave an unjust impression, inasmuch as it appears wholly to overlook the naval history of the revolutionary war. The maritime affairs of that contest were in many instances brilliant, but they were all of a subordinate character. The naval engagements were of necessity only incidental to the great struggle. A war of independence must be waged upon the land—it is the soil, and not the wave, that will be incarnadined. When the purpose is freedom, the mailed hand of war will be thrust into the casements of men's houses—his blood-stained foot will be in their streets, and over their fields—upon the threshold, and at the hearth. The news of victory or of defeat is not then brought upon the sea-breeze from a distant ocean, for men walk forth to battle from their homes. The navy organized by the old congress was merely temporary in its design ; and, its purposes being accomplished, the remainder of its history is briefly told. The ships which had survived the war were sold, and retired, we presume, like many a veteran, into the placid channels of civil life. When, not many years afterwards, the navy was revived by the first act of congress under the present constitution, which authorized the construction of vessels of war in 1794, its history became continuous. Commodore Bainbridge's first commission as a lieutenant bears date very nearly at the commencement of that era—a period when it was necessary for the country to look to the merchant service for its supply of officers. The professionally educated officer is a luxury of a more advanced season of national existence. In the olden time, a man was officially born to rank, which now-a-days, by the tedious process of promotion, he arrives at only after many years of service, and after much faith, hope, and charity.

William Bainbridge was born in 1774, at Princeton, New Jersey, and at the age of 15, having discovered that his vocation was to be a sailor, he shipped in a merchant vessel at the port of Philadelphia. His worth raised him, while yet in his minority, to the command of the ship in which he made several voyages. The merchant service of the country was at that period dependent upon its own resources for defence and security, and consequently partook of a mixed character of traffic

and of warfare. During one of his voyages, Captain Bainbridge had an opportunity of shadowing forth the future victor of the Java by his courage and skill in a very pretty affair, in which he compelled a British schooner of superior armament to strike her flag, after having commenced the attack upon his ship. We cannot dwell upon this part of Commodore Bainbridge's career longer than to advert to one occurrence which may serve to recall the indignities and oppressions to which the American flag was once subjected by the practice of the British claim of impressment, a subject which, after having been discussed for more than a quarter of a century, and by word, by pen, and by powder, has not yet been definitively settled.

"On a returning voyage from the north of Europe, he was boarded by a lieutenant of a British line of battle ship, who, in accordance with the odious practice of impressment, commanded him to muster his crew, and show his shipping articles: an indignity to which the commanders of all merchant vessels were at that time compelled to submit, rather than by resistance, in most cases necessarily unavailing, expose their vessels and cargo to the danger of capture and condemnation in the British courts of admiralty. The first man examined was Allen McKinsey, who from his name was pronounced a Scotsman. Captain Bainbridge stated to the lieutenant that he was born in the city of Philadelphia, and was his first mate. The boarding officer affected to doubt the truth of this declaration, became very insolent, and when about to seize McKinsey, Captain Bainbridge intimated to him to repair to his cabin, where he would find a sabre and pistols to defend himself.

"The mate quickly availed himself of the intimation, and as he descended the companion-way, boldly declared that he would kill the first man who attempted to force him from the ship. The officer, judging of McKinsey's determined purpose from his manner, prudently refrained from a pursuit. Another young man was then seized and ordered into the barge. Captain Bainbridge remonstrated against this outrage, stating that this man, claimed as a British subject, was a native of the United States, and had a wife and children in Philadelphia. He added, that as his vessel was feebly manned, her safety would be endangered by any diminution of his crew. Finding expostulations of no avail, he told the officer, in a spirited tone, that he would supply the place of this seaman by seizing one out of the first British merchantman he met, provided she was not of superior strength. The lieutenant observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that an American merchant captain would not dare to impress one of his majesty's subjects, and, nodding disdainfully, carried off his victim.

"Five days afterwards Captain Bainbridge fell in with an English armed merchant brig of eight guns and twenty men, which, after preparing for action, he brought to by firing a gun across her bow. He kept the guns of the *Hope* bearing on the brig, while he ordered his first mate to seize and bring on board an able unmarried seaman. This order was promptly, though with some difficulty executed; after which, the English captain was hailed, and informed, 'that he might report, that Captain William Bainbridge had taken one of his majesty's subjects, in retaliation for a seaman taken from the American ship *Hope*,

by Lieutenant Norton, of the *Indefatigable* Razee, commanded by Sir *Edward Pellew*, afterwards the celebrated Lord Exmouth.

"This seaman was allowed full wages, and on his arrival in the United States was regularly paid, discharged, and not dissatisfied with either the service or country into which he had been forced."—p. 21.

Upon this transaction, so far as Captain Bainbridge was concerned, we have a brief comment to make, and that is, to say in the words of an old and pious writer, that his proceeding was "a clear case in sea-divinity." We do not feel called upon to carry it up into any department of transcendental ethics.

Dr. Harris, in a note on the subject of impressment, after referring to some of the negotiations of the American and British governments upon the subject, adds—

"Although the war conferred great benefits on this country, in awakening a proper national spirit—in proving the great importance of a navy as a means of national defence—in showing our ability to repel maritime aggressions, still it failed in compelling Great Britain formally to abandon her offensive claim to her 'right of search.'

"The interests of both nations and the cause of humanity require that the claims of each should be amicably adjusted by a timely negotiation, before events should recur to call into action a practice to which thousands of our citizens have been victims, and which our honour, interest, and sovereignty, will compel us to resist to the last extremity. If the settlement of the *principle* was important in the days of Mr. Jefferson, it is certainly not less so at this time." —*Note*, p. 24.

Although the claim has not, it is true, been *formally* renounced by Great Britain, has not, we would ask, the question been actually and virtually settled? With great respect for the wisdom and ability of the various statesmen by whom this question has been discussed, we hold that the best and most successful negotiation on the subject, because producing most of a result, has been that which, with little regard to the superfluity of courtesy which distinguishes diplomacy, was held upon the open sea. What has been accomplished? It has been shown that the country will deem as adequate cause for war the impressment of her citizens, whether naturalized or native, from her ships. It has been shown, in the second place, that the country can send forth a navy able to compete with the first maritime power in the world. Now what more is needed? Suppose England involved in a European war, the only contingency in which she would have occasion to renew her claim to impress from our vessels; and does it come within the range of reason, that she would seek to gather up a few seamen at the certain cost of multiplying her enemies, and enlarging the sphere of her hostilities? The question was really settled by the reputation which our navy gained during the late war, and is not likely to be disturbed so long as the country is true to itself, and the navy sustains its character. Whenever, by

process of law, permanent allegiance to the country is received from a foreigner, it becomes the right of the country to protect him, for the simplest of all reasons, because it is the duty of the country to protect him. Whether that which constitutes a perfect and absolute right be a fit subject for negotiation, may well be doubted—certainly that which is also a duty cannot be under any circumstances, and it would be humiliating to solicit it by diplomacy.

The fidelity and courage displayed by Captain Bainbridge in the discharge of his commercial trusts, induced the secretary of the navy, in the year 1798, to offer him the commission of lieutenant and commander. On accepting it he was ordered to the command of the schooner *Retaliation*, a prize recently taken from the French; and he sailed upon a cruise in the West Indies, with a small fleet under the command of Commodore Murray. The first of Bainbridge's professional misfortunes befell him during this voyage, his vessel being captured by the French frigate *Insurgent* and carried into Guadaloupe. The *Retaliation* was subsequently restored and the prisoners released, after enduring a severe and cruel confinement. During the period of his detention on the island, the sound sense and manly firmness of Bainbridge were abundantly tested in a sort of semi-diplomatic intercourse with the French governor, Deslourneaux, who wished to secure certain commercial advantages for the port of Guadaloupe alone, and endeavoured, by holding out some private advantages to him, to obtain Lieutenant Bainbridge's co-operation. There is something very pleasing in witnessing the discomfiture of a veteran and artful diplomatist by the intelligence and decision of a candid and unsophisticated negotiator. A naval commander may sometimes find himself in controversies that do not come exactly within his proper professional sphere—cases not anticipated in his instructions, and in which neither chart nor compass will guide him. Not only the honour of the flag, but the rights and interests of individuals may be at stake. The knowledge of some leading principles of international law may be of importance to him, but more than that it is neither necessary nor desirable for him to amass. In such emergencies we would commend a naval officer to his own judgment—to his own sense of justice, and of propriety. But let him not seek to fortify himself by citations from Vattel and Puffendorf and Bynkershoek. It is a sorry sight that—a sailor among his law books! It would be better wisdom for him to hold sweet counsel with the gunner. If his difficulties continue or increase, let him overhaul the armament and practise the crew at the guns. If the question he is called upon to discuss be especially perplexing—if he should find himself more and more involved in the dark—he will be rather more

likely to be illuminated by an old battle-lantern than by poring over the pages of the most learned of the civilians.

In the year 1800, Lieutenant Bainbridge was promoted to the rank of captain. His first voyage after promotion was noted for some incidents of a delicate and mortifying character, which, though resulting solely from the degrading subordination of the country to a barbarian power, were at the same time calculated deeply to wound the feelings of a high-minded and sensitive officer. It is due to the memory of Bainbridge that the events alluded to should be fully and fairly stated, for, with the growing difficulty of realizing the actual state of our maritime weakness at that period, there would arise a disposition to cast censure most unmerited upon his character : —

“ In the month of May, 1800, Captain Bainbridge was ordered to take command of the frigate *George Washington*, for the purpose of carrying the tribute which the United States, by existing treaties, were bound to send annually to the regency of Algiers.

“ After the *George Washington* had arrived at Algiers, in September, and placed the tribute into the hands of the United States consul, an extraordinary request was made of Captain Bainbridge, by the dey, that he would carry his ambassador and presents to Constantinople, in order to conciliate the Grand Seignor, whom he had offended by concluding a treaty of peace with France, at a time when Turkey and her British ally were carrying on a war in Egypt against the French army under Bonaparte. He considered it necessary to make every exertion to appease the anger of the Ottoman Porte, and thus avert the chastisement which he so much dreaded. Captain Bainbridge obtained an interview with the dey, and expressed his regret that he could not comply with his request without violating his orders. The dey intimated to him that he must recollect, the frigate was sufficiently in his power to compel an obedience to his demands. Bainbridge, supported by Richard O'Brien, the American consul, who had been at a former period a prisoner at Algiers, a sagacious and intelligent man, and well acquainted with the policy of this regency, made a spirited remonstrance against this arbitrary procedure, which was so revolting to his feelings, and which violated every principle of national law, which, however, had no effect, as the determined purpose of the relentless barbarian remained unaltered. Anchored under the batteries, escape was impossible, and as vengeance was threatened in case his requisition was further opposed, and as a valuable unprotected trade was in danger, it was thought prudent to yield to his arbitrary demands. Captain Bainbridge has stated, in the subjoined extract of a letter, the reasons which influenced him to pursue this course.

“ “ The Dey of Algiers, soon after my arrival, made a demand that the United States ship, *George Washington*, should carry an ambassador to Constantinople, with presents to the amount of five or six hundred thousand dollars, and upwards of two hundred Turkish passengers. Every effort was made by me to evade this demand, but it availed nothing. The light in which the chief of this regency looks upon the people of the United States, may be inferred from his style of expression. He remarked to me,—You pay me tribute, by which you become my slaves, I have, therefore, a right to order you as I may think proper.

“ “ The unpleasant situation in which I am placed must convince you

that I have no alternative left but compliance, or a renewal of host against our commerce. The loss of the frigate, and the fear of slavery for myself and crew, were the least circumstances to be apprehended; but I knew our valuable commerce in these seas would fall a sacrifice to the corsairs of this power, as we have here no cruisers to protect it. Enclosed is the correspondence between Richard O'Brien, Esq., consul general, and myself, on the subject of the embassy; by which you will see that I had no choice in acting, but was governed by the tyrant within whose power I had fallen.

"I hope I may never again be sent to Algiers with *tribute*, unless I am authorised to deliver it from the mouth of our cannon. I trust that my conduct will be approved of by the president; for, with every desire to act right, it has caused me many unpleasant moments."

"On the eve of sailing, a difference arose on the subject of the flag. The dey insisted that the colours of Algiers should fly at the main, that of the United States should be carried at the fore. This honour, he stated, had been always yielded to him by the English, French, and Spanish commanders, who had been employed by him in similar services.¹ Bainbridge remonstrated in vain, but at length yielded to a demand which he was induced to comply with, for the same reasons which prompted a compliance with the other arbitrary exactions. Having made no pledges on the subject of the flags, he felt himself at liberty to give precedence to 'the star-spangled banner,' as soon as he was without the reach of the guns of the harbour."--pp. 13-16.

The necessity of the case could only have feebly mitigated the bitter feelings occasioned by such constraint imposed upon a commander entrusted with a fine vessel and crew, conscious that the only course which a true sense of duty directed might expose him to malicious and insidious censure. It appears to have been doubtful whether Captain Bainbridge's conduct was at first favourably regarded by the executive. The secretary of state, in a letter to Mr. O'Brien, the American consul at Algiers, dated May 20th, 1801, uses the following language:—

"One subject of equal importance and delicacy still remains. The sending to Constantinople the national ship of war, the *George Washington*, by force, under the Algerine flag, and for such a purpose, has deeply affected the sensibility not only of the president but of the people of the United States. Whatever temporary effects it may have had favourable to our interests, the indignity is of so serious a nature that it is not impossible that it may be deemed necessary, on a fit occasion, to revive the subject. Viewing it in this light, the president wishes that nothing may be said or done by you, that may unnecessarily

¹ In a letter dated Algiers, 8th of March, 1817, addressed to a naval officer in the United States, it is stated that a British frigate was placed at the disposal of Omar, Dey of Algiers, to carry a minister and presents to Constantinople, with a view of conciliating the Ottoman government, which his predecessor had offended. It appears, then, that the dey was correct in stating that services, similar to those rendered by the *George Washington*, had been performed by the vessels of other nations.

preclude the competent authority from animadverting on that transaction in any way that a vindication of the national honour may be thought to prescribe."

Nothing more than a statement of facts is necessary at the present day for the vindication of Captain Bainbridge's conduct in this affair. The truth is, the national indignity which so deeply affected the president and people of the United States, ought to have been looked for somewhat further back, for it might have been found in the humiliating relation in which the country stood to the Algerine regency. What security could there be for the honour of a tribute-bearing frigate? Verily, we think the dey showed himself a good logician:—"You pay me tribute, by which you become my slaves, I have, therefore, a right to order you as I may think proper." The ship was a very good ship to carry tribute from the United States to the Dey of Algiers, and therefore was a very fitting conveyance to be freighted with tribute from the Dey of Algiers to the Grand Seigneur:—which we cannot but regard as a very shrewd piece of reasoning: the real fault consisted in furnishing the premises of the argument.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Dr. Harris has not inserted in the Memoir the letter addressed to Captain Bainbridge by Mr. O'Brien, the American consul, which may be considered as the most complete statement and vindication of the transaction. The letter may be found in the fourth volume of Wait's State Papers, (p. 351,) and we avail ourselves of the opportunity of supplying the omission by introducing it upon our pages:—

Letter from Mr. O'Brien to Captain Bainbridge.

"Sir—Your letter to me of this date I have received and seriously considered its contents, and shall observe, sir, that from the day the United States ship under your command arrived in this port, and to this day it has been generally supposed that the regency would insist that the United States ship should proceed to the Levant on the business—or mission of this regency. On the 18th ult., when you went with me to pay your respects to the dey, after a little Algerine ceremony, the dey said he would want this ship as a favour from the United States, to carry his ambassador and presents to Constantinople, and return on the business to Algiers. I observed to the dey, that the captain or consul had no orders or power, which, in any respects, could justify us in acquiescing in his demand, that without the orders of the United States we could not do any such thing, that having no orders we could make no responsibility, that the captain could not protect his property against the Portuguese or Neapolitans, that your orders were to return to the United States, and by orders you could only defend your ship against French corsairs. The dey did not seem satisfied with these explanations; that shortly after I repeated nearly the same objections on this business to the Algerine prime minister.

"On the 26th ult. the dey sent for me and the British consul, and asked me if I was still determined not to acquiesce in making responsibility and carrying his ambassador and presents. I again repeated all

the arguments which I made use of on the 18th ult. and added, as this vessel belonged to the government of the United States, and we having no fixed peace or treaty with the Italian states, or with the grand sergnor, that this ship and crew would be in a very singular predicament in going to Constantinople on the business of the regency, we having no ambassador or consul at these places. The dey answered, passionately, that these were all excuses, that other nations had rendered Algiers the like favours, but that if the British consul would promise faithfully that a British ship of war would come here and go to the Levant on this mission, that under this consideration he would let the American ship return to her country -- the British consul, John Falcon, Esq. promised and assured the dey, (in my presence,) that as Lord Keith had promised to send a ship of war on this business that said ship might be daily expected. The dey observed, he would wait a few days before he would fully determine, to see if the British ship would arrive.

The dey remained undetermined until the 3d inst. when arrived at Algiers from Mahon, a British ship of war of twenty-four guns, sent by the orders of Lord Keith, intentionally to carry the ambassador and presents of Algiers to Constantinople. This business seemed finished and settled, in order that the British ship of war would proceed on the business. But from the 1th inst. to this date, the dey and ministry, and sundry persons of influence, started many difficulties relative to the mission of the regency going in the British ship, and finally objected to go. When this morning the dey came to town from his country seat, and at ten A. M. sent for me and told me without any alternative, the United States ship should do him the favour to carry his ambassador and presents to Constantinople, that if this favour or demand was not complied with, that he no longer holds to his friendship with the United States.

"On my declaring that I or the captain of the United States ship had no orders and could not justify ourselves to our government to acquiesce, the dey got very angry, and declared that he considered every thing we did say or could say to be excuses not to do him the favour he required, and if this favour was not acquiesced to, he knew what to do, that other nations frequently did it, and he could see no reason or motive which should prevent me, on the part of the United States, acquiescing to the request.

"I again repeated to the dey that I or the captain could make no responsibility on the part of the United States, that we could not think his property safe under the American flag from the capture of his enemies, that the ship sailed dull or heavy, that it was war time, a thousand difficulties might happen. The dey hastily observed that God was great, that all was on his head, that all difficulties would be surmounted.

"I again declared that I or the captain had no orders which would in any respect justify ourselves to acquiesce. The dey said he would justify us, and that the ship should go *per force*, and that we had no alternative but to do him this favour, that his mind and his ministry's were soured against the British, and that on this account he rejected the British ship, and would insist his request should be complied with.

"The dey said he would send his flag to the marine to be hoisted at the mast head of the American ship. I answered I was very sorry on account of his determination, and withdrew; went and explained to the prime minister all that had passed or was said on this business between the dey and me.

"The prime minister observed that the dey's mind was so positively fixed and determined on this affair, that there would be no alternative but to comply, to prevent greater evils, reminding me of several overt

acts of this regency to the consuls of other nations and their affairs, that he had tried to prevent the dey from sending the American ship, that it had no effect.

"At meridian, I and Captain Bainbridge were sent for by the general of marine, when we made use of all those arguments which are heretofore detailed; the general of marine declared that there was no alternative but to comply. After our retuning from the marine half an hour, the general of marine sent to the consular house of the United States to acquaint us that it was the orders of the dey of Algiers, that the flag of Algiers should be hoisted to the main topgallant masthead of the American ship. That we answered all was *per force*, that we were in their power, and the regency of course might do as they had a mind. Shortly after we determined to see the dey, and sent the American dragoman to acquaint the dey that the consul of the United States and commandant of the United States ship demanded an audience.

"At two p. m. we were in the presence of the dey, and stated all those difficulties, and all our former objections; that we had no orders, could not justify ourselves, and could make no responsibility. The dey observed that there was no alternative but to comply; that in doing him this favour he never would forget it on the part of the United States, and that when he did God would forget him; that he would write to the government of the United States on this business of his making this demand, and assured Captain Bainbridge and me that the United States would be highly pleased at the conduct of the consul and commandant in obliging the dey and regency agreeable to the request he made to us as a favour from the United States. We observed to the dey that this was a forced business, that under this idea, and for the safety of his presents, it would be better that his flag should be hoisted at the fore-topgallant masthead than the main. The dey declared he did not well know this business, but that those at the marine knew the custom; he believed it was at the main.

"On this we went to the marine, told the general of the marine that if this United States ship should haul down her pennant, and hoist the Algerine flag at the main, that said ship, agreeable to our laws, was out of commission, and would not be considered as a public ship of the United States, that the Algerine flag would be the same thing at the fore as the main, but to us it made great difference; that by Christian laws the ship would be considered as an Algerine property and not as a ship of the United States; that we made this remonstrance and observation to prevent difficulties; on this explanation the general of marine got into a great passion, swore that the proposition and idea was made as an evasive pretence, that the ships of war of Spain and France and other nations, had acquiesced to hoist the Algerine flag at the main, that it was by the flag being hoisted there that the mission was known and announced at Algiers and Constantinople. I explained to you, sir, that it was the custom, as I have seen and known, that the French and Spanish ships of war, going on the like mission, hoisted at Algiers and Constantinople, the Algerine flag at the main, that at sea he wore his pennant and was more his own master. On this you observed, it being a forced business, that if there was a right to acquiesce to one point, there was no alternative but by the same rule to acquiesce to the other, relative to the flag.

"The general of marine and officers of ditto said if there was not a compliance on this business, agreeable to customs of all nations heretofore, that there no longer existed friendship between this regency and the United States. I observed that I was sorry that the United States

had so much reason to know Algiers, and that Algiers had no reason to know the United States.

"We went on board, the Turkish flag was hoisted at the main of the United States ship, and was saluted with seven guns as customary.

"Painful is the detail, but it contains a narrative of facts. To the truth thereof, witness my hand and seal of office at Algiers, this 9th day of October, 1800.

"I am, sir, very respectfully your most obedient servant,

"RICHARD O'BRIEN."

There is one pleasant interlude in this disagreeable drama, and as it is the only one, it would be hardly fair to pass it by. If the accuracy of discipline be discomposed when a public vessel bears the honoured burden of the family of a minister plenipotentiary, we can readily conceive that there must have been grievous trials of patience, when the *George Washington* sailed freighted with a hundred devout Mussulmans. We can only lament that some one gifted with a happy eye of observation, and a pleasant talent of description, did not make a record of the incidents of the voyage; which would, we fancy, have proved that truth may not only be more strange but more ludicrous than fiction:—

"The *George Washington* sailed from Algiers on the 19th of October, 1800. The winds and weather were unfavourable, and the crowded condition of the ship, with the difficulty of managing the Algerines without using severity, a resort to which would not have been proper, rendered the passage as unpleasant as could be well imagined. The interruptions to the duties of the ship by the frequent devotions of the Mussulmans, proved another source of annoyance. Besides other religious ceremonies, they prayed five times a day, and always with their faces directed towards the Kaaba of Mecca. As the ship frequently tacked while engaged in prayer, they were as often obliged to change their position, and such was their scrupulosity on this point, that one of the number was designated to consult the compass in the binnacle to obtain the precise direction. Such manœuvres never failed to excite the merriment and elicit the gibes of the sailors" p. 46.

It only remains, in connection with this affair, to mention Captain Bainbridge's official reception on his return to the United States:—

"From Alicant, Captain Bainbridge returned to the United States; after which he proceeded to the seat of government, and reported himself in person to the president, detailed to him all the difficulties against which he had to contend, and was gratified to learn from him that his conduct received his approbation, and even commended him for the 'judicious and skilful manner in which he had discharged his duties, while under the pressure of such embarrassing circumstances.'

"The humiliating condition in which Captain Bainbridge was placed, arose out of the feeble policy of our government, in stipulating to purchase an immunity from insult to our citizens, and spoliation on our commerce, by paying an annual tribute to barbarians, whom it could have readily controlled by force. There is no other way of giving complete protection to our citizens, and to our property afloat, than by

the cannon's mouth. Dear-bought experience has proved the utter fallacy of Mr. Jefferson's scheme of preserving peace, by pursuing a pacific and upright policy towards all nations. The point is now settled, however, that nothing less than an exhibition of force, and a willingness to exercise it, can maintain, unimpaired, our national rights and dignity." p. 60.

In 1803 Captain Bainbridge was ordered to the command of the frigate *Philadelphia*, to cruise in the Mediterranean for the purpose of making prizes of the vessels of the 'Tripolitans, the Bashaw of Tripoli having recently declared war against the United States. After cruising with some success, he experienced the most severe calamity of his professional life--the stranding and capture of his ship, which was followed by a cruel and protracted imprisonment of the officers and crew in the dungeons of Tripoli. The disaster is well narrated in his official letter :

"TRIPOLI, November the 1st, 1803.

"On Monday, October the thirty-first, at nine o'clock, A. M., being about six or seven leagues to the eastward of Tripoli, with the wind from the east, discovered a sail in shore. Immediately made sail in chase, and about ten, being within random shot, and perceiving she was armed, began firing into her from the first and second division of the larboard side.

"The chase and fire were continued until half-past eleven, during which time the deep-sea and hand lead were kept constantly going, with regular soundings from seven to ten fathoms; hauling off and on accordingly. At this time, it appearing evident that we could neither run the chase on shore, nor cut her off from the harbour of Tripoli, then distant about three or four miles, orders were given to drop the foresail, which had been brailed up a little before, port the helm, give up the chase, and haul off shore; but instead of deepening our water, as we had every reason to expect from the preceding circumstances of the chase, and from the form of the coast, it suddenly shoaled from eight to seven, and six and a half fathoms. The helm was instantly ordered hard-a-port, and the yards sharp braced; but scarcely was the order issued, before the ship struck, and ran on a reef of rocks, until there was not above fourteen feet water under her fore-channels; her draft, before striking, being eighteen and a half feet aft, and her velocity between seven and eight knots. The sails were laid a-back, and the forward guns run aft, in hopes of backing her off, which not producing the desired effect, orders were given to stave the water in the hold, and pump it out, throw overboard the lumber and heavy articles of every kind, cut away the anchors except the larboard bower, and throw over all the guns, except a few for our defence against the enemy's gun-boats, which, by this time, had taken a station on our larboard quarter, and commenced firing upon us. These orders were executed with alacrity and despatch, while the fire of the gun-boats was returned with spirit from the few guns which were brought to bear upon them. Owing to the situation of the ship and position of the enemy, only a few carronades and the stern chasers could be used; for which purpose the stern was cut away. During these defensive operations, the ship drove higher on the rocks, and careened so much, as to render the guns almost entirely unmanageable, and at half-past six she fell over on her broadside. As a last resource, the foremast and main-topgallant-mast were cut away, but without any

beneficial effect, and the ship remained a perfect wreck, exposed to the constant fire of the gun-boats, which could not be returned.

"A council of officers was called, who declared that every possible means had been used, that ingenuity could devise, to get the ship off, and that there was no longer any possible hope of saving her. To strike to any foe was mortifying, but to yield to an uncivilized, barbarous enemy, who were objects of contempt, was humiliating. To lay as a target for them to fire at, and by a vain parade of unavailing courage, wantonly sacrifice the lives of brave men, was cruel, and could not be justified on any principle of war or humanity. After mature deliberation, having been exposed for more than five hours to the fire of the gun-boats, it was unanimously agreed that the only alternative was to haul down the colours and surrender, after having thrown overboard all the small arms, floated the magazine, and scuttled the ship.

"At four o'clock the flag was struck, and, immediately after, the ship was surrounded with the enemy's gun-boats, and other small craft. Our clothing was all packed up, and hopes were entertained of preserving them; but about sunset, possession was taken of the frigate, when she was entered at every port, and an indiscriminate plunder took place. The swords, epaulets, watches, pocket trinkets, money, and almost every rag of clothing, were taken from the officers; even the cravats round their necks, and outside garments.

"We landed about ten o'clock near the bashaw's castle, into which we were conducted, escorted by numerous guards, and finally entered his audience hall, where he was seated in his chair of state, surrounded by his divan and guards, all richly dressed, where we were presented to him as his captives.

"After numerous questions on the subject of our capture, we were conducted to another apartment, where a supper was provided for us. About twelve o'clock at night, we were carried back to the hall and dismissed, in charge of the minister of state, Sidî Mohammed Dghers, who marched us through the town, to the late American consul's house, which was assigned us as our temporary prison." pp. 80--82.

A letter to his wife presents, in a very agreeable light, the character of Bainbridge disencumbered of all official formality, and we are, therefore, the better pleased to quote it as a free expression of his feelings.

"TRIPOLI, November 1st, 1803.

"My dear Susan,—With feelings of distress which I cannot describe, I have to inform you that I have lost the beautiful frigate which was placed under my command, by running her a-foul of rocks, a few miles to the east of this harbour, which are not marked in the charts. After defending her as long as a ray of hope remained, I was obliged to surrender, and am now with my officers and crew confined in a prison in this place. I enclose to you a copy of my official letter to the secretary of the navy, from which you will learn all the circumstances in detail, connected with our capture.

"My anxiety and affliction does not arise from my confinement and deprivations in prison—these, indeed, I could bear if ten times more severe; but is caused by my absence, which may be a protracted one, from my dearly beloved Susan; and an apprehension, which constantly haunts me, that I may be censured by my countrymen. These impressions, which are seldom absent from my mind, act as a corroding canker at my heart. So maddened am I sometimes by the workings of my imagi-

nation, that I cannot refrain from exclaiming that it would have been a merciful dispensation of Providence if my head had been shot off by the enemy, while our vessel lay rolling on the rocks.

"You now see, my beloved wife, the cause of my distress—my situation in prison is entirely supportable. I have found here kind and generous friends, such as I hope the virtuous will meet in all situations; but if my professional character be blotched—if an attempt be made to taint my honour—if I am censured, if it does not kill me, it would at least deprive me of the power of looking any of my race in the face, always excepting, however, my young, kind, and sympathizing wife. If the world desert me, I am sure to find a welcome in her arms—in her affection, to receive the support and condolence which none others can give.

"I cannot tell why I am so oppressed with apprehension. I am sure I acted according to my best judgment. My officers tell me that my conduct was faultless—that no one indeed could have done better; but this I attribute (perhaps in my weakness) to a generous wish on their part to sustain me in my affliction.

"I hope soon to hear that your health is good, and, although grieved at my misfortune, are yet surrounded by dear and condoling friends, who will, in some measure, assuage your affliction. Perhaps, too, you will be able to tell me that I have done injustice to my countrymen—that, so far from censuring, they sympathize, and some even applaud me. God grant that this may be the case—and why should it not? The Americans are generous as they are brave. I must stop, my dear wife, for I see I am disclosing my weakness—these are the mere reveries which daily pass through my heated brain.

"I beg that you will not suppose our imprisonment is attended with suffering; on the contrary, it is, as I have already assured you, quite a supportable state.

"Your ever faithful and affectionate husband,

"WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

"MRS. SUSAN BAINBRIDGE. Perth Amboy."

The details of the captivity would occupy too much of our limits: we cannot, however, take leave of the subject without advertng to some circumstances which, for the honour of human nature, it is delightful to dwell upon. The prisoners were not abandoned to their own fortitude and mutual cheering to bear up under the weary sufferings of a captivity in a heathen citadel. They found friends from whom they received a most affectionate solicitude—a feeling springing in one instance from the sympathy of Christianity, and in another from the native sympathy of humanity. The Danish consul, Mr. Nissen, a man of most active and fearless benevolence, proved, during their captivity, his invaluable friendship, and rendered to them services which congress was afterwards well employed in acknowledging by a vote of thanks. The heart of the other friend of the captive sailors beat, where they could have least expected it, beneath a Moorish garb: a truer and more Christian charity could not have been manifested than by the kindness of one of the Tripolitan ministers of state, Sidi Mohammed Dghais, who anxiously sought every occasion to

alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners—pledged the life of his son for the sanctity of Bainbridge's parole of honour—and at length, by his statesmanlike decision, brought the captivity to its termination.¹

Captain Bainbridge's mind was not inactive while he was immured in the dungeons of Tripoli, where he conceived a project for the destruction of his captured frigate, which, by the agency of his friend, the benevolent Dane, he communicated to Commodore Preble. The accomplishment of the plan by Decatur was one of the most intrepid and distinguished exploits upon our naval annals, and the weight of some weary hours of a cruel captivity was probably lightened by the reflection that the captive was able by the suggestion still to render good service to his country. Captain Bainbridge took occasion also to indicate to Commodore Preble a plan for the bombardment of Tripoli, which was effected in a manner well calculated to reduce the bashaw to terms of peace. The government had adopted a wiser policy than sending ships as bearers of tribute. The letters from Commodore Preble to Captain Bainbridge, during this period, afford conclusive evidence at once of the admirable conduct of the latter in the season of his adversity, and of the generous and kindly spirit of the former, who has left the memory of one of the most accomplished and gallant officers of our early navy.

The officers and crew of the Philadelphia, after enduring a captivity protracted to upwards of nineteen months, were set at liberty, and the first use of their recovered freedom displayed a fine trait of the seaman's character—that strange compound of the stormy tongue and the weather-beaten brow with a melting tenderness of heart. The expiration of a nineteen months' captivity furnished the sailors with a superabundance of happiness, which sailor-like they proceeded at once to disburse like the accumulated pay of a three years' service.

“During the captivity of our countrymen, and some months previously to the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the imprisoned sailors and marines informed Captain Bainbridge by letter, that one of their keepers, a Neapolitan, had treated them with great humanity and kindness, and that they were desirous of reciprocating the favours which he had so generously bestowed upon them. This keeper being a slave and anxious, like themselves, to be liberated, they requested their commander to authorize the purser to advance from the pay then due to

¹ We have recently observed a notice of the death of this estimable individual, Sidi Mohammed Dgheis, at Smyrna. After having filled some important stations under the Ottoman government, he was occupied during the latter years of his life in the discharge of some editorial functions, and left behind him the memory of his friendship to the American captives.

them, the sum of seven hundred dollars, the amount demanded for his freedom. So soon as they were informed that peace was concluded, their application was renewed, and, in obedience to their wishes, the money advanced them by the purser; the benevolent slave was redeemed from bondage, and conveyed in safety to his native country in one of our national vessels. When our sailors and their freedman separated at Naples, a poignancy of feeling was exhibited which would have done honour to those who move in more elevated walks in life, and who pretend to more refinement of sentiment." p. 126.

During a furlough which had been granted to him, Captain Bainbridge returned to the merchant service, and was in the city of St. Petersburg, entrusted with an important mercantile negotiation, when he received intelligence in 1811 of the threatening difficulties between the United States and Great Britain. By a desperate journey in the depth of winter, he travelled from the north of Europe, and, without a day's heedless delay, embarked for the United States to report himself for active service, which he was enabled to do in the early part of 1812.

That the government should not, previously to the late war, have felt that confidence in the naval arm of national defence, which was established by the success of that contest, is not surprising. We were aware that when Captain Hull sailed on his cruise in the *Constitution*, the letter of instructions which he received from the navy department was of the most caution-teaching description. The remarkable stress laid upon the jeopardy of bringing his ship into action, would, we think, have justified that gallant officer to his superiors, if, when he encountered the *Guerriere* in all the untamed pride of the British navy, he had rebelled upon the sailing rather than the fighting qualities of "*Old Ironsides*." The secretary of the navy obviously never anticipated that our favourite frigate would win her well-known title—he would have been quite content if she had returned into port as "*Old Swiftsure*." The extent of the timidity which prevailed in the councils of the national executive is, however, more strongly developed by a fact brought to light in the present memoir, for we do not recollect to have seen it elsewhere recorded.

"After remaining in Washington a few weeks, during the deliberation of congress on the subject of a declaration of war against Great Britain, he was ordered to the command of the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Before leaving the seat of government, he learned with infinite regret and mortification, that in a cabinet council it was determined that our vessels of war should be placed in ordinary!! as it was deemed unwise to jeopard our few frigates and sloops of war in a contest with the gigantic navy of our enemy. Captain Bainbridge consulted Captain Charles Stewart, who was also then in Washington, on the propriety of remonstrating against this measure. They accordingly drew up a letter to the secretary of the navy, which both signed, stating,

in forcible language, that such a course would have a most chilling and unhappy effect on the spirit of our officers. The effect on the people of the United States would be an unwillingness hereafter to support the expense of a navy which had been thus pronounced useless during a period of national peril. They further stated, that our vessels, by sailing singly, might materially injure the commerce of the enemy, and that, in any conflict with an equal force, they were very sure the result would redound to the honour of our navy. If we were even to *lose* some of our vessels of war, it would be better to do so than that they should be ingloriously laid up in harbour while other branches of the service were gallantly contending in the field. From the high discipline of our navy, and from the eagerness of our officers and crews for the contest, they felt perfectly assured that if our vessels did not prove invariably triumphant, they would certainly never disgrace themselves or the nation. This letter had its effect—our men of war were permitted to cruise, and the result has shown the truth of their predictions.

“Commodore Stewart happened to be in the navy department at Washington, when Midshipman Hamilton arrived as bearer of despatches from Commodore Decatur, commanding the frigate United States, with the flag of the Macedonian, which he had captured.

“After the usual congratulations occasioned by the news of the third victory, gained in a few months over the enemy, Mr. Hamilton, then secretary of the navy, remarked, ‘We are indebted to Bainbridge and yourself for these flags and victories. Had it not been for your strong remonstrance, not a vessel of war belonging to the government would have left its anchorage.’ pp. 131–136.

There is a story as old as the “*Fæcilia*” of that Grecian Joe Miller, Hierocles, of the wisdom of a fond mother, who forbade her son to venture into water before he knew how to swim. The government of the United States was very near giving, upon a large scale, another instance of the same sort of sagacity, and was, it appears, only saved from playing the old woman by the spirited remonstrance referred to in the quotation. The untoward loss of that document, which was destroyed in the conflagration of the navy department in 1811, is much to be deplored for the lustre it would reflect on the memory of a deceased officer, and on the honour of the survivor. Each of them, and in the same honoured ship, most gloriously redeemed the pledge which was implied, if not expressed, in their remonstrance. It was Commodore Stewart’s peculiar fortune, by the engagement between the *Constitution* and the *Cyane* and *Levant*, which resulted in the capture of two British sloops of war, to elevate the reputation of the service not only for courage, but for nautical talent and ability, and, at the same time, to establish an important principle in naval tactics. The capture of the *Java* by the *Constitution* gave to Commodore Bainbridge the renown of one of the leading victories of the war. Our space does not allow us to dwell upon the details of it, and we can only remark that the battle was not better fought than the victory was nobly used. It was a conflict which served to show that, contrary to the opinion of a significant

old writer,¹ a sea-victory may have as much honour as one achieved by land, and that the laurel got at sea has as lively a verdure as that which is gained on shore.

It is in excellent taste that Dr. Harris has given in the memoir great prominence to the personal intercourse between Commodore Bainbridge and those whom the fortune of war placed in his power. The description of it is an admirable relief to the narrative of hostilities, and especially at the present day, when the animosities of the war have given place to the kindly and true feeling which is mutually cultivated by the two countries, is it pleasing to pass from estimates of killed and wounded to interchanges of the humanities of life. The strong personal esteem and even affection entertained for Commodore Bainbridge by his prisoners of war did great honour to his character.

During the latter part of the war Commodore Bainbridge was in command of the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, when it was supposed that a strong land and naval force was preparing at Halifax and Bermuda for the destruction of the principal sea-ports in New England. In assuming the defence of the naval station of Boston, his best abilities were put in requisition, and his judgment and decision severely tested by the unfortunate want of harmony between the general and state governments. Immediately responsible for the defence of the station and the national property committed to him, he was solicitous to effect such a co-operation with the state forces as to ensure the safety of the neighbouring towns and harbour.

¹ "Surely, generally sea-fights are more bloody than those on the land, especially since gunnes came up, whose shot betwixt wind and water (like those wounds so often mentioned in the Scripture under the fifth rib) is commonly observed mortall. Yea, farre harder is it for a ship, when arrested and ingaged in a battel, to cleare itself, than for souldiers by land to save themselves by flight. Here neither his own two nor his horses fourie legges can bestead any; but like accidents they must perish with their subjects, and sink with their ship."

"And then why is a sea victorie less honour, being more dangerous than one atchieved by land? Is it because the sea service is not so generall, nor so full of varieties, and the mysteries thereof sooner learned? or because in sea fights fortune may seem to be a deeper sharer and valour not so much interested? Whatsoever it is, the laurell purchased on land hath a more lively verdure than that which is got at sea."—*Fuller's "Holy Warre."*

Had old Fuller forgotten how the early British naval service savoured of piracy in the nostrils of some of Queen Elizabeth's proud courtiers? Is not the explanation simply this, that the disposition to disparage the naval character and achievements was a remnant of chivalry, which had recognised no other test of the goodness of a cause, or the stoutness of a heart, than the single combat—hand to hand fighting—accompanied with all that pomp and ceremony, which could have been attempted at best but awkwardly upon the high seas?

A reluctance on the part of the state authorities to accede to the only measures which a sense of duty allowed Commodore Bainbridge to recommend or to sanction, threatened, after several unsuccessful conferences, a permanent division in their plans. A public call was at length made on the citizens of Boston to assemble for the purpose of adopting such measures as the crisis demanded. Commodore Bainbridge was induced, by the friendship subsisting between them, to address a letter to the honourable Harrison Gray Otis, explanatory of the preparatory measures of defence which he deemed necessary, and soliciting him to advocate their adoption at the public meeting. The appeal to the patriotism of that distinguished citizen was not in vain, and the consequent adoption of the plans of defence may be considered as having led to the abandonment of the designs of the enemy.

Commodore Bainbridge continued in active service, with the exception of some few intervals, until ill health compelled him, a short time previously to his death, to resign his command. His usefulness in time of peace was manifested by the suggestion of various important naval improvements, and his unceasing activity in the promotion of the discipline of the service. At a late period of Commodore Bainbridge's career, we encounter a circumstance, which, in closing this notice of Dr. Harris's interesting volume, we would gladly pass over as painful, because discreditable to the government. We refer to a controversy with the secretary of the navy in 1831. A claim for the usual compensation for extra services having been presented by Commodore Bainbridge, was referred to the fourth auditor, by whom it was rejected. Justly indignant at the refusal of a claim which had been allowed under every administration for nearly forty years, Commodore Bainbridge gave expression to that feeling in a letter addressed to the secretary of the navy, which could not however be construed into disrespect towards any one but the fourth auditor in question, Mr. Kendall. In a few days he was informed by the head of the department that he was superseded in his command of the Philadelphia station, without any statement of the reasons for the removal. Such an affair, unimportant as it is in many respects, may serve to show an ebb in the tide of official feeling. That the head of one of the executive departments should deem it better to sacrifice a valuable and distinguished officer for the purpose of fostering the growing power of one of his own subordinates, was one of the circumstances which indicated that the government of the country had passed into different hands from those which had directed it for a series of years. Without any acquaintance with the technical principles of the auditor's decision, we cannot avoid regarding it as a stroke of that muse-

able policy which would consider a few dollars well saved by the abatement of an equitable and long-sanctioned usage, and at the expense of the feelings of an honoured veteran. We do not pretend to disguise our suspicions of that system of political tactics which ignorantly mistakes or wilfully represents the devices of a paltry and ill-judged parsimony for a plan of praiseworthy and honourable economy. After all it will be the office of some future impartial historian to scrutinize not only the leading principles of policy, but the minute practice of every administration, and we do not aspire to anticipate the judgment. It may be found that there is a mock righteousness which strains at gnats and swallows camels. It may be found that petty savings are sometimes proclaimed from the housetop, while the treasure is stolen out from the vault. It may be found that vain babblings and boastings of economy are the artifices to withdraw attention from wholesale extravagance, and profligate and visionary schemes of finance. It may be found that, at some period of our national existence, the people have entrusted their interests to guardians whom the historian will not be able better to describe than in the phrase of the old adage, that they were "penny wise and pound foolish."

The extracts which we have had occasion to make from this volume may serve as favourable specimens of Dr. Harris's style as a biographer. His chief aim, as stated in the preface, was "to draw a plain and faithful narrative of the prominent events of the life of Commodore Bainbridge." The work is composed in an unassuming style, which is in perfect accordance with the author's intention, and has also the merit of leaving upon the mind of the reader a very distinct impression of the character of the subject of the Memoir. The volume closes with the following portraiture, which bears all the marks of exact fidelity, and, while occasionally manifesting some symptoms of professional trains of thought, is indicative of the biographer's long familiarity with his topic, and his ability to do it justice:—

"Commodore Bainbridge was about six feet in stature, and had a finely modelled and masculine frame, which enabled him to endure almost any degree of fatigue. His complexion was rather fair—his beard dark and strong—his eyes black, animated, and expressive. His deportment was commanding—his dress always neat and genteel, and though his temperament was ardent and sometimes impetuous he could qualify it with the greatest courtesy and with the most attractive amenity.

"The daring and commanding spirit, which was equal to every emergency, enabled him to meet any movement of difficulty with more than ordinary confidence. He was courageous, but not rash, and had the power to inspire every one around him with the same feeling. He had, besides, a degree of energy and moral elevation about him, which caused him to seek rather than to avoid responsibility. When roused he was somewhat fierce and vehement; but, like a summer cloud, the excitement would soon pass away, and all would be calmness and mildness.

"Among young officers, Commodore Bainbridge was considered a model, or the beau ideal of an accomplished commander. As a disciplinarian he was rigid; in the early part of his career, perhaps a little too much so. The error was not an uncommon one among young commanders, and arose from over zeal, which, however, is almost invariably corrected by reflection and the advance of years. In a conversation with him regarding the system of terror which once prevailed in the public ships, both of the United States and Great Britain, he remarked, that it was the fault of youthful ardour, and rejoiced that he had lived to alter and to assist in changing the former practice. He added, on the same occasion, that it was perfectly idle to hope to maintain proper discipline on board a *man of war* without occasional flogging; but at the same time he knew from experience that its frequency could and had been greatly diminished. In many cases, no doubt, poor Jack will derive more advantage from an address to his reason than to his back.

"He was exceedingly careful of the health of his crew and would cheerfully and promptly adopt any sound suggestion from the medical officer of the ship, that would contribute to this end. He was always particularly anxious to protect his men from unnecessary labour, and those harassing duties which always create dissatisfaction, without accomplishing an equivalent good.

"The writer has heard him remark, that in fleets men are worned and exhausted by a spirit of rivalry which is encouraged among the crews of the different ships. He has seen men so exhausted and heated by a violent effort at the capstan in weighing anchor, that in a cold climate it has proved the exciting cause of catarrh, and in a warm one of fever. He was, therefore, in the practice of directing his officers to allow the crew to work in moderation, unless imperious circumstances demanded an opposite course.

"He was so remarkable for his industry that he never seemed disposed to excuse idleness in others. His mornings were usually occupied in his cabin in reading or writing, except when called to the deck on duty, or for exercise.

"He was always hospitable, and did the duties of the table with an unaffected grace; several of his young officers, according to the good old sociable custom, dined with him almost every day.

"He conciliated the esteem of almost every one with whom he associated, and seldom, if ever, lost it. He may have had enemies, as few men of decided characters are without them, yet certainly no one had more or warmer friends.

"Commodore Bainbridge thought soundly and rapidly on most subjects, but often experienced some difficulty in expressing himself, particularly when speaking in that tone of vehemence in which he sometimes indulged. He would occasionally lose his equanimity of temper, nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the countless annoyances to which a commander at sea is exposed.

'Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?'

"He never, however, lost sight of the perfect gentleman; if he deemed it necessary to reprove an officer, however strong the provocation, he would relieve him from duty, invite him into his cabin, and say to him privately whatever he deemed the nature of the offence demanded.

"Commodore Bainbridge did not make a public profession of religion, but he always entertained a profound veneration for it, and expressed a deep disgust towards those who treated this sacred subject slightly.

"His excellent widow has informed the writer that she never knew him to retire to rest, without first offering up a fervent prayer to his God. During his last illness he frequently called on his nephew, the Rev. John McLean, to pray for and with him.

"For a few years before his death, his sufferings became so severe that he was obliged to take opium, ether, and other antispasmodics, to such an extent as to seriously affect his nervous system. So great was the alteration in the mind and character of this long admired officer, that his friends observed the change with regret and disquietude. The dashing, warm-hearted, generous, chivalric commander of former times, became garrulous, irritable, and in a great degree withdrew from the society of which he had been long the life and ornament.

"The firmest minds and sweetest dispositions, are not exempt from this fate, when the nervous system becomes the seat of disease. Bolingbroke correctly remarked, that 'the greatest hero is nothing when under a certain state of the nerves; his mind becomes like a fine ring of bells, jangled and out of tune.'" pp. 215—18.

In concluding this article, we should not omit noticing the brief appendix which Dr. Harris has annexed to the Memoir for the purpose of placing in a true light an interesting point of civil as well as naval history. In Professor Tucker's Life of Jefferson the question has been started relative to the opinions of the first three presidents on the policy of providing and sustaining a navy. After referring to Mr. Jefferson's opinions, which upon this as upon many other topics fluctuated at different periods of his life, his biographer has ventured to advance the singular assumption that President Washington was hostile to the establishment of a navy, "his cautious character preventing him from being a zealous advocate of it." There is abundant evidence to the contrary in well-known state papers, and we are glad that, the Memoir of Bainbridge following so soon after Professor Tucker's Life of Jefferson, Dr. Harris has availed himself of the opportunity of giving a prompt and satisfactory correction of the error, and of showing that President Washington was not only a decided but a *consistent* advocate of the navy.

ART. VIII.—*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land.* By an American. With a map and engravings. 2 vols. New York: 1837.

This delightful book came too late to hand to enable us to devote to it so elaborate an examination as its merits demand. We have merely time and space for an abstract of its contents, most of which we shall present in the words of the author. It is especially pleasing to us, (though no one could rise from its perusal without great satisfaction,) as it is the work of an American. This circumstance gives a tinge to all his thoughts and views, which is entirely in harmony with one's prepossessions and feelings. American remarks upon the customs and manners of either Asia or Africa, are generally more agreeable than when elicited by knicker European subjects. In the latter case, there is apt to be too much of politics intermingled --and opposition to the institutions and ways of Europe is prone to degenerate into a sweeping radicalism which is any thing but pleasing. The two larger continents are more likely to be visited for what they have been than for what they are --we regard them as the cradle of the human race, and of arts and science, and the occupants of their soil as mere tenants or guardians of the precious relics which old Time has handed down to us. In gazing upon their venerable ruins, the actual inhabitants of the country are overlooked; or, if regarded, the contrast is so striking, the diversity so entire, that, though *in* the land, they may well be considered as not *of* the land; and weigh scarcely at all in the estimate we form of the empire we are surveying. Probably they serve to make more interesting, from their very strangeness, the remains of by gone ages.

Egypt and Palestine have of late years been rendered very familiar by the works of eminent tourists. The pyramids, the wonders of Thebes, and the deeply interesting localities of the Holy Land, have been laid open to us with every desirable minuteness. Arabia Petraea, however, particularly the famous land of Edom, has never been so amply and entirely, and in so graphic and homely a manner, developed as in these sketches of one of our own countrymen. Messrs. Legh and Banks, and Captains Irby and Mangles, subsequently to the distinguished Burekhardt, have introduced us to many of the wonders of this doomed region --and the late magnificent work of MM. Laborde and Linant has contributed more than any other production to their full exposition. The travels of an American, however, penetrated more thoroughly into the hidden and mysterious confines of Idumea than even those of these last named illustrious tourists --and we confess that we prefer to have the tale

from one of ourselves--developing, as it does, the tastes and ideas which belong to ourselves, and affixing to circumstances and objects the same estimate which we should doubtless have done, if there. There is a freshness about the observations of our author, and enough of simplicity and of enthusiasm, too, to make them very acceptable. He travelled with feelings alive to all the impressions derivable from fine scenery, and the deep emotion consequent upon the presence of the remains of the most remote antiquity. He is nothing of the pedant, and antiquity, therefore, does not prove tiresome in his hands. He is a believer, too, in revelation, and, therefore, the great charm which invests those countries loses none of its interest in his examination of them. They stand forth on his pages, as they are in fact, eternal monuments of the truth and constancy of God.

Over the spots made sacred by the wanderings and doings of God's chosen people, and still more hallowed by the immediate presence of the Deity, Mr. Stevens travelled with his Bible in his hand. It was his best guide-book; for while it led him from place to place, it served also to set before him, in all their awful and fearful reality, the fulfilment of the dread prophecies delivered in the olden time by the holy servants of Jehovah. Not a rock, nor a stream, nor a town, which did not bear its testimony, mute indeed, though more convincing than any eloquence, to the truth of their predictions. He journeyed amid the tombs of the past: but they were living testimonials to the dread certainty of God's wrathful warnings.

We shall endeavour to impart to our readers some of the pleasure which we have ourselves enjoyed in perusing these volumes, and, in doing so, will follow our author through the course of his journey. The most striking passages we shall cull as we go along.

In the month of December, 1835, Mr. Stevens arrived at Alexandria, and after a short stay departed for Cairo. His voyage so far up the "famous river" is pleasantly told, and his arrival is thus stated:

"The next morning at seven o'clock we were alongside the island of Rhoda, as the Arab boatmen called it, where the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe and found the little Moses. We crossed over in a small boat to Boulac, the harbour of Cairo, breakfasted with Mr. J—, the brother-in-law of my friend, an engineer in the pacha's service, whose interesting wife is the only English lady there, and mounting a donkey, in half an hour I was within the walls of Grand Cairo. The traveller who goes there with the reminiscences of Arabian tales hanging about him, will no where see the Cairo of the califs; but before arriving there he will have seen a curious and striking spectacle. He will have seen, streaming from the gate among loaded camels and dromedaries, the dashing Turk with his glittering sabre, the wily Greek, the grave Armenian, and the despised Jew, with their long silk robes, their turbans,

their solemn beards, and various and striking costumes; he will have seen the harem of more than one rich Turk, eight or ten women on horseback, completely enveloped in large black silk wrappers, perfectly hiding face and person, and preceded by that abomination of the East, a black eunuch; the miserable santon—the Arab saint, with a few scanty rags on his breast and shoulders, the rest of his body perfectly naked; the swarthy Bedouin of the desert, the haughty janizary, with a cocked gun in his hand, dashing furiously through the crowd, and perhaps bearing some bloody mandate of his royal master; and perhaps he will have seen and blushed for his own image, in the person of some beggarly Italian refugee. Entering the gate, guarded by Arab soldiers in a bastard European uniform, he will cross a large square filled with officers and soldiers, surrounded by what are called palaces, but seeing nothing that can interest him, save the house in which the gallant Kleber, the hero of many a bloody field, died ingloriously by the hands of an assassin. Crossing this square, he will plunge into the narrow streets of Cairo. Winding his doubtful and perilous way among tottering and ruined houses, jostled by camels, dromedaries, horses, and donkeys, perhaps he will draw up against a wall, and, thinking of plague, hold his breath, and screw himself into nothing, while he allows a corpse to pass, followed by a long train of howling women, dressed in black with masks over their faces; and entering the large wooden gate which shuts in the Frank quarter, for protection against any sudden burst of popular fury, and seating himself in a miserable Italian locanda, he will ask himself, Where is the ‘Cairo of the califs, the superb town, the holy city, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile?’

He of course paid a visit to the famous pacha, Mohammed Aly, and as but few Americans have ever had the honour of a friendly chat with that notorious personage, we shall extract what our countryman says of his conference.

“While standing upon the balcony, a janizary came to tell us that the pacha would receive us, or, in other words, that we must come to the pacha. The audience chamber was a very large room, with a high ceiling—perhaps eighty feet long and thirty high—with arabesque paintings on the wall, and a divan all around. The pacha was sitting near one corner at the extreme end, and had a long and full view of every one who approached him. I too had the same advantage, and in walking up I remarked him as a man about sixty five, with a long and very white beard, strong features, of a somewhat vulgar cast, a short nose, red face, and rough skin, with an uncommonly fine dark eye, expressing a world of determination and energy. He wore a large turban and a long silk robe, and was smoking a long pipe with an amber mouth piece. Altogether, he looked the Turk much better than his nominal master, the sultan.

“His dragoman, Nubar Bey, was there, and presented me. The pacha took his pipe from his mouth, motioned me to take a seat at his right hand on the divan, and with a courteous manner said I was welcome to Egypt. I told him he would soon have to welcome half the world there; he asked me why; and without meaning to flatter the old Turk, I answered that every body had a great curiosity to visit that interesting country; that heretofore it had been very difficult to get there, and dangerous to travel in when there; but now the facilities of access were greatly increased, and travelling in Egypt had become so safe

under his government, that strangers would soon come with as much confidence as they feel while travelling in Europe; and I had no doubt there would be many Americans among them. He took his pipe from his mouth and bowed. I sipped my coffee with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which, for the first time, I had played the courtier to royalty. Knowing his passion for new things, I went on, and told him that he ought to continue his good works, and introduce on the Nile a steamboat from Alexandria to Cairo. He took the pipe from his mouth again, and in the tone of 'Let there be light, and there was light,' said he had ordered a couple. I knew he was fibbing, and I afterward heard from those through whom he transacted all his business in Europe, that he had never given any such order. Considering that a steamboat was an appropriate weapon in the hands of an American, I followed up my blow by telling him that I had just seen mentioned in a European paper, a project to run steamboats from New York to Liverpool in twelve or fourteen days. He asked me the distance; I told him, and he said nothing and smoked on. He knew America, and particularly from a circumstance which, I afterward found, had done wonders in giving her a name and character in the East, the visit of Commodore Patterson in the ship *Delaware*. So far I had taken decidedly the lead in the conversation; but the constant repetition of 'Son Altesse,' by the dragoman, began to remind me that I was in the presence of royalty, and that it was my duty to speak only when I was spoken to. I waited to give him a chance, and the first question he asked me was, as to the rate of speed of the steamboats on our rivers. Remembering an old, crazy, five or six mile an hour boat that I had seen in Alexandria, I was afraid to tell him the whole truth, lest he should not believe me, and did not venture to go higher than fifteen miles an hour; and even then he looked as Ilderim may be supposed to have looked when the Knight of the Leopard told him of having crossed over a lake like the Dead Sea without wetting his horse's hoofs. I have no doubt, if he ever thought of me afterward, it was as the lying American; and, just at this moment, the party of English coming in, I rose and took my leave. Gibbon says 'When Persia was governed by the descendants of Sels, a race of princes whose wanton cruelty often stained their divan, their table, and their bed, with the blood of their favourites, there is a saying recorded of a young nobleman, that he never departed from the sultan's presence without satisfying himself whether his head was still on his shoulders.' It was in somewhat of the same spirit that, in passing, one of the Englishmen whispered to me, 'Are you sure of your legs?'

"During my interview with the pacha, although my conversation and attention were directed towards him, I could not help remarking particularly his dragoman, Nubar Bey. He was an Armenian, perhaps a year or two over thirty, with an olive complexion, and a countenance like marble. He stood up before us, about half way between the pacha and me, his calm eye finely contrasted with the roving and unsettled glances of the pacha, a perfect picture of indifference, standing like a mere machine to translate words, without seeming to comprehend or take the least interest in their import; and though I had been particularly recommended to him, he did not give me a single glance to intimate that he had ever seen me before, or cared ever to see me again. He was an ambitious man, and was evidently acting, and acted well, a part suited to an Eastern court; the part necessary in his responsible and dangerous position, as the depositary of important secrets of government. He was in high favour with the pacha, and when I left was in a

fair way of attaining any honour at which his ambitious spirit might aim. On my return to Alexandria, four months after, he was dead." pp. 38—42.

On the first of January, 1836, he left Cairo, and commenced his course up the Nile in a boat he had hired for the occasion. The travellers had a strong head wind to contend against, and made but little progress. After much labour they succeeded, by the eighth of the month, in reaching Minyeh. It was the season of Ramadan, when, as our readers know, for thirty days, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the followers of the prophet are forbidden to eat, drink, smoke, or take a bath. This last luxury our countryman was determined to enjoy.

"My first enquiry was for a bath. It would not be heated or lighted up till eight o'clock; at eight o'clock I went, and was surprised to find it so large and comfortable. I was not long surprised, however, for I found that no sooner was the sacred prohibition removed, than the Turks and Arabs began to pour in in throngs; they came without any respect of persons—the haughty Turk with his pipe-bearing slave, and the poor Arab boatman; in short, every one who could raise a few paras.

"It was certainly not a very select company, nor over clean, and probably very few Europeans would have stood the thing as I did. My boatmen were all there. They were my servants, said the rais, and were bound to follow me every where. As I was a Frank, and, as such, expected to pay ten times as much as any one else, I had the best place in the bath, at the head of the great reservoir of hot water. My white skin made me a marked object among the swarthy figures lying around me; and half a dozen of the operatives, lank, bony fellows, and perfectly naked, came up and claimed me. They settled it among themselves, however, and gave the preference to a dried up old man, more than sixty, a perfect living skeleton, who had been more than forty years a scrubber in the bath. He took me through the first process of rubbing with the glove and brush; and having thrown over me a copious ablution of warm water, left me to recover at leisure. I lay on the marble that formed the border of the reservoir, only two or three inches above the surface of the water, into which I put my hand and found it excessively hot; but the old man, satisfied with his exertion in rubbing me, sat on the edge of the reservoir, with his feet and legs hanging in the water, with every appearance of satisfaction. Presently he slid off into the water, and sinking up to his chin, remained so a moment, drew a long breath, and seemed to look around him with a feeling of comfort. I had hardly raised myself on my elbow to look at this phenomenon, before a fine brawny fellow, who had been lying for some time torpid by my side, rose slowly, slid off like a turtle, and continued sinking until he too had immersed himself up to his chin. I expressed to him my astonishment at his ability to endure such heat, but he told me that he was a boatman, had been ten days coming up from Cairo, and was almost frozen, and his only regret was that the water was not much hotter. He had hardly answered me before another and another followed, till all the dark naked figures around me had vanished. By the fitful glimmering of the little lamps, all that I could see was a parcel of shaved heads on the surface of the water, at rest, or turning slowly and quietly as on pivots. Most of them seemed to be enjoying it with an air of quiet dreamy satisfaction; but the man with whom I had spoken first,

seemed to be carried beyond the bounds of Mussulman gravity. It operated upon him like a good dinner; it made him loquacious, and he urged me to come in, say, he even became frolicsome; and, making a heavy surge, threw a large body of the water over the marble on which I was lying. I almost screamed, and started up as if melted lead had been poured upon me; even while standing up, it seemed to blister the soles of my feet, and I was obliged to keep up a dancing movement, changing as fast as I could, to the astonishment of the dozing bathers, and the utter consternation of my would-be friend. Roused too much to relapse into the quiet luxury of perspiration, I went into another apartment, of a cooler temperature, where, after remaining in a bath of moderately warm water, I was wrapped up in hot cloth and towels, and conducted into the great chamber. Here I selected a couch, and, throwing myself upon it, gave myself up to the operators, who now took charge of me, and well did they sustain the high reputation of a Turkish bath: my arms were gently laid upon my breast, where the knee of a powerful man pressed upon them; my joints were cracked and pulled—back, arms, the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, all visited in succession. I had been shampooed at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Cairo: but who would have thought of being carried to the seventh heaven at the little town of Minch? The men who had me in hand were perfect amateurs, enthusiasts, worthy of rubbing the hide of the sultan himself; and the pipe and coffee that followed were worthy too of that same mighty seigneur. The large room was dimly lighted, and turn which way I would, there was a naked body, apparently without a soul, lying torpid, and turned and tumbled at will by a couple of workmen. I had had some fears of the plague; and Paul, though he felt his fears gradually dispelled by the soothing process which he underwent also, to the last continued to keep particularly clear of touching any of them; but I left the bath a different man; all my moral as well as physical strength was roused. I no longer drooped or locked back; and, though the wind was still blowing a hurricane in my teeth, I was bent upon Thebes and the Cataracts." Vol. I. pp. 74—77.

He proceeded up the Nile—in due course, visited Thebes, the Quarries, the Cataracts—which, by the by, he found much less remarkable than they are generally represented to be—and the splendid temple of Philæ. At Thebes, he had made acquaintance with two gentlemen, travellers like himself; and meeting them again farther up the river, and having previously received some civilities at their hands, he invited them to dine with him on board of his boat, inconsiderately it appeared, as his stores were found to be too scanty for such an invitation. How he got out of the scrape we will let himself narrate—merely premising that he had a servant, Paul, an invaluable fellow, who was his constant and faithful companion in all his labours.

"After giving the invitation, I held a council with Paul, who told me that the thing was impossible, and with a prudence worthy of Caleb Balderstone, expressed his wonder that I had not worked an invitation out of them. I told him, however, that the thing was settled, and dine with me they must. My housekeeping had never been very extravagant, and macaroni, rice, and fowl had been my standing dishes. Paul

was pertinacious in raising objections, but I told him peremptorily there was no escape; that he must buy a cow or camel, if necessary, and left him scratching his head, and pondering over the task before him.

"In the hurried business of the day, I had entirely forgotten Paul and his perplexities. Once only, I remember, with a commendable prudence, I tried to get my companions to expend some of their force upon dried dates and Nubian bread, which they as majestically declined, that they might do justice to me. Returning now, at the end of nine hours' hard work, crossing rivers, and rambling among ruins, the sharp exercise, and the grating of my teeth at the stubborn movements of my donkey, gave me an extraordinary voracity, and dinner, the all-important, never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, the delight alike of the ploughman and philosopher, dinner, with its uncertain goodness, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. My companions felt the vibrations of the same chord, and, with an unnecessary degree of enmity, talked of the effect of air and exercise in sharpening the appetite, and the glorious satisfaction after a day's work of sitting down to a good dinner. I had perfect confidence in Paul's zeal and ability, but I began to have some misgivings. I felt a hungry devil within me, that roared as if he would never be satisfied. I looked at my companions, and heard them talk, and as I followed their humour with an hysterical laugh, I thought the genius of *famine* was at my heels, in the shape of two hungry Englishmen. I trembled for Paul, but the first glimpse I caught of him reassured me. He sat with his arms folded, on the deck of the boat, coolly, though with an air of conscious importance, looking out for us. Slowly and with dignity he came to assist us from our accursed asses; neither a smile nor frown was on his face, but there reigned an expression that you could not mistake. Reader, you have seen the countenance of a good man lighted up with the consciousness of having done a good action; even so was Paul's. I could read in his face a consciousness of having acted well his part. One might almost have dined on it. It said, as plainly as face could speak, one, two, three, four, five courses, and a dessert, or, as they say at the two-fine restaurants in Paris, *Quatre plats, une demi-bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion*.

"In fact, the worthy butler of Ravenswood could not have stood in the hall of his master in the days of its glory, before thunder broke china and soured buttermilk, with more sober and conscious dignity than did Paul stand on the deck of my boat to receive us. A load was removed from my heart. I knew that my credit was saved, and I led the way with a proud step to my little cabin. Still I asked no questions, and made no apologies. I simply told my companions we were in Paul's hands, and he would do with us as seemed to him good. Another board had been added to my table, and my towel had been washed and dried during the day, and now lay, clean and of a rather reddish white, doing the duty of a table-cloth. I noticed two tumblers, knives and forks, and plates, which were strangers to me, but I said nothing; we seated ourselves and waited, nor did we wait long; soon we saw Paul coming towards us, staggering under the weight of his burden, the savoury odour of which preceded him. He entered and laid before us an Irish stew. Reader, did you ever eat an Irish stew? Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget that paragon of dishes; how often in the desert, among the mountains of Sinai, in the Holy Land, rambling along the valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the shores of the Dead Sea, how often has that Irish stew risen before me to tease and tantalize me, and haunt me with the memory of departed joys! The potato is a vegetable that does not grow in Egypt. I had not tasted one for more than a month, and was almost startled out of

my propriety at seeing them; but I held my peace, and was as solemn and dignified as Paul himself. Without much ceremony we threw ourselves with one accord upon the stew. I think I only do our party justice, when I say that few of those famished gentlemen from whose emerald isle it takes its name, could have shown more affection for the national dish. For my own part, as I did not know what was coming next, if any thing, I felt loth to part with it. My companions were knowing ones, and seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and, without any consultation, all appeared to be approaching the same end, to wit, the end of the stew. With the empty dish before him, demonstrative to Paul that so far we were perfectly satisfied with what he had done, that worthy purveyor came forward with an increase of dignity to change our plates. I now saw that something more was coming. I had suspected from the beginning that Paul was in the mutton line, and involuntarily murmured, 'this day a sheep has died;' and presently on came another cut of the murdered innocent, in cutlets accompanied by fried potatoes. Then came boiled mutton and boiled potatoes, and then roast mutton and roast potatoes, and then came a macaroni paté. I thought this was going to damn the whole; until this, I had considered the dinner as something extraordinary and rechereché. But the macaroni, the thing of at least six days in the week, utterly disconcerted me. I tried to give Paul a wink to keep it back, but on he came; if he had followed with a chicken, I verily believe I should have thrown it at his head. But my friends were unflinching and uncompromising. They were determined to stand by Paul to the last, and we laid in the macaroni paté with as much vigour as if we had not already eaten a sheep. Paul wound us up and packed us down with pancakes. I never knew a man that did not like pancakes, or who could not eat them even at the tail of a mighty dinner. And now, feeling that happy sensation of fullness which puts a man above kings, princes, or pachas, we lighted our long pipes and smoked. Our stomachs were full and our hearts were open. Talk of mutual sympathy, of congenial spirits, of similarity of tastes, and all that. 'Tis the dinner which unlocks the heart; you feel yourself warming towards the man that has dined with you. The parts of the several animals which you have forcibly separated seem drawing together, and carrying you with them. It was in this happy spirit that we lay, like warriors resting on our arms, and talked over the particulars of our battle.

"And now, all dignity put aside, and all restraint removed, and thinking my friends might have recognised acquaintances among the things at the table which were strangers to me, and thinking, too, that I stood on a pinnacle, that come what might I could not fall, I led the way in speculating upon the manner in which Paul had served us. The ice once broken, my friends solved many of the mysteries, by claiming this, that, and the other, as part of their furniture and stores. In fact, they were going on most unscrupulously, making it somewhat doubtful whether I had furnished any thing for my own dinner, and I called in Paul. But that functionary had no desire to be questioned; he hemmed, and hawed, and dodged about; but I told him to make a clean heart of it, and then it came out, but it was like drawing teeth, that he had been on a regular foraging expedition among their stores. The potatoes with which he had made such a flourish, were part of a very small stock furnished them by a friend, as a luxury not to be had on the Nile; and instead of the acknowledgments which I expected to receive on account of my dinner, my friends congratulated me rather ironically upon possessing such a treasure of a steward. We sat together till a late hour; were grave, gay, laughing, and lachrymose, by turns; and when we

began to doze over our pipes, betook ourselves to slumber." Vol. I. pp. 131—140.

At the site of the ancient Memphis he remained a short time, in order to visit some of the pyramids in the neighbourhood. One was particularly worthy of notice--that in which the sacred bird, Ibis, was deposited when dead. He succeeded in finding it, and gives an interesting account of his visit.

He takes his leave of Egypt with this reflection upon one of the prophecies :

"It is now more than three thousand years since the curse went forth against the Land of Egypt. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arabian, the Georgian, the Cossack, and the Ottoman Turk, have successively trodden it down and trampled upon it; for thirty centuries the foot of a stranger has been upon the necks of her inhabitants; and in bidding farewell to this once favoured land, now lying in the most abject degradation and misery, groaning under the non rod of a tyrant and a stranger, I cannot help recurring to the inspired words, the doom of prophecy: 'It shall be the basest of the kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt.'" Vol. I. p. 204.

Having determined then to journey towards the East, and to visit Mount Sinai and Edom, and passing through that country to traverse, also, the Holy Land, he made an arrangement with an Arabian sheik to conduct him safely on his way. His party started at the same time with the great caravan of the Mussulmans which sets out yearly from Cairo upon a pilgrimage which every devout follower of the prophet must, at least once in his life, make to his tomb. This caravan consists of more than thirty thousand pilgrims gathered from the distant Caspian, the extreme end of Persia, and the confines of Africa, and assembling at Cairo as a central point, winds its dreary way through the sands of the Desert. Fifty days is the ordinary length of the journey. The departure of the caravan, our author says, was well worth seeing :

"Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult, and confusion, the strifes and battles of these pilgrim-travellers. If I had met them in the Desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain, thirty thousand people, with probably twenty thousand camels and dromedaries, men, women, and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass, that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert.

"It is a vulgar prejudice, the belief that women are not admitted into the heaven of Mahomed. It is true that the cunning prophet, in order

not to disturb the joyful serenity with which his followers look forward to their promised heaven, has not given to woman any fixed position there, and the pious Mussulman, although blessed with the lawful complement of four wives, is not bound to see among his seventy-two black-eyed hounies the faces of his companions upon earth; but the women are not utterly cast out; they are deemed to have souls and entitled to a heaven of their own; and it may be, too, that their visions of futurity are not less bright, for that there is a mystery to be unravelled beyond the grave, and they are not doomed to eternal companionship with their earthly lords. In the wildest, rudest scene where woman appears at all, there is a sweet and undefinable charm; and their appearance among the pilgrims, the care with which they shrouded themselves from every eye, their long thick veils, and their tents of four-post beds with curtains of red silk, fastened down all around, and seemed on the high backs of camels, were the most striking objects in the caravan. Next to them in interest were the miserable figures of the marabouts, santons, or Arab saints, having only a scanty covering of rags over their shoulders, and the rest of their bodies completely naked, yet strutting about as if clothed in purple and fine luen; and setting off utterly destitute of every thing, for a journey of months across the Desert, safely trusting to that open-handed charity which forms so conspicuous an item in the list of Mussulman virtues. But the object of universal interest was the great box containing the presents and decorations for the tomb of the prophet. The camel which bears this sacred burden is adorned with banners and rich housings, is watched and tended with pious care, and when his journey is ended, no meaner load can touch his back; he has filled the measure of a camel's glory, and lives and dies respected by all good Mussulmans." Vol. I. pp. 14--16.

He again speaks of it after arriving at the Red Sea:

"The scene itself did not sustain the high and holy character of a pilgrimage. As I said before, all were abominably filthy; some were sitting around a great dish of pilau, thrusting their hands in it up to the knuckles, squeezing the boiled rice, and throwing back their heads as they crammed the huge morsel down their throats; others packing up their merchandise, or carrying water-skins, or whetting their sabres; others wrangling for a few paras; and in one place was an Arab butcher, bare-legged and naked from the waist upward, with his hands, breast, and face smeared with blood, leaning over the body of a slaughtered camel, brandishing an axe, and chopping off huge pieces of meat for the surrounding pilgrims. A little off from the shore a large party were embarking on board a small boat, to go down to their vessel, which was lying at the mouth of the harbour; they were wading up to their middle, every one with something on his shoulders or above his head. Thirty or forty had already got on board, and as many more were trying to do the same; but the boat was already full. A loud wrangling commenced, succeeded by clenching, throttling, splashing in the water, and running to the shore. I saw bright swords gleaming in the air, heard the ominous click of a pistol, and in one moment more, blood would have been shed, but for a Turkish aga, who had been watching the scene from the governor's balcony, and now dashing in among them with a huge silver-headed mace, and laying about him right and left, brought the turbulent pilgrims to a condition more suited to their sacred character." Vol. I. pp. 238, 239.

Before starting from Cairo it was necessary to see the

governor to procure a letter to the Governor of Akaba, and his visit for that purpose subjected him to a sight of the horrible punishment of the bastinado. The description is painfully accurate :

"I accordingly sent Paul with my little caravan to wait for me at the tombs of the califs, and, attended by the consul's janizary, rode up to the citadel, and stopped at the door of the governor's palace. The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one bastinadoed. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and tying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks ; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand ; all noise ceased ; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him : the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of thunder ; the agony of suspense was over, and without a word or a look he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared ; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee joint, so as to present the sole in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in a horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the mean time two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cowskin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by the preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving himself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer ; I broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and every thing else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping ; but the janizary followed close at my heels, and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him and the governor and the whole nation of Turks to the lower regions ; but it was all-important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency, than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on

his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clenched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor bastinadoed wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned hombly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; and had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that miserable and poor and degraded as he was, he yet had friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away." Vol. 1. pp. 219-22.

The point where the regular road to Mecca, which has been adopted for years by the pilgrims, reaches the Red Sea is, according to the best authority, the very spot where the children of Israel crossed, when pursued by Pharaoh.

The allusion to this topic by the author is very happy; but we have not space for its insertion.

Mount Sinai has been often described -and the account given by our author falls nothing short of any we have ever seen. He well remarks, that however the identity of other spots celebrated in holy writ may be disputed, of Sinai there can be no doubt. One look is sufficient to satisfy the skeptic.

His reception and treatment by the monks were grateful to him personally, and particularly so as their kindness was partly induced by the fact of his being an American.

On his passage through the Desert with his own caravan, after leaving the large body which pursued its course to Mecca, our traveller and his party, bending their way towards the mountains of Edom, came in sight of a woman whom, as the only agreeable looking person they had seen for some time, they followed with the intention of overtaking her. It brought them in contact with a specimen of the old patriarchal race which recalled the days of the father of the faithful:

"The woman whom he had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when

overtaken by Toulah, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose neck, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal; and now I would fain prolong the illusion of this pastoral scene; to stop at the door of an Arab's tent, and partake with him of a lamb or kid prepared by his hospitable hands, all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which nature gave us, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but the details were such as to destroy for ever all its poetry, and take away all relish for patriarchal feasts. While we were taking coffee the lamb lay bleating in our ears as if conscious of its coming fate, and this was not particularly gratifying. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose and laid his hand upon the victim; the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head and another the hind leg; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

I was the guest of the evening, and had no reason to complain of the civility of my entertainer; for, with the air of a well-bred host, and an epicure to boot, he drew from the burning coals one of the damtiest pieces, about a yard and a half in length, and rolling one end between the palms of his hands to a tapering point, broke off about a foot and handed it to me. Now I was by no means damty. I could live upon the coarsest fare, and all the little luxuries of tables, knives and forks, were of very little moment in my estimation. I was prepared to go full length in this patriarchal feast. But my indifference was not proof against the convivial elegancies of my Bedouin companions; and as I saw yard after yard disappear, like long strings of macaron, down their capacious throats, I was cured of all poetical associations and my appetite together.

“In the tent of the Arabian patriarch, woman, the pride, the ornament, and the charm of domestic life, is the mere household drudge. In vain may one listen for her light footsteps, or look to find her by the side of her natural lord, giving a richer charm to the hospitality he is extending to a stranger. It would repay one for much of the toil and monotony of a journey in the desert, if, when by chance he found himself at a Bedouin tent, he could be greeted by her sunny smile. Dark and swarthy as she is, and poor and ignorant, it would pay the traveller for many a weary hour, to receive his welcome from the lips of an Arabian girl. But this the customs of the tribes forbid. When the stranger approaches, the woman retires; and so completely is she accustomed to this seclusion, that, however closely he may watch, he can never catch her even peeping at him from behind a screen, or partition of the tent; curiosity, which in civilized life is so universally imputed to the daughters of Eve, seems entirely unknown to the sex in this wild region. Nor is this the worst of her lot. Even when alone the wife of the Bedouin is not regarded as his equal; the holy companionship of wedded life has between them no existence. Even when no guest is present, she never eats with him.

I have seen the father and sons sit down together, and when they had withdrawn from the tent, the mother and daughters came in to what was left. Away then, with all dreams of superior happiness in this more primitive condition of society. Captivating as is the wild idea of roving abroad at will, unlettered by the restraints of law, or of conventional observances, the meanest tenant of a log hut in our western prairies has sources of happiness which the wandering Arab can never know. A spirit of perfect weariness and dissatisfaction with the world might drive a man to the desert, and after having fallen into the indolent and mere animal habits of savage life, he might find it difficult to return to the wholesome restraints and duties of society; but I am satisfied that it is sheer affectation or ignorance, in which a member of the civilized family sighs, or pretends to sigh, for the imagined delights of an untired freedom. For my own part, I had long been satisfied of this truth, and did not need the cumulative evidence of my visit to the Bedouin's tent. He would have had me sleep under its shelter; but I knew that in all the Bedouin tents there were multitudes of enemies to rest—creatures that murder sleep—and I preferred the solitude of my own.

“One word as to the hospitality of the Arabs. I had read beautiful descriptions of its manifestation, and in some way or other had gathered up the notion that the Bedouin would be offended by an offer to reward his hospitality with a price; but, feeling naturally anxious not to make a blunder on either side of a question so delicate, I applied to my guide Toualeb for information on the subject. His answer was brief and explicit. He said there was no obligation to give or pay, it being the custom of the Bedouin (among friendly tribes) to ask the wayfaring man into his tent, give him food and shelter, and send him on his way in the morning; that I could give or not, as I pleased; but that if I had not, the hospitable host would wish his lamb alive again; and from the exceeding satisfaction with which that estimable person received my parting gift, I am sure that in this instance, at least, I did better in taking Toualeb's knowledge of his people for my guide, than I should have done by acting upon what I had read in books. It may be that if I had gone among them poor and friendless, I should have been received in the same manner, and nothing would have been expected or received from me; but I am inclined to think, from what I saw afterwards, that in such case the lamb would have been spared for a longer term of existence, and the hospitality confined to a dip into the dish and a mat at the door of the tent.” Vol II. pp. 16—21.

The entrance into the borders of Edom might well excite the interest of the traveller. A cursory examination of some of the prophecies would suggest a fear that the very attempt to pass through the country was braving the prohibition, and inviting the vengeance of the Deity. No such feeling indeed influenced our countryman, and an attentive consideration of the prophetic writings prompted no such strict construction. He therefore prepared to pass through the land:—

“I had now crossed the borders of Edom. Standing near the shore of the Elanitic branch of the Red Sea, the doomed and accursed land lay stretched out before me, the theatre of awful prophecies and their more awful fulfilment; given to Esau as being of the fatness of the earth, but now a barren waste, a picture of death, an eternal monument of the wrath of an offended God, and a fearful witness to the truth of the

words spoken by his prophets. 'For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment.' 'From generation to generation it shall be waste, none shall pass through it for ever and ever.' But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also, and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow, the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate. Seek ye out the book of the Lord, and read: no one of them shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line: they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein.' Isaiah xxxiv.

I read in the prophetical and curse upon curse against the very land on which I stood. I was about to journey through the land, and to see with my own eyes whether the Almighty had stayed his uplifted arm, or whether his sword had indeed come down 'upon Idumea and the people of his curse to judgment.' I have before referred to Keith on the Prophecies, where, in illustrating the fulfilment of the prophecies against Idumea, 'none shall pass through it for ever and ever,' after referring to the singular fact that the great caravan routes existing in the days of David and Solomon, and under the Roman empire, are now completely broken up, and that the great hadj routes to Mecca from Damascus and Cairo, lie along the borders of Idumea, barely touching at and not passing through it, he proves by abundant references that to this day no traveller has ever passed through the land.

"The Bedouins who roam over the land of Idumea have been described by travellers as the worst of their race. 'The Arabs about Akaba,' says Pococke, 'are a very bad people and notorious robbers, and are at war with all others.' Mr. Joliffe alludes to it as one of the wildest and most dangerous divisions of Arabia; and Burckhardt says, 'that for the first time he had ever felt fear during his travels in the desert, and his route was the most dangerous he had ever travelled,' that he had 'nothing with him that could attract the notice or excite the cupidity of the Bedouins,' and was 'even stripped of some rags that covered his wounded ankles.' Messrs. Leigh and Banks, and Captains Irby and Mangles, were told that the Arabs of Wady Moussa, the tribe which formed my escort, 'were a most savage and treacherous race, and that they would use their Frank's blood for a medicine;' and they learned on the spot that 'upwards of thirty pilgrims from Barbary had been murdered at Petra the preceding year, by the men of Wady Moussa;' and they speak of the opposition and obstruction from the Bedouins as resembling the case of the Israelites under Moses, when Edom refused to give them passage through his country. None of these had passed through it, and unless the two Englishmen and Italian, before referred to, succeeded in their attempt, when I pitched my tent on the borders of Edom no traveller had ever done so."

"Standing near the shore of this northern extremity of the Red Sea, I

saw before me an immense sandy valley, which, without the aid of geological science, to the eye of common observation and reason, had once been the bottom of a sea, or the bed of a river. This dreary valley, extending far beyond the reach of the eye, had been partly explored by Burkhardt; sufficiently to ascertain and mention it in the latest geography of the country, as the great valley of El Ghor, extending from the shores of the Euxine gulf to the southern extremity of the Lake Asphaltites or the Dead Sea; and it was manifest by landmarks of nature's own providing, that over that sandy plain those seas had once mingled their waters, or, perhaps more probably, that before the cities of the plain had been consumed by brimstone and fire, and Sodom and Gomorrah covered by a pestilential lake, the Jordan had here rolled its waters. The valley varied from eight to twelve miles in breadth, and on each side were high, dark, and barren mountains, bounding it like a wall. On the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Sen - the portion given to Esau as an inheritance; and among them, buried from the eyes of strangers, the approach to it known only to the wandering Bedouins, was the ancient capital of his kingdom, the excavated city of Petra, the curd and blighted Edom of the Edomites. The land of Edumaea lay before me, in barrenness and desolation; no trees grew in the valley, and no verdure on the mountain-tops. All was bare, dreary, and desolate." Vol. II. 11-19.

Nothing but the small space left to us prevents our extracting the whole of the fourth chapter of the second volume. It is devoted to Petra, and is full of intensely interesting details. We shall give a part of it, referring the reader to the book itself for the whole:

"Petra, the excavated city, the long lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and, through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, 'the father of Edom;' that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king 'reigned over Israel;' and we recognise it from the earliest ages, as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Anaziah, the king of Judea, 'slew of Edom in the valley of Salt ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war.' Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the 'King of Arabia' issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the Temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and, until its discovery by Burkhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins its very site was unknown.

"And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words,

this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock, and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

"Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of tone practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, and saw the mountain-sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial-places of a people long since passed away; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple, I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished descriptions of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the shiek had told me, in the most positive manner, that there was no other entrance, and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burkhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and been suffered to remain but a very short time. Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby and Mangles had been opposed by hundreds of Bedouins, who swore 'that they should never enter their territory nor drink of their waters,' and 'that they would shoot them like dogs, if they attempted it.' And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the shiek had told me, were never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and, when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments at a distance he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions. I again asked the shiek for the other entrance, and he again told me there was none; but I

could not believe him, and set out to look for it myself; and although in my search I had already seen enough abundantly to repay me for all my difficulties in getting there, I could not be content without finding this desired avenue.

“ In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra, of which more hereafter, I saw a narrow opening in the rocks, exactly corresponding with my conception of the object for which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream at the mouth of the opening, and set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my follower, and continued to advance more than a mile. I was beyond all peradventure in the great entrance I was seeking. There could not be two such, and I should have gone on to the extreme end of the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the further use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any further; and, in fact, turned about himself. I was anxious to proceed, but I did not like wading up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate. While I was hesitating, another of my men came running up the ravine, and shortly after him Paul and the shiek, breathless with haste, and crying in low gutturals, ‘ El Arab! El Arab!’—The Arabs! the Arabs! This was enough for me. I had heard so much of El Arab that I had become nervous. It was like the cry of Delilah in the ears of the sleeping Sampson. ‘ The Philistines be upon thee.’ At the other end of the ravine was an encampment of the El Alouins; and the shiek, having due regard to my communication about money matters, had shunned this entrance to avoid bringing upon me this horde of tribute gatherers for a participation in the spoils. Without any disposition to explore farther, I turned towards the city; and it was now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.

“ For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy, were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the façade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveller, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple of Petra. Even in coming upon it, as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse

of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterwards, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb facade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple—neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

"The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form part of the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere point, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks, five or six hundred feet in height." Vol. II. pp. 65–72.

An entertaining account of a visit to the tomb of Aaron upon Mount Hor, we are compelled to omit.

The approach to the Holy Land over the same road and through the very spot which the Israelites, so many centuries since, traversed, each one hallowed by some act of divine agency, and bearing the clearest testimony to the truth of the scriptural narrative, is replete with interest of the deepest and warmest kind. Mr. S. reached Palestine through Idumea; though he was unable to visit the southern shore of the Dead Sea, the journey being, in his circumstances, altogether impracticable. He turned off, therefore, to the left, towards Hebron, and visited it and every other town of note in Palestine.

The places of Palestine being comparatively familiar to our readers, we shall not dwell upon this portion of the book. Upon but one concluding topic we shall say a word—the Dead Sea.

This mysterious lake has been thoroughly explored, so far as is known and believed, but by two Europeans—one an illiterate sailor; the other an enthusiastic traveller, an Irish gentleman, who died upon its shores after having made its fearful circuit. His story has died with him, and the world has lost what cannot be easily supplied. The ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah lie beneath the tainted waters of the "Sea of Death," and the unfortunate Costigan is supposed to have dropped his line in the midst of their ocean-covered remains. Had but strength and means been his, what disclosures might

not he have drawn from those awful depths! What proofs might not these terrible soundings have furnished!

Our author was but able to visit a small portion of the sea in question—it was sufficient, however, to impart ample authentication to the reports of previous writers. To his industry and research we are indebted for the preservation of the tale of the sailor we mentioned above, (the companion of the unfortunate Costigan,) which is the first and only account of a circuit of these dread waters having been made. We extract it, and with it, conclude our notice of this very delightful book.

“When the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore of the Dead Sea, the spirit of the enterprising fishman was fast fleeing away. He lived two days after he was carried to the convent at Jerusalem, but he never once referred to his unhappy voyage. He had long been a traveller in the East, and long preparing for this voyage: had read every book that treated of the mysterious water, and was thoroughly prepared with all the knowledge necessary for exploring it to advantage. Unfortunately for the interests of science, he had always been in the habit of trusting greatly to his memory; and, after his death the missionaries in Jerusalem found no regular diary or journal, but merely brief notes written on the margins of books, so irregular and confused that they could make nothing of them; and, either from indifference, or because they had no confidence in him, they allowed Costigan’s servant to go without asking him any questions. I took some pains to trace out this man; and afterward, while lying at Beyroot, suffering from a malady which abruptly put an end to my travels in the East, Paul hunted him out and brought him to me. He was a little, dried-up Maltese sailor: had rowed around that sea without knowing why, except that he was paid for it; and what he told me bore the stamp of truth, for he did not seem to think that he had done any thing extraordinary. He knew as little about it as any man could know who had been over the same water, and yet, after all, perhaps, he knew as much as any one else could learn. He seemed, however, to have observed the coast and the soundings with the eye of a sailor, and I got him to make me a map, which has been engraved for this work, and on which I marked down the particulars as I received them from his lips. The reader will perceive by it that they had completed the whole tour of the lake. They were eight days in accomplishing the task, sleeping every night on shore except once, when, afraid of some suspicious Arabs whom they saw on the mountains, they slept on board, beyond the reach of gunshot from the land. He told me that they had moved in a zigzag direction, crossing and recrossing the lake several times; that every day they sounded, frequently with a line of 175 brachia (about six feet each); that they found the bottom rocky and of very unequal depth, sometimes ranging thirty, forty, eighty, twenty brachia, all within a few boats’ lengths;¹ that some

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¹ I would suggest whether this irregularity does not tend to show the fallacy of the opinion that the cities of the plain were destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the lake covers the crater of an extinct volcano. I have seen the craters of Vesuvius, Solfaterra, Etna, and Monte Rosso, and all present the same form of a mountain excavated in the form of a cone, without any of the irregularities found in the bottom of this sea.

times the lead brought up sand, like that of the mountains on each side ; that they failed in finding bottom but once, and in that place there were large bubbles all around for thirty paces, rising probably from a spring ; that in one place they found on the bank a hot sulphur spring ; that at the southern extremity Mr. Costigan looked for the River of Dogs, but did not find it ; that in four different places they found ruins, and could clearly distinguish large hewn stones which seem to have been used for buildings ; and in one place they saw ruins which Mr. Costigan said were the ruins of Gomorrah. Now I have no doubt that Mr. Costigan talked with him as they went along, and told him what he told me ; and that Mr. Costigan had persuaded himself that he did see the ruins of the guilty city ; he may have been deceived and probably was, but it must have been the most intensely interesting illusion that ever any man had. But of the island, or what Paul and I had imagined to be such. He said that they too had noticed it particularly, and when they came towards the southern extremity of the lake, found that it was an optical deception, caused by a tongue of high land, that put out for a long distance from the middle of the southern extremity, as in the map ; and being much higher than the valley beyond it, intercepted the view in the manner we had both noticed ; this tongue of land, he said, was composed of solid salt, tending to confirm the assertion of Strabo, to which I referred in my journey through Idumæa, that in the great valley south of the Dead Sea there were formerly large cities built entirely of salt. The reader will take this for what it is worth, it is at least new, and it comes from the only living man who has explored the lake.

“He told me some other particulars ; that the boat, when empty, floated a palm higher out of the water than on the Mediterranean ; and that Costigan lay on the water, and picked a fowl, and tried to induce him to come in ; that it was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot, and every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons ; and, in reference to their peculiar exposures, and the circumstances that hurried poor Costigan to his unhappy fate, he said that they had suffered exceedingly from the heat, the first five days Costigan taking his turn at the oars, that on the sixth day then water was exhausted, and Costigan gave out ; that on the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea, and on the eighth they were near the head of the lake, and he himself exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea ; and a favourable wind springing up, for the first time they hoisted their sail, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake ; that, feeble as he was, he set off for Jericho, and, in the mean time, the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore a dying man, and, by the intercession of the old woman, carried to Jericho. I ought to add, that the next time he came to me, like Goose Gobbie, he had tried whether the money I gave him was good, and recollected a great many things he had forgotten before. Vol. II. pp. 278- -282.

ART. IX. *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. from a variety of original sources.* By JAMES PRIOR, Esq., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; Member of the Royal Irish Academy; author of the Life of Burke, &c. Philadelphia: 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 550.

Of all the writers of whom perhaps any age can boast, Goldsmith engages most the affection and sympathies of his readers. He so identifies himself with his subject, that the interest with which his genius invests it, is involuntarily transmitted to himself. Why is this? What secret chord of the human bosom does he touch, that teaches the heart so to vibrate in harmony with his own emotions? Is it other than a refined and delicate spirit, known as the sensibility of nature, which presides like an enchantress over his delightful and exquisite page?

We pour over the volumes of master minds with gratification, and rise from them with a sense of improvement. We are pleased because we are instructed, and admire for the same reason. But it requires something more than the impress of deep learning or a great understanding, to captivate our fancy and our love. It is possible to admire what we do not esteem, and still more common to be repelled from that which stands high in our estimation.

Not is the imagination alone that quality in a writer which secures for him the sympathetic regard of his reader. The mind may emit the sublimest conceptions of poetic genius, and yet be unmoved and cold. If the subject of an author be not in unison with the affections of our nature, if he be frigid in his treatment of it, or if he stand at a distance, as if to dictate lessons of wisdom to inferior beings, no desire will be felt towards an intimate acquaintance, and no sentiment excited but that vague impulse which pays homage to acknowledged superiority.

To Goldsmith we are allured by various concurring influences. We feel admiration for his genius, love for the man, and sympathy for his frailties and misfortunes.

It is a reflection upon the literature of England, that a period of sixty years elapsed from the death of one of its most charming and gifted authors, before any serious attempt was made to collect his writings or record his life. We are certainly grateful to Mr. Prior for what his diligence and talents have accomplished, in the large contribution which has been made to the knowledge of both. But no assiduity can now recover those minute incidents of conversation and personal history, which vividly portray the man as he lived. These rest only in the memory of survivors, and if not immediately seized, become

pervverted or indistinct before de- closes the possibility of living testimony.

We are accustomed to view Goldsmith through the distorted medium of Boswell's account. This attractive biographer had one absorbing object in view, the glorification of a great idol. Every person and every event introduced into his book was in subserviency to this. He proposes only to record the colloquies of Johnson, and so much of the actions and conversations of others as may render intelligible his piquancy and wisdom. It is remarkable that among the great wits whose sayings are repeated, all are *Doctores Minores* in the presence of this *Doctor Major*. Burke and Garrick, whose colloquial sallies, it is well known, were frequently brilliant, and the former scarcely inferior in declamatory dignity to Johnson himself, are exhibited rather as his foils than equals. No surprise therefore should be felt at the unmeasured inferiority of the part which Goldsmith, in his *dramatis personæ*, is permitted to enact.

But candour must acknowledge that other causes were at work, with reference to Boswell's portrait of Goldsmith, than presenting a fine picture in a hero. This was jealousy verging to envy, and vexation approaching to dislike.

Upon his coming to London, Boswell found Goldsmith about his own age, high in the esteem of Johnson, and in the possession of a growing literary fame. The unstudied colloquial ease, denominated by Boszy the *careless rattle* of Goldy, his playful and unpremeditated wit, his joyous, perhaps boisterous mirth, were qualities diametrically opposed to the measured stateliness and solemn verbosity of Johnson. Every departure from the habits which marked his venerated favourite, was an abandonment of propriety, and a violation of the rules of true greatness. These might easily detract from his appreciation of a man who took no pains to conceal the contempt in which he held his own pretensions, and whose gibes must have been the more cutting from the exquisite point with which they were conveyed. A *bon mot* has been preserved by the late Mr. Wheble, which, as it probably reached the ears of its object, may have produced some of the passages objected to. Some one angrily called Boswell "a Scotch cur," in a moment of irritation. Goldsmith replied, "No, no, you are too severe; he is only a Scotch *burr*." Tom Davies threw him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of *sticking*." And last, but not least, it was enough to give the preserver of Johnson's conversations and anticipated biographer, a mortal distaste to one who held so high a place in the regard of Johnson himself, as to be considered by that personage the fittest of his contemporaries to transmit his fame to posterity.

These causes conspired to produce ill consequences upon

the usually candid and liberal mind of the panegyrist of Johnson. They soured his feelings, perhaps even unconsciously to himself, and the results are perceptible in almost every page of his interesting *Life*. The anecdotes of Goldsmith, when related upon his own testimony, may be relied upon: but his comments show the natural effects of jealousy—a disposition to undervalue the character, and depreciate the works of an excellent man and a matchless writer. In one place he applies to him with evident gusto, the ill-natured phrase “an inspired idiot,” upon the authority of Hawkins; and, in another, characterizes his mind as a fruitful indeed, but thin soil. These are unjust and disparaging ascriptions, in which none but a determined detractor could indulge.

But notwithstanding the neglect of those friends of the poet from whom mankind had a right to expect some tribute to his memory, and maugre the envenomed shafts of Boswell, his works and memory still live, and promise to live throughout future time. There are few writers to whom all classes of readers recur with so much delight, and no one for whom they entertain feelings so akin to personal friendship. The bland benevolence of his spirit, the simple beauty of his language, the harmony and polish of his sentences, the vivacity of his humour, the elegance of his fancy, and the pungency and occasional power with which he writes, are admitted by all. For ourselves we shall not affect to conceal such a love of the man and admiration of his writings as lead us to examine with minuteness every point in the character of the former, and to read even “Goody Two Shoes,” now ranked in the category of the others. We have never been able to believe that a writer of such exquisite genius as Goldsmith, could be the bungling converser described in the pages of Boswell. This opinion receives countenance from the fact, that whenever he is allowed to speak for himself, he does it with characteristic beauty of language and felicity of illustration. Madame D’Arblay, in her amusing but grotesque *Life of Dr. Burney*, and Sir Joshua Reynolds confirm this impression. We had hoped therefore, perhaps unreasonably, to find in Mr. Prior’s book, some detailed and authentic registry of his conversation. But in this we have been disappointed. He disproves many of the opinions and assertions of Boswell, but gives his reader few specimens to enable him to judge of the matter for himself.

In the meagre notices, miscalled biographies, of this eminent writer, there was just enough, with what an admirer could cull from Boswell, to excite his curiosity. Many no doubt have felt, like ourselves, almost feverishly anxious to know something more of the man than these performances convey. Even in this country, the gratification of such a desire was not entirely

hopeless. In one of the editions of Boswell, there is a letter from Dr. Johnson to a late venerable prelate of Philadelphia, referring to the comedy, "*She Stoops to Conquer*," then about to appear at Covent Garden Theatre. As this very aged gentleman obtained his clerical degree in England and during his sojourn there associated with the wits of the metropolis, we had no doubt he might possess some anecdotes of the slighted and injured Goldsmith, illustrative of his personal character. But an application to the prelate, though seriously intended was unfortunately deterred until the death of the distinguished and excellent man at last closed the avenue forever.

We, therefore, hail Mr. Prior's book with the sincerest pleasure. Without the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the illustrious subject of his book, and too far from the period when he lived to hope for literal reports of conversations, he has done all that could have been reasonably expected, if not as much as might reasonably have been hoped for. He has penetrated the obscurity of his early life, traced his wayward career in youth, followed his adventurous fortunes in future years, fixed the localities of his "*Deserted Village*," brought to light many interesting facts and anecdotes, and greatly added to the known number of his writings. The charming letters he has preserved, entitle him to our grateful acknowledgments. Of these letters indeed, which are given to us as now, we recognise many that we have elsewhere perused. Some of these are to be found in Bishop Percy's *memoirs*, and in several others of the many imperfect biographies which have been prefixed to various editions of Goldsmith's miscellaneous works.

The circulation of this interesting volume, promises to be diffusive in this country. It has not only been republished by one or more booksellers, but Mr. Waldie, of Philadelphia has reprinted it in his valuable Library. Not only Mr. Prior's biography, but his edition of the works of his beautiful author, not yet in this country, would greatly enrich the pages of such a repository. We cannot wish our countrymen better aid to the attainment of an elegant taste in composition than the writings of Goldsmith. Let them be widely disseminated. Divested of those meretricious trappings which are now so much the fashion, they will correct the false taste which sets so high a value upon fustian and affectation, and lead to an appreciation of the charms of refined simplicity in authorship.

Without wishing to find fault, we may hope that Mr. Prior himself, in a future edition, or some Croker with whom he may be favoured, may glean additional particulars illustrative of Goldsmith's social qualities. We may hope, too, that certain episodes may be lopped, and disquisitions retrenched, which detract from the prevailing interest of his pages. The book, in

this respect, claims some affinity to the recent *Life of Cowper* by Southey, which includes a somewhat lengthened account of every literary person who had the slightest intimacy with the professed subject of the narrative.

The reading of this biography will, we think, induce the perusal of works, which, from their subject or pretensions, would hardly claim a notice. Mr. Prior not only renders it probable that "*Goody Two Shoes*" was an emanation of Goldsmith's teeming pen, but ascertains that the *Life of Beau Nash*, and the *Letters on English History* in the character of a Nobleman to his Son, successively attributed to Littleton and Chesterfield, are from the same intellectual mine. We have done in this case what, no doubt, many of our readers may likewise be allured to attempt -- we have searched for and read all that have been thus specified. In *Beau Nash* we found his easy style, and many of his beauties, but much that is crude, and the result of that haste, rendered necessary "by his scurvy circumstances." Too much praise cannot be awarded to the *Letters on English History* as a comprehensive and philosophical survey of British annals. Perhaps there is no book extant which embraces so distinct an elucidation of the British constitution, at the same time marking with clearness the events of each historical era.

But not to anticipate what, on another occasion, we may be required to enlarge upon, we will now rapidly pass in review some of the leading incidents of the poet's life.

The herald's office cannot dissipate the obscurity which hangs over the early progenitors of Oliver Goldsmith. His great-great grandfather, the Rev. John Goldsmith, is the first ascertained ancestor of the family. This gentleman was rector of Borrisshoull, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, a respectable and deserving man. It is related of him that he narrowly escaped the popish massacre of 1641. The father of Oliver was Charles Goldsmith, of Trinity College, Dublin. He took orders on leaving it, immediately married, and lived twelve years upon a farm of fifty acres of land, known by the name of Pallismore, in the parish of Kilkenny-West. It was here the poet was born on the 10th of November, 1728. Two or three years after the birth of this son, who was one of six children, the father acceded to the living of Kilkenny-West, then worth from £150 to £200, and occupied a neat house at Lissoy in that parish. Lissoy is the "sweet Auburn" so graphically and beautifully delineated by the poet in after life, as Mr. Prior establishes by abundant proofs, to which we shall hereafter refer.

Oliver does not seem to have been distinguished as a precocious child. A Mrs. Delap, with whom he learnt his letters,

when boasting in subsequent years of their former connection, described him as the dullest boy in her school. He passed at the age of six to the care of Thomas Byrne, a veteran soldier in the wars of Marlborough. His course there seemed to be unmarked by any peculiarity, except that he always listened with rapture to the relations of his teacher's campaigns and adventures, and was delighted with the music of the blind Irish minstrel, Carolan, whose name and lyrical pretensions he has embalmed in one of his charming essays. He was likewise fond of reading wondrous stories of pirates, robbers, and smugglers. His passion for music, and love of the marvellous, were fostered by his master to such an extent that he became noted for his legends and the delight of his friends, in the singing of pathetic old ballads. "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night" continued to possess charms for him in manhood, as he informs us, beyond all the attractions of Italian melody.

All his biographers tell a miraculous story, which Mr. Prior, with some variation, has repeated, tending to show his impromptu power of versification. Whoever the truth-telling wight, there is little doubt its nominal hero would have discarded it, as Dr. Johnson did the wonderful tale of his dotting father about the duck, in proof of his own surprising precocity. Mr. Prior gives another anecdote of his smartness a year or two later, which we omit because hardly worthy of repetition.

These or other proofs of superior intelligence induced his father to relinquish the design of making him a merchant. The limited circumstances of the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith scarcely justified the expense of sending him to the university, after the liberal education he had bestowed on an elder son. Oliver, however, was sent in 1739 to a school of some repute in Athlone, where he continued two years, and thence to Edgeworthstown, where he was prepared for entrance into the university.

He was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th June, 1745. At that time, the unfortunate student who entered the college upon such a footing, was exposed to the humiliation of carrying up dinner, and subjected to other menial compliances. Goldsmith was stung to the soul by subjection to such an indignity, and seems to have been strongly impressed with it in subsequent life. He thus refers to the oppressive regulation, in his *Enquiry into Polite Learning in Europe*.

"Sure pride itself has dictated to the fellows of our colleges the absurd passion of being attended at meals and on other public occasions by those poor men who, willing to be scholars, come in upon some charitable foundation. It implies a contradiction, for men to be at once

learning the liberal arts, and at the same time treated as slaves, at once studying freedom and practising servitude." p. 16.

From such a degradation, however, these poor men, whose fate Goldsmith could so sympathetically deplore, were relieved by a more generous policy some years after.

But the humility of his station at college was not the grievance of which he chiefly complained. His tutor, Mr. Wilder, a man of savage brutality of disposition, and addicted to the exact sciences, for which his poetical pupil entertained no partiality, treated him with cruel harshness, and took pleasure in deriding his abilities in the presence of his class. The character of this man is so vividly drawn by Mr. Prior, that we make no apology for quoting it at length.

"The character of the unhappy person to whom the direction of his studies was entrusted, 'under the notion of a tutor,' as Dr. Wilson expresses it, appears to have been wholly unfit, either in temper or general conduct, for the superintendence of youth. Many unfavourable stories are still told of him in the university; and the mortifications endured by his pupil, from mingled caprice and harshness, were supposed to have not only obstructed his progress in learning, but, by producing despondency and irregularities, tinged with a darker hue parts of his future life. This person was fixed upon from being the younger son of a gentleman living within a few miles of the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, and Oliver had been especially recommended to his care. He possessed considerable scientific attainments, clouded by a disposition represented as almost savage, and passions so irregular as to require for himself that indulgence he rarely extended to others. In Dublin he was noted for strength, agility, and ferocity; an instance of which was exhibited in the streets by springing, at a bound, from the pavement on a hackney coach proceeding at a fast pace, and felling to the ground the driver, who had accidentally touched his face with the whip. Of his strange caprice or injustice in the performance of his public duties, the Rev. Dr. Marsh mentioned an instance. When filling the senior lecturer's chair, the three first places were admitted to be the right of Marsh, Mead, and Hans, the best answerers in the order of their names, which he thought fit to transpose into the order of Hans, Mead, and Marsh, assigning as the reason the superior euphony of the latter arrangement.

"To such students as incurred his dislike, he proved a bitter persecutor at the public examinations; and an illustration of this disposition appears in the vindictive conduct adopted towards another. When a student himself, he found constant means of evading college discipline, and gaining egress from its walls at night by the connivance of a companion, whose window in the front square being secured by an iron palisading, a movable bar had been skilfully introduced unknown to the authorities, which admitted of removal at pleasure. Soon afterwards (1774) he was elected to a fellowship; the office of sub-dean, who has charge of the general conduct of the students came to him in rotation; and now, from being an offender against discipline, he became its most strict and often severe preserver. The first exertion of authority was a visit to the apartment of which he had formerly so often made use, but unexpectedly he found the outlet already secured. On sternly enquiring of its then possessor, a friend of the previous occupier, whether there had not been a screw bar before the window, the reply was in the affirmative.

and that *he* very well knew it. To further questions, uttered in an insulting manner, by whom the alteration was made, the student (afterwards the Rev. Mr. G—, an amiable man) was tempted to reply, ‘By me, sir; for I *know you*.’ The remark was never forgiven; he assailed him unceasingly ever afterwards at the public examinations, and when his proficiency admitted of little censure, found a handle for ill-nature and sarcasm in the personal peculiarities of the youth. These in return produced retorts not quite in keeping with subordination, or the decorum of the place and occasion, until at length an opportunity offered of turning him down to the bottom of his class.” pp. 18, 19.

With such a person, a boy of Goldsmith’s waywardness and peculiar temperament would not be likely to get along without disagreement. He was insulted and chastised for a trifling imprudence, and the result was his indignant retreat from college. The mediation of his brother Henry restored peace, if it did not bring amity, to the parties. His stay at the university was undistinguished, except by penury and academical disgraces. He sought to forget the last in an occasional song, and to alleviate the other by the composition of ballads to be sung in the streets. Although he received but five shillings for a ballad, his friend Beatty relates that he never forgot them: but, true to his offspring, he exceeded all the feelings of solicitous paternity. It was his wont to stroll about at night, with a view to listen to the songs which were sung; and, upon recognising his own, to mark the applause which they received from the auditors.

Besides these relaxations from academic discipline, he is remembered to have indulged now and then in original compositions and translations from the classics. In his own words to Malone, many years afterwards, “though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study much in repute at the university, he could turn an ode of Horace into English with the best of them.”

But neither his restricted remittances from home, nor the low price of his ballads, taught him the necessary prudence in expenditure, nor steeled his heart against the appeals of distress. In illustration of the latter, we quote a whimsical story which is told by Mr. Prior upon the authority of a fellow student. We give it in his own words, with the restrictions which he has thought proper to prescribe.

“The poor are commonly said to be improvident: and Goldsmith, by all accounts, failed to manage his scanty finances with the care that his necessities required—an imprudent benevolence, as it would seem, to distressed objects proving the cause of serious inconvenience to himself. Illustrative of this point of character, Mr. Edward Mills, of Mount Prospect in Roscommon, his relative, and who entered college about two years after him, told a ludicrous story which, though obviously exaggerated, may have had some foundation in truth. He was a professed wit and punster, and therefore the anecdote probably lost nothing

in the narration; it may likewise owe something to the whim of the poet, whose humour was sometimes sufficiently broad and practical.

"Mills, whose family in Roscommon was opulent, possessing a handsome allowance at the university, occasionally furnished his relative with small supplies, and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned on one occasion to this repast, he declared from within to the messenger his inability to rise; and that, to enable him to do so, they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin, not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it—having ripped part of the ticking and immersed himself in the feathers, from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account, in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it occasioned had subsided, it appeared that, while strolling in the suburbs the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and off-spring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that, being from the country, they knew no person to whom, under such circumstances, they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal to one of his sensitive disposition was irresistible; but, unfortunately, he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes in order to sell for their present subsistence; and, finding himself cold during the night, from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related for supplying the place of his blankets." p. 62.

Having abandoned the university he returned to Lissoy, and divided his time, for about two years, between assisting his brother Henry in teaching a school, visiting his friends, and rural sports and occupations. This spot seems to have been deeply imprinted upon his heart, and there to have been cherished, transmuted, and refined, with the fondness, warmth, and fancy of a poet. He recurs to it through life, and describes it in his letters and poem with all the glow of poetical enthusiasm. But this place and Ballymahon, to which he resorted for society, were not distinguished for the elegance and refinement of their inhabitants. The Celtic manners and peculiarities prevailed to a great extent, mingled with simplicity, pride, and hospitality. The people were marked with that ignorance which results from little intercourse with strangers; and, being defective in education, they held literature in contempt. Yet, from the native benevolence of his disposition—being always, as he expresses it, "an admirer of happy human faces"—or from being condemned to inferior society at college, by his mean wants and shabby habiliments, that master spirit, the emanations of whose mind were destined to be the admiration and delight of each succeeding generation of English readers, could so far forget his character and destiny as to stoop to the degrading association.

During the two years of his sojourn with his friends in Ireland, his reading was desultory and light. It consisted chiefly of

biography, travels, poetry, novels, and plays. He occasionally in poetry, and some pieces written at are specified as his in the Ladies' Magazine. It is remembered, too, that he drew up, at the instance of his uncle, an essay on the more popular poets, with reflections upon their comparative merits and defects. No reference is made by his biographer to biblical studies, as, it appears, his destination at this time was the church. Goldsmith applied to the bishop for orders with ill suppressed reluctance, though at the urgent solicitation of his generous uncle, the Rev. Mr. Contarine. Being too young, as his sister alleges, he was rejected. How far the neglect of theological reading, and his appearing before the bishop in *scarlet breeches*, influenced the result, we can now only conjecture.

The church being relinquished, he accepted the situation of tutor in the family of a gentleman of the name of Flinn. He quitted this employment at the end of the year, tired of confinement, and resolved to travel. His sister relates that he left the country, none knew whither, upon a good horse, with about thirty pounds in his pocket. At the expiration of six weeks he returned, destitute of money, and upon a miserable animal which he facetiously called Fiddleback. It would appear that his mother was displeased at the carelessness, improvidence, or misconduct, which these miscarriages implied. In explanation of his unfortunate plight, and to satisfy the enquiries of his friends, he gave, in the following epistle, some account of his adventures. We may observe that this letter is for the first time printed in Mr. Prior's biography.

"My dear mother,—if you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and at the same time paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never enquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing every thing curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

"Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me; and so bought that generous beast, Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above an hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

"I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance

of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with particular emphasis: 'We shall,' says he, 'enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse.'

However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me and would have torn me to pieces, but for the assistance of a woman whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog, yet she, with great humanity, relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

"Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night cap, night gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on the earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to perfect his recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses, and freely owned that I had but one half crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands, as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him; and, as that increased, I gave the most favourable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

"It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark*. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

"The lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible. Accordingly, next morning when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. 'To be sure,' said he, 'the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at

hearing of this foolish expedition you have made.' Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a scolded heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asked him how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half crown? I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. 'And you know, sir,' said I, 'it is no more than I have often done for you.' To which he firmly answered, 'Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there, I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you: sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on.' I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed-chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. 'Here he is,' said he; 'take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride.' I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself, and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor at law in the neighbourhood—a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

"After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my old hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found every thing that I could wish—abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

"And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsicord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them—for, that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"To Mrs. Anne Goldsmith, Ballymahon."

It was now necessary to choose a profession, and Mr. Contarino supplied him with fifty pounds to undertake the study of the law. Being seduced into a gaming-house in Dublin, he was stripped of his money, and once more returned almost a starve-

ling to his friends. His mother, it is said, evinced resentment; but his faithful uncle at once forgave, received, and assisted him.

It being finally determined that he should study physie, he departed for that purpose to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1752. When he reached the Scottish metropolis, he eagerly sallied forth from the inn where he had deposited his wardrobe, to gratify his curiosity. At the approach of evening he wished to return, but was unable, having neglected to enquire the name of the landlady or the street in which she resided. He wandered about until night in a search which would have been fruitless, if accident had not thrown in his way the porter who carried his baggage in the morning.

At Edinburgh he composed and sang songs, and the periodicals of the day attest the general exercise of his poetical talents. An epigram, perhaps not the best of its kind, inserted in his works, bears the date of Edinburgh, 1753. That he was not an inattentive observer of the world around him, and could write at this period with something of the graceful ease and unaffected vivacity which distinguished him in subsequent life, the following letter bears ample testimony:

"To Robert Bryanton, at Ballymahon, Ireland.

"Edinburgh, September 26th, 1753.

"My dear Bob,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence. I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress those, and twenty more as plausible and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turn-spit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address.

"Yet what shall I say now I am entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove, nor brook, lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotsman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

"From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than

among us. No such character here as our fox hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland, of one thousand pounds a year, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl with child that will let them. Truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scottish gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a country man does King George on horseback.

"The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Now that I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves; in the other end stand their pen-sive partners that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches upon a lady and gentleman to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gantlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much, say nothing, and thus conclude our assembly. I told a Scottish gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scottish gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my part.

"Now I am come to the ladies; and to show that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scottish ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —, a potato; for I say, and will maintain it; and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scottish ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious; where will you find a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scottish? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of your young ladies at home to pronounce the 'Whoea wull I gong?' with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer.

"We have no such character here as a coquette, but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kileubry's, (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover,) when the Duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to her ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. 'For my part,' says the first, 'I think what I always thought, that the duchess has too much of the red in her complexion.' 'Madam, I am of your opinion,' says the second; 'I think her face has a palish cast, too much on the delicate order.' 'And, let me tell you,' added the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, 'that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth.' At this every lady drew up her mouth, as if going to pronounce the letter P.

"But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with

whom I have scarcely any correspondence. There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and, 'tis certain, they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and poor man is society only for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person, to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself—the most odious object in it. But you see I am grown downright splenetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you cannot send me much news from Ballymahon, but, such as it is, send it all; every thing you send will be agreeable to me.

“Has George Conway put up a sign yet, or John Bunley left off drinking drains, or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave you to your own choice what to write. While I live, know you have a true friend in yours, &c. &c. &c.

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

The other epistles from Edinburgh are addressed to his uncle, the excellent Mr. Contarine. One sketches the professors of the medical school, and the other, while eminently characteristic of the writer, lets us into the generosity and good nature of the correspondent.

“*To the Rev. Thos. Contarine.*”

“May 8, 1753

“My dear uncle, In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore) you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland every thing worth possessing, friends that I loved and a society that pleased while it instructed? Who but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as reclusé as the Turkish spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to every body, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.

“Apropos, I shall give you the professors’ names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Munro, professor of anatomy. This man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and, not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the different branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. ‘Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from all parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. Plume, professor of chemistry, understands his business well, but delivers himself so ill that he is but little regarded. Alston, professor of materia medica, speaks much, but little to the purpose. The professors of theory and practice (of physic) say nothing but what we may find in books laid before us, and speak that in so drowsy and heavy a manner that their hearers are not many degrees in a better state than their patients.

“You see then, dear, that Munro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand

in no need of my assistance! How many happy years do I wish you! — and nothing but want of health can take from your happiness, since you so well pursue the paths that conduct to virtue.

I am, my dear uncle, your most obliged,

"Most affectionate nephew,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"*To the Rev. Thomas Cooper, &c.*"

"My dear uncle. After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Paracelsus, Pott, and Du Hammel de Moncau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

"Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making a skillful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding, and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture; if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever, for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skillful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manages the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 't will be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.

"As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; viz 20*l*. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and melancholy was beginning to make me her own; when you— —but I stop here, to enquire how your health goes on. How does my cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just 2*l*. to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, &c. &c., and that, with economy, will serve.

"I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jest*er than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment— 't was unworthy my calling as a physician.

"I have nothing new to add from this country; and I beg, dear sir, you will excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may be revenged on me, by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself.

"I am, dear uncle, your most devoted

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

His course at Edinburgh, according to the evidence of his fellow student, Mr. Laughtlan Maclane, was marked with some irregularities. But whatever his excesses or improprieties there—and they seem to have been venial—his uncle did not waver in his attachment or liberality. He supplied him with money to prosecute his studies at Leyden, then nearly in the zenith of its repute as a medical seminary. Without a degree, poor Goldsmith therefore hastened to quit Edinburgh, where he was in danger of an arrest for debt, only to get into prison elsewhere upon a serious charge. His philosophical spirit is strikingly displayed in the following effusion. The indifference and unconcern he shows for an event which, in other men, would have produced loud and angry complaint, are eminently in keeping with the general tone of his character.

“To the Rev. Thomas Cantuarine.”

“Leyden, (the date wanting, but no doubt April or May, 1751.)

“Dear sir, -I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing; but believe me, sir, when I say, that till now I had not the opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see, by the top of the letter, that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed.

“Some time before the receipt of your last I embarked for Bourdeaux on board a Scottish ship called the *St. Andrew's*, Captain John Wall master. The ship made a tolerable appearance; and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went on shore to refresh us after the fatigues of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open—enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for, if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interfered in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland; I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I traveled by land to Leyden, and whence I now write.

“You may expect some account of this country; and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet I shall endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man, who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre; and, consequently, not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him,

and gives us the manners of a country—not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before.

"The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in every thing imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy, disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred; but the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature—upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribband; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches—so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

"A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a cove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney-dozing Stephen lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears, by drawing his superfluous moisture; while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such vicinities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low-fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause.

"A Dutch woman and Scottish will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy—the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that, of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy—as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in harlequin, who is generally a magician; and, in consequence of his diabolical art, performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked; they must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, sir, were you there, could see.

"In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid that the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part, I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns,

you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

"Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here, 'tis all a continued plain. There, you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here, a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scots may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox.

"Physic is by no means taught so well here as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

"Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madam Dailhon's, at Leyden.

"Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you and those you love!

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Several anecdotes are narrated in connection with his voyage to Holland, of which we quote the following:

"In Ireland a story is told, that, being plunged into further difficulties by the departure of the ship with a portion of his baggage on board, he was recommended to follow her on his release from prison, rather than proceed to Holland; but he exclaimed, with characteristic simplicity, 'What is the use of that? Sure it will be sent after me any where!' Another jest against him, taken like several more from his own writings, has likewise found currency: that in a moment of absence he committed the blunder imputed to the philosophic wanderer in his novel, of proceeding to Holland to teach the natives English, when he himself knew nothing of Dutch. And considering the diversity of route between that which he intended to take and that actually pursued—Bourdeaux and Rotterdam—without stating more explicitly the reasons for deviating so widely from his first route, it may be difficult to disprove any story, however absurd: excepting we believe what is probably true—that, committing his destiny to chance, he cared not on what part of the continent he was flung."

At Leyden he does not appear to have acquired professional, so much as miscellaneous, knowledge. His mind was obviously more intent upon culling the flowers of poetry than in accumulating the science necessary to the future physician. He was as reckless and imprudent as ever, and was often reduced to the greatest indigence and distress. Though he was obliged to borrow small sums, and sometimes resorted to play to better his fortunes, (and mostly with desperate results,) his independence, cheerfulness and gaiety were never abated. If taxed, he admitted his folly, and promised amendment for the future. But each successive act was a new imprudence, only varied in circumstances or increased in degree. It is remarked that, amid all his mishaps and reverses, he carried about him an elevation

of mind, and philosophical tone and manner, which, with his unaffected simplicity and scholastic conversation, won the interest and regard of every discerning man who approached him.

After residing at Leyden a year, he conceived the design of travelling over Europe on foot. One morning he counted to Dr. Ellis a considerable sum, the results of a venture at play, which was sufficient perhaps, with economy, to defray his expenses. Being advised not to trust again to the fickleness of chance, but to hoard what he had as a provision for the future, he promised, and no doubt intended compliance. But he was again seduced to the scene of his former success, and was punished by losing all he possessed.

Undaunted by the fear of physical want, with a mind pliant under misfortune, and a body capable of fatigue, he resolved to set out on his journey without a shilling. But his friend Ellis gave him his purse which, though intended for his journey, was lavishly exhausted in the silly purchase of some rare plants which he supposed would gratify his uncle in Ireland. Thus reduced almost to destitution, with a single clean shirt, he started upon his tour.

The adventures of this journey, now very imperfectly known, might have supplied the materials for an amusing narrative. Goldsmith wrote an account of it for his uncle Contarine, which, though described as a very remarkable performance, was unhappily lost in a fire. Sundry allusions to this romantic peregrination are to be met with in his works, particularly in George's history in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. His probable appearance, mode of travelling, and objects, are fictitiously described by himself, in the phrase, "a philosophic vagabond." There is little doubt he had in view the example of the famous Baron Holberg, whose similar exploit at an early age, and the splendour of his subsequent career, are celebrated in his *Enquiry into Polite Learning*. However Quixotic the scheme, the world has no reason to regret its accomplishment, since it is indebted to this journey for one of the most finished and beautiful poems in the English language.

Having fought his way through a considerable part of France, (where, at the University of Louvain, he is supposed to have taken his degree of bachelor of medicine,) Switzerland, and Germany, to Padua in Italy, he returned to England, and landed at Dover on the 1st of February, 1756. In the utmost want he travelled to London, and sought employment among the druggists of the metropolis. An obscure chemist engaged his services from feelings of compassion. It was probably to this period of his life he inadvertently alluded, when, ten years after, he surprised a brilliant company at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, by beginning a story—"When I lived among the beggars of

Axe Lane. . .” The late ingenious Richard Sharp remembered, from motives of curiosity, visiting the shop in which Goldsmith was employed, in company with one of his old friends, then recently deceased. We may judge of the extremity to which he was reduced, when Dr. Sleigh, his old school-fellow and friend, did not recognise him from the shabbiness of his attire. Goldsmith writes to Mr. Cooke—“Notwithstanding it was Sunday, and I had on my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me; such is the tax the unfortunate always pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse with me so long as he remained in London.”

With the aid received from this gentleman, Goldsmith was enabled to set up as a physician. He bought a second-hand green velvet suit of clothes. As the coat had a patch on the left breast which was very perceptible in conference, Goldsmith, during his visits to a lady who was his patient, placed his hat over it to conceal the imperfection. The constant recurrence of the same continued attitude set to work the prying eye of curiosity, which detected the blemish to the no small amusement of the observers.

He was engaged about this time with Richardson as a proof reader; and this occupation, together with an occasional medical fee, enabled him to live. But this mode of life proving insufficient or precarious, he accepted an ushership, toward the end of 1756, under the late Dr. John Milner. His benevolence and improvidence continued unabated in a situation which furnished so limited a salary as this. Mr. Prior says—

“With the scholars he was a favourite, being ever ready to indulge them in certain, not very expensive indeed, schoolboy dainties, whenever his pecuniary means permitted; and he was not over strict in that discipline which, however necessary to observe, a man of amiable disposition occasionally feels reluctant to enforce. His benevolent feelings appeared always active; mendicants rarely quitted him without relief; and a tale of distress roused all his sympathies. His small supplies were thus exhausted frequently before the stated salary became due; when Mrs. Milner would say to him with a smile, upon application for an advance—‘You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;’ to which he would reply, in the same spirit of good humour, ‘In truth, madam, there is equal need.’”

He next agreed to write for the *Monthly Review*, conducted by Mr. Griffiths, a bookseller. A few months terminated this connection, Goldsmith complaining that his articles were altered and interpolated. Mr. Griffiths’ copy of the *Review* having been obtained by Mr. Prior, he is able to indicate the numerous pieces which the poet contributed, some of which, it is hoped, have found place in Mr. Prior’s collection.

The accidental mention by Goldsmith, in a letter to Mrs. Lawder, of some names eminent in literature, brought to London his brother Charles, to share his supposed fortune or to partake of his success. Oliver being then connected with the *Monthly Review*, he was surprised to find him the occupant of a small room, in a daily struggle for daily bread. When he expressed his disappointment, Oliver gaily replied, "All in good time, my dear boy—I shall be richer by and by. Besides, you see I am not in positive want. Addison let me tell you, wrote his poem of the Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket, three stories high; and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the *second* story."

The following delightful letter was written soon after quitting the *Review*. His heart, it will be perceived, still vividly retained the scenes of his youth, while his understanding was convinced of the defects of its society.

"To Daniel Hodson, Esq., at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

"Dear sir,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland to you in particular. I received no answer—probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relatives, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have their proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to all fortune, to be so much a debtor and unable to repay. But to say no more of this; too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment at London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter; but, with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

"I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company to the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

"Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country—this *maladie du pays*, as the French call it: unaccountable that he should still have an affec-

tion for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility, who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotsman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

"But now to be serious—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one perhaps?—no. There is good company in Ireland?—no. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who had just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there is more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen more there one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good Night,' from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hampstead hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in (to me) the most pleasing horizon in nature.

"Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she (Mrs. Hodson), and Lishoy and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though, upon second thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomed, why Mahomed shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions—neither to excite envy nor solicit favour; in fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

"You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself; but attribute my vanity to my affection: as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. . . . My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am) your affectionate kinsman.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, (where you may direct an answer,) December 27, 1757."

In the early part of the following year, appeared a translation by Goldsmith, from the French, entitled - 'The Memoirs of a Protestant,' containing nearly six hundred pages octavo. The version is pronounced vigorous, easy, and perspicuous but without pretension to severe accuracy. The title page bears the name of James Willington, one evidently fictitious and assumed. Goldsmith did not choose to come before the public by name, in the humble character of translator, and, being constantly impressed with the idea of one day taking a high place in letters, he was unwilling to hazard his name with a production of inferior order. At that day, too, authors were more coy in committing their names to the tender mercies of literary criticism than at present.

Besides contributing to the *Grand Magazine* a repertory which was projected this year by a few printers and book-sellers, he was engaged in the preparation of a work of higher pretensions than any which had yet employed his pen, as appears by the following beautiful letter :

"To Edward Mills, Esq. near Roscommon, Ireland

"Dear Sir,— You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue,¹ and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own, I cannot avoid feeling some regret that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems you are merely contented to be a happy man—to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mill's bedchamber, which even a poet must confess is rather the more comfortable place of the two.

"But however your resolutions may be altered with respect to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship) as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as a right by the most equitable law in nature—I mean that of retaliation; for, indeed, you have more than your share in mine.

"I am a man of few professions; and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know

² He had been intended for the bar.

you are too generous to think so; and you know me to be too proud to stoop to unnecessary insincerity. I have a request, it is true, to make: but as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is in short this: I am going to publish a book in London, entitled 'An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.' Every work published here the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint them avance, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself.

"The book is now printing in London; and I have requested Dr. Radcliffe, Mr. Lawder, Mr. Bryanton, my brother, Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law Mr. Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you, and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, book-seller, in Dame street, Dublin, to send you a hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions, pursuant to those proposals, you may receive, when collected may be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good natured things than uneasiness in being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what, then, may not he expect who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?"

"I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"London, Temple Exchange Coffee house,

"August 7, 1758."

A week from this time he addressed to his friend Bryanton, an epistle, which, in that part relating to his future fame, though jestingly written, may have been more seriously entertained than he was willing openly to avow. Mr. Prior feelingly suggests, from his own embarrassment in ascertaining the earlier writings of the poet, that a sally referring to that topic has proved as prophetic as it then was amusing.

"To Robert Bryanton, Esq., at Ballymahon, Ireland.

"Dear sir—I have heard it remarked, I believe by yourself, that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy every body else in the same condition: mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can't avoid thinking yours of the same complexion; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why in so long an absence was I never made a partner in your concerns? To hear of your successes would have given me the utmost pleasure; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don't conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect by frequently thinking of you. Every day do I remember the calm anecdotes of your life, from the fireside to the easy chair; recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship—

the school, the college, or the tavern, preside in fancy over your cards; am displeased at your bad play when the rubber goes against you; though not with all that agony of soul as when I was once your partner.

"Is it not strange that two of such like affections should be so much separated and so differently employed as we are? You seem placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and let it revolve never so fast, seem insensible of the motion. I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and turned disagreeably round like a wheel—in a whirligig. I sat down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks I have forgot my resentment already. The truth is, I am a simpleton with regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, but, like Amaranth, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet, now I think on't again, I will be angry. God's curse, sn! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character every one of these days has mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear uttered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel piced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithus, or Gubbligheim, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me! Think of that!—God's curse, sn! who am I? I can't own my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me these honours. I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on gay sign-pots in the suburbs. Your handkerchief weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merit or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them for me, they are a set of Goths, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will. I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day when the Scaligers and Daeners will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to be neglected. If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence. Suppose one of your Chinese Owanowiters instructing one of your Tartarian Chianobacchi—you see I use Chinese names to show my own erudition, as I shall soon make our Chinese talk like an Englishman to show his. This may be the subject of the lecture:—

"Oliver Goldsmith flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He lived to be a hundred and three years old and in that age may justly be styled the sun of literature and the Copernicus of Europe. Many of his earlier writings to the regret of the learned world, were anonymous, and have probably been lost, because united with those of others. The first avowed piece the world has of his is entitled an "Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe": a work well worth its weight in diamonds. In this he profoundly explains what learning is, and what learning is not. In this he proves that blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of wit are actually blockheads."

"But as I choose neither to tire my Chinese philosopher, nor you, nor myself, I must discontinue the oration, in order to give you a pause for admiration; and I find myself most violently disposed to admire too. Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now I am down, where the d—l is I? Oh, Gods! Gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score! However, dear

Bob, whether in penny or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH

“London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
“Temple Bar, Aug 11, 1758.”

“Give my — no, not compliments neither, but something [the] most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.” pp. 112, 113.

The following letters, written soon after the preceding, were intended to forward the sale of his book, and are too characteristic to be omitted :

— *To Mrs. Jane Lardner.*

“If you should ask why, in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me, madam, to ask the same question. I have the best excuse in remuneration. I wrote to Kilmore from Leyden in Holland, from Louvain in Flanders, and Rouen in France, but received no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure and forgetfulness? Whether I was right in my conjecture I do not pretend to determine; but this I must ingenuously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavoured to forget them whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and, I confess it, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued correspondence; but as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, ‘for the soul of me,’ I can’t till I have said all.

“I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe, indeed, you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

“It is true this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all, know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery, have frequently seemed to overlook those merits too obvious to escape notice, and pretended disregard to those instances of good nature and good sense which I could not fail tacitly to applaud; and all this lest I should be ranked amongst the grinning tribe, who say ‘very true’ to all that is said, who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than

the circumference of a guinea, and who had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue in your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very silly though very disinterested things, in my time, and for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam! is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

"However, it is probable you may one of these days see me turned into a perfect hunk, and as dark and intricate as a mouse hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brick bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, of which the following will serve as a specimen: 'Look sharp.' 'Mind the main chance.' 'Money is money now.' 'If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thou- and pounds every day of the year.' 'Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.' Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking glass to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

"Faith! madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you: but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he stayed in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

"And now I mention those great names. -My uncle! he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say? his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent Heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

"But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be munded or lost. I am going to publish in London a book entitled 'The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.' The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance there without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must, therefore, request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley, in Dame Street, directions to send to him. If, in pursuance of such circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I entreat when collected they may be sent to Mr. Bradley as aforesaid, who will give a receipt, and be accountable for the work, or a return of the subscription. If this request (which, if it be complied with, will in some measure be an encouragement to a man of learning) should be disagreeable or troublesome, I would not press it; for I would be the last man on earth

to have my labours go a begging; but if I know Mr. Lawder (and sure I ought to know him), he will accept the employment with pleasure. All I can say—if he writes a book, I will get him two hundred subscribers, and those of the best wits in Europe.

“Whether this request is complied with or not, I shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition I must make to him and to you, which I solicit with the warmest ardour, and in which I cannot bear a refusal. I mean, dear madam, that I may be allowed to subscribe myself,

“Your ever affectionate and obliged kinsman,

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“Now see how I blot and blunder when I am asking a favour.

“Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple Bar,

“August 15, 1758.”

“*To David Hodson, Esq. at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.*

“Dear sir—You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say I could never do it sincerely. Take me then with all my faults. Let me write when I please; for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon; for which the Company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me £10. I must also pay £50 for my passage, and £10 for my sea stores; and the other incidental expenses of my equipment will amount to £60 or £70 more. The salary is but trifling, viz. £100 per annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than £1000 per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, with the high interest which money bears, viz. £20 per cent, are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of the sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate; which induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life.

“I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want?—what can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big bellied woman’s who longed for a piece of her husband’s nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller who employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and equality on the same pretensions?

“Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very different idea of a man who writes for bread, though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that

nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided; to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life; when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims to raise itself above contempt and ridicule, when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances as I am already in my sentiments.

"I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me among your acquaintance a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you; and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same.

"I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I expect to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them." pp. 117-119.

But notwithstanding his contributions to periodicals, the prospect of a speedy publication of his *Enquiry*, and the translation of a French novel, called "*Memoirs of my Lady B.*," which were performed this year, still the necessity of making some provision for future wants, was felt to be so urgent that he looked solicitously around for other sources of income. An employment in the service of the East India Company was first projected, and finally a surgical connection with the army or navy. To procure this appointment, it was necessary to submit to an examination at Surgeons' Hall. As his apparel at this juncture was the worse for wear, he applied to Griffiths for the use of an appropriate dress upon the occasion. It was procured, and he presented himself before his examiners as a candidate for the station of Hospital-mate. But lo! whether from the neglect of professional reading since he left Leyden, or the absence of nerve to call up the knowledge he actually possessed, certain it is, he was rejected as incompetent! Mr. Prior has inserted this extract from the books of the college:

"At a court of examiners, held at the Theatre, 21st December, 1758. Present—

"James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto."

This disappointment was not merely a wound inflicted upon his pride, severe and humiliating as was the infliction, but it involved a pecuniary detriment. Such an issue as rejection had not been anticipated. He had contracted debts which he

was unable to relieve, except by the pledge of the borrowed garments. The tailor required payment, and Mr. Griffiths became clamorous, abusive, and threatening. Goldsmith could not disclose the secret of his situation, preferring the imputation of dishonesty to the mortification of his pride. The *Monthly Review* assailed, in a petulant manner, his moral and literary character; and the story of his default was ungenerously and disparagingly spread by the proprietor, through the literary circles of London, long after the fact occurred. Griffiths felt or feigned apprehension for the safety of his books in the possession of Goldsmith, and wrote him a menacing and intemperate letter. The poet replied in terms of deprecation and apology, admitting the impropriety of the act: but this served only as the text of a rejoinder replete with the keenest reproaches. Another and certainly very touching letter was written by the accused, from which it appears how extreme and desperate were the affairs of poor Goldsmith on the one hand, and how inhuman and unrelenting was the conduct of his accuser and creditor on the other. By the endorsement of Griffiths, this note was received in January, 1759.

"Sir,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being— with all that contempt that indigence brings with it— with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make, thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

"I am guilty, I own, of meanness which poverty unavoidably brings with it; my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour: but I have friendships only with the

dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am,

"Sir, your humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH

"P. S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions."

The poet had furnished four articles for the *Review* of December number, 1758, to evince his gratitude for the loan, or in compensation for the use. A brief compilation now followed, by which the dispute with the exacting bookseller was settled for a time. The rancour, however, of Griffiths was not allayed, or another cause of enmity arose. His tongue was not only busy to the prejudice of the man he had so cruelly treated, but his *Review* was always the vehicle of biting sarcasm, or ill-tempered criticism, whenever Goldsmith or his writings were the subject of notice.

Unhappy as is the whole train of incidents connected with his application to Surgeons' Hall, yet it formed, if we may so speak, the crisis of his literary fate. His rejection detained him in England, where his stay was to reflect honour upon his country's literature. Hitherto he had been struggling with contempt, indigence, and obscurity. From this dark period of his history he began gradually to emerge into notice and applause.

We step aside from the current of his literary to exhibit him in his mental career, through the medium of an epistolary murmur. The letter we refer to, was written in February, 1759, and faithfully reflects the despondency and gloom of that unhappy period.

"*To the Reverend Henry Goldsmith, at Lifford, near Ballymore, in Westmeath, Ireland.*

"Dear sir,—Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, then answering neither you nor me, is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it.

"I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong, active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that if a stranger

saw us both he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child.

"Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have contracted all then suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside—for every occupation but our own?—this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

"The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure) he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking; and these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will.

"Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive, are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous—may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach, then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the approaches of insidious cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable

to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

"My mother, I am informed, is almost blind: even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not, for to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it would add much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny. Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

"I know not whether I should tell you yet why should I conceal these trifles, or, indeed, any thing from you? There is a book of mine will be published in a few days— the *Life of a very extraordinary man*; no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement.

"Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroic comical poem which I sent you. You remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:—

'The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grins beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltzy pictures spread;
The game of goose was there expos'd to view,
And the twelve rules the royal mautyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch showed his lamp black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
An unpaid reckoning on the fizeze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.'

"And now imagine after his soliloquy the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:—

'Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay:
With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began,' &c.

"All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaign's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of my regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it were

not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that

"I am your most affectionate friend and brother,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The life of Voltaire to which he alludes, appeared in fact a few days after the composition of the letter. Though he calls it a catch-penny, as it undoubtedly was to him, it is nevertheless a performance of considerable elegance. It is doubtless erroneous in point of fact, and unhappily in a part where accuracy might reasonably be expected. We refer to the *time* and *place* of the author's interviews with Voltaire, as it unfortunately happens that the sage of Ferney was not only not at Paris, when Goldsmith made the tour of the continent, but was absent from about 1750 to 1774. The passage is certainly striking, but we must forget the anacronism and misplaced *locus in quo*, and perhaps the assigned length of Voltaire's harangue, as not quite in keeping with the ordinary *regime* of social custom. We quote the passage referred to: "The person who writes this Memoir, who had the honour of being his (Voltaire's) acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who was unacquainted with the language of the authors he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation turned upon one of his favourite topics.

"Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last aroused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance, mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of rallery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."

In March was published for the Dodsleys, a book which brought him some money and an accession of fame; we mean "An Enquiry into the present state of Polite Learning in Europe." Except the Monthly Review, which was acrimonious and personal in its criticism, the periodical press was warm in its commendation.

About this time Kenrick, a noted libeller, appears upon the stage, who persecuted Goldsmith with coarse invective and illiberal censure to the end of his life. He wrote the unmanly attack upon his *Enquiry* in the *Monthly Review*. As a set-off to this, it may be mentioned, that he made the acquaintance, about the same time, of Doctor (afterwards Bishop) Percy, whose esteem of the man and admiration of his genius were unwavering during the poet's life, and were displayed in a *Memoir* after his death.

A little earlier than the appearance of either of the two last mentioned works, he became a regular contributor to the *Critical Review*, the principal editor of which was Dr. Smollett. He contributed largely to this and other magazines of that period, and at length became editor of the *Lady's Magazine*. His papers are fondly traced by Mr. Prior, and no doubt a part will be collected and preserved. This kind of writing, which Goldsmith disliked, and which he deems, in his *Enquiry*, one of the lower departments of literary exertion, required despatch, and prevented that elaboration and care necessary to the production of excellence. He was precluded by the constant demands which it made upon his time from cultivating poetry, that province to which his feelings were inseparably wedded. Mr. Prior manifests his sympathies for Goldsmith's hard fate, in the following apposite remarks:—

“One of the inconveniences of poverty, besides its positive privations, is not only the bar thrown in our way to pursue the path we wish, but the frequent necessity of adopting that which we dislike. Thus, the wayward fate of Goldsmith seemed constantly to thwart the bent of his inclinations as well in life as in letters. It caused him to enter the university in a situation he disliked, if not despised: it made him a traveller on foot through Europe when his ambition was to seem of consequence; and usher at a school, when detesting the employment; and the frequent companion of persons whom he avowedly despised, and from whose society he wished to escape. At a future period it compelled him in great measure to desist from the cultivation of poetry, in which he delighted; to become the writer of histories which, however popular and excellent of their class, he never thought conducive to his fame; of other compilations he did not think proper to own; and at this moment, while condemning criticism as the bane of polite letters, forced him, in order to earn a scanty subsistence, to pursue the very occupation he stigmatised, that of a professional critic.” pp. 165, 166.

His essays in the *Bee*, the *Busy Body*, and the *Ladies' Magazine*, now engrossed his time, until the appearance of the *Citizen of the World*, which commenced with the *Public Ledger* in 1760. Two of these beautiful essays appeared every week, and were furnished in fulfilment of an agreement to contribute that number of papers weekly, at a salary of £100 per annum. Dr. Johnson wrote similar papers, under the name of the *Idler*, for the *Universal Chronicle*, then under the

protection of the same publishers. It is some evidence of the estimation in which Goldsmith was held as a writer, that while Johnson, whose fame was at its summit, should have been employed to raise one newspaper into character, Goldsmith, then unknown in literature by name, should be required to aid the success of another. The expectation which it implied was not disappointed. The *Citizen of the World* attracted notoriety, and was read with avidity. The flowing drapery of the diction, the elegance and occasional boldness of the sentiments, the easy sprightliness of the descriptions, were appreciated by every class of readers. The journal in which they appeared partook of their popularity, which advanced as the essays continued. The circulation of the *Ledger* became large, and its reputation permanent - a standing which is retained to the present day.

The celebrity of these essays, which have now taken their stand among the list of English classics, introduced their author to Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and the other great stars in the literary constellation of the metropolis. Though still under pecuniary embarrassment, he felt himself brought amongst kindred minds, a happiness from which he had been hitherto excluded. Their approbation fortified his self-respect, and their society cheered his moments of despondency.

In May, 1761, he exchanged his miserable lodgings in Green Arbour court, for superior accommodations in Fleet street. Of the wretchedness of his situation in the former place, Bishop Percy was a witness :

“ ‘The doctor,’ observes that prelate, ‘was employed in writing his *Enquiry into Polite Learning*,’ (or rather, perhaps, in correcting the proof-sheets, for the work, as already noticed, appeared on the 3d of April following,) ‘in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair, and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said,—My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.’ ” p. 171.

The same accomplished and amiable gentleman conducted Dr. Johnson in his first visit to Goldsmith, when he noticed the unaccustomed neatness of the philosopher's attire :—

“ ‘He had on,’ said the bishop in telling the story, ‘a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and every thing so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of enquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance.—Why, sir, said he with characteristic shrewdness, and willing to play the instructor as well by example as by precept, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.’ ” p. 194.

His pen was now busy with a great variety of works. Among these was a "History of the War," so called, being an exhibition of the success of England in the war against France, published in 1762. Mr. Prior, who had the original MS. of this history before him, in the autograph of the author, speaks of it as remarkably free from erasures and blots, though hastily written—a proof of the facility which he had attained in composition.

His project of visiting the East, which had so long slept, now revived, and though he addressed Lord Bute on the subject, and was earnest in his effort, it failed. He produced now a pamphlet on the Cock-Lane Ghost, a History of Mecklenburg, and "The Art of Poetry on a new plan," compiled from the best English poets, with critical notices prefixed to each of the specimens. Besides these, he seems to have carried on together a "Compendium of Biography," in imitation of Plutarch, but which terminated with the fourth volume, a History of England, and a Life of the Beau Nash.

The history, a different work from what he afterwards wrote, seems to have been designed as a school book, by question and answer. In November the Memoir of Nash made its appearance, a book of two hundred and thirty-four pages octavo. We have been induced by curiosity to procure and read this performance, so little known in this country as the production of Goldsmith. It certainly has many of his happy and inimitable strokes, but wants in the subject something to sustain the interest of the reader. Nash was essentially a trifler, with no talents, except, perhaps, an aptitude, in the early part of his life, for those *meptie* of which he was for a time the acknowledged *arbiter*. Many interesting traits are displayed, among which his benevolence and humanity are conspicuous. Upon two of the fly-leaves of this book, which is one of the early editions, the enterprising Mr. Newbery advertises as being for sale at his shop, "The History of Mecklenburg," "The Art of Poetry," "The Idler," "The Citizen of the World," and other works of recent production by Goldsmith and Johnson.

One or two anecdotes illustrative of the simple-hearted character of the man, may be here related. A person by the name of Pilkington, with whom the poet had a very slight acquaintance, and who was famous for levying small sums upon various pretexts, appealed to Goldsmith, whose prodigal munificence was well known to be bounded only by the sum in his possession. Mr. Prior says:—

"Calling upon the unconscious poet in 1760, he gave vent to many regrets that the immediate want of a small sum prevented the prospect of a rich return. Upon enquiry of the circumstances, he said that a lady of the first rank, (the name of the Duchess of Manchester or of

Portland was mentioned,) being well known for her attachment to curious animals, and the large prices given for the indulgence of this taste, a friend in India, desirous to serve him, had sent home two white mice, then on board a ship in the river, which were to be offered to her grace. He had apprised her of their arrival, and she expressed impatience to see the animals, but unfortunately he had neither an appropriate cage for their reception, nor clothes fit to appear in before a lady of rank: two guineas would accomplish both objects, but where, alas! were two guineas to be procured? Goldsmith, with great sincerity replied that he possessed only half a guinea, and that sum necessarily could be of no use; the opening however was too favourable, and the applicant too dexterous, to permit his attempt to be thus parried. He begged to suggest with much diffidence and deference—the emergency was pressing, and might form some apology for the liberty—that the money might be raised from a neighbouring pawnbroker by the deposit of his friend's watch;—the inconvenience could not be great, and at most of only a few hours' continuance; it would rescue a sincere friend from embarrassment, and confer an eternal obligation. The mode of appeal proved irresistible: the money was raised in the manner pointed out, but neither watch nor white mice were afterwards heard of, nor even Mr. Pilkington himself until a lapse of seven months, when a paragraph in the *Ledger* informed the world that he, giving his name nearly at full length, was endeavouring to raise money in a more equivocal manner." pp. 191, 192.

It is the province of genius to turn even calamities to account. Accordingly we find in the *Citizen of the World*, the story of a white mouse, doubtless suggested by his own personal misfortune. The other anecdote is still more ludicrous:—

"When strolling in the gardens of White Conduit House, he met with three females of the family of a respectable tradesman, whom, for some favour received in the way of his occupation, he invited without hesitation to take tea. The repast passed off with great hilarity, but when the time of payment arrived, he found to his infinite mortification he had not sufficient money for the purpose. To add to this annoyance occasioned by this discovery, some acquaintances in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well came up, discovered his perplexity by a remark of the waiter, and willing to enjoy, professed at first their inability to relieve him; nor was it till after much amusement had been enjoyed at his expense that the debt was discharged." pp. 192, 193.

He had been made so often the dupe of designing villany, by an unsuspecting and credulous temper, and was frequently in embarrassing and awkward situations from imprudence or simplicity, that an inevitable mishap which might naturally enough have occurred to any other person, turned the laugh effectually against Goldsmith:—

"Occasionally we find him mingling in scenes of amusement, or pursuing objects of popular curiosity: frequently, as we may believe from his remarks, in order to turn them in some way to account. One of these, in the summer of 1762, was the Cherokee chiefs then in London and sought after eagerly by the inquisitive and idle, a visit to whom gave origin to a humorous story told by Derick, well known by his

poems and letters, and once master of the ceremonies at Bath. Having made a present of some trifle to one of the Indians during the interview, the latter, delighted with the gift and remembering one of the European modes of endearment, stooped and embraced Goldsmith with so much cordiality as to leave behind part of the red ochre, with which he was plentifully bedaubed, upon his face, and being seen in this state, was teased by the wags of his acquaintance with using *rouge*." p. 211.

He did not however neglect to make a philosophical use of the interview, on occasion, as appears from the following passage in his *Animated Nature*: -

"I remember, he says, 'when the Cherokee kings were over here, that I have waited for three hours during the time they were dressing. They never would venture to make their appearance till they had gone through the tedious ceremonies of the toilet: they had their boxes of oil and ochre, their fat and their perfumes, like the most effeminate beau, and generally took up four hours in dressing before they considered themselves as fit to be seen. We must not therefore consider delicacy in point of dress as a mark of refinement, since savages are much more difficult in this particular than the most fashionable or fawdery European. The more barbarous the people, the fonder of finery.'" p. 211.

We give another incident out of many which might be quoted as a proof of the easiness of his nature, and his exposure to dishonesty: -

"While sitting in the Chapter Coffee house, Goldsmith, who had been recently ill, was accosted by a stranger with enquiries after his health, and evincing the surprise and hesitation natural on the occasion, the enquirer proceeded to introduce himself. 'You will pardon my abruptness; my name is Lloyd: you are Dr. Goldsmith: as literary men, familiar to each other by name, we ought to be acquainted; and as I have a few friends to supper here this evening, let me have the pleasure of your company likewise without further ceremony.' The frankness of the invitation to a man of social propensities, insured its acceptance: he joined the party composed chiefly of authors, spent an agreeable evening, but when about to depart overheard a discussion between his new friend and the landlord, who seemed perfectly known to each other, implying that the one could not at that moment pay the reckoning, while the other declined to give credit. The generosity of Goldsmith obviated the difficulty by guarantying the debt which eventually he paid, Lloyd, who had long lived by shifts and expedients, caring nothing further about the matter." pp. 217.

Towards the close of 1762, Goldsmith removed from London into the country, and resided near his friend Newbery, with a Mrs. Fleming. Here he remained until some time in 1764, sedulously engaged in various literary enterprises of greater extent and importance than any in which he had been previously engaged. Besides prefaces, translations, biographies, assisting in a book called the *Martial Review*, and contributing to the periodical press, he now wrote his masterly survey of English History, in the form of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. As this precious work is nearly out of print, there is need of an Anon.

can edition, in which some minor errors might easily be rectified. The only edition we have seen is a London twelve of 1792, in two volumes.

Poor Goldsmith, notwithstanding his increasing reputation as a writer, was still not exempt from the visitation of pecuniary distress. He owed a debt, and was only saved from prison by the friendly interposition of Johnson. The MS. of his enchanting novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which Johnson sold for £60, removed the apprehension of duress. For some cause the novel was suppressed by the bookseller, for two years after the purchase.

At this time, though popularly confessed to be one of the first authors of his day, Goldsmith had not published his name in a title-page. He reserved such an announcement for a work upon which he might confidently rest his fame. It was formally blazoned for the first time in connection with his *Traveller*. This epic was at once recognised as the offspring of poetic genius. Every one felt, and almost every one acknowledged, the force of its merit and the greatness of its beauty. The complimentary notices with which it was hailed, have been industriously collected and approvingly quoted by Mr. Prior. It at once established the celebrity of its author. In perfect consistency with the character of the poet, was the dedication to his brother, a clergyman whose living was "forty pounds a year." Such a departure from ordinary practice, filled his contemporaries with surprise. A man of more calculation and less heart, would have sought the prefix of an illustrious name to give it passport and protection; but where interest and feeling were diverse, there was little hesitation as to which to obey. One of the newspapers of the day, in mentioning various instances of disinterested nobility of action, cites "Dr. Goldsmith, when he dedicated his beautiful poem, the *Traveller*, to a man of no greater income than £10 a year."

The admiration which the *Traveller* excited, would have made Dr. Goldsmith a fortune, if he had been influenced by the motives which govern ordinary mortals. Sir John Hawkins relates an instance of proffered assistance, which he accompanies by remarks in his usual strain of unjust severity:—

"‘Having one day,’ says Sir John, ‘a call to make on the late Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room: I asked him what had brought him there; he told me, an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and as a reason mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me whether I was acquainted with him; I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out I asked him the result of his conversation—“His lordship,” says he, “told me he had read my poem (meaning the *Traveller*) and was much

delighted with it; that he was going to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness." "And what did you answer," asked I, "to this gracious offer?" "Why," said he, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help: as for myself I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the book-sellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." Thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world tittle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis." pp. 286, 287.

The *Hermit*, which has been called, and not without reason, the sweetest ballad in any language, besides other literary labours, followed and extended his fame. Afterwards appeared the *Vicar of Wakefield*, one of the most charming pieces of fiction extant. It is not only a favourite in this country and England, but it has been translated into nearly every language of Europe, where it vies in popularity with the famed romances of Cervantes and *Le Sage*. Under the severe censorship of Spain it is permitted to be circulated, with a few cautionary notes. The copy we possess, in the Spanish language, was published at Barcelona, and the annotations are curious enough. They seem principally intended to guard the immaculate sanctity of the Spanish clergy from the supposed laxity of the English Vicar.

Having now conducted the reader through the long period of Goldsmith's obscurity, a period marked rather by struggles for existence than efforts for lasting fame, we shall pass rapidly over the remaining portion of his life.

The comedy of "*The Good-Natured Man*," which was represented on the 29th of January, 1768, was received well, but not with enthusiasm. The fervour of its reception was chilled by the appearance of "*False Delicacy*," by Kelly, a popular drama of the time, of the sentimental cast, but now forgotten. There was nothing however, it would appear, that induced the friends of the poet to consider it a failure, as its humour was relished; the bailiff scene, after retrenchment, was liked, and Croaker was a decided favourite. On the first night of performance, when the bailiff scene was hissed, the chagrin and mortification of the author were extreme. Mrs. Piozzi retails an anecdote which shows how much this child of nature was the sport of his sensibilities. Few dramatic writers but would have had as acute feelings as he under the same circumstances, and still fewer that would not have suppressed their unreserved exhibition.

"*Returning home one day from dinner at the chaplain's table,*" says Mrs. Piozzi, "he (Johnson) told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very

comical and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings when his play was hissed; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress them still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about "*an old woman tossed in a blanket seven teen times as high as the moon*;" but "all this while I was suffering horrible tortures," said he, "and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot. I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a crying, and even *sware* that I would never write again." "All which, doctor," said Dr. Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, "I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world." p. 331.

The play, when printed, received the highest encomiums, and thus, together with his profits from other literary works, made his receipts considerable. How he continued so necessitous, may be learned from the following, among many others, which might be selected. The story is vouched by the authority of Glover :

"His carelessness of money, and of which there was little doubt, exhibited an unusual, if not ostentatious negligence. Whenever a sum was procured and the most pressing demands paid, the remainder was thrown by in an open drawer, to be disbursed either by himself or his servant, as occasion required. When a friend once called at an earlier hour than usual, the bill of the landlady chanced to be on the table for payment, and the footman received orders to 'pay the poor woman.' A sum of moment happened to be in the drawer from which the domestic, after turning it over with seeming care, though evidently no adept at calculation, took the amount, and the remainder was replaced. The visiter, who had observed the proceeding, at length enquired whether as a matter of prudence it was right to place such a temptation in the way of a person in his station of life, who in some unhappy moment might be tempted to abuse the trust. The only reply was, with an expression of surprise—What, my dear friend, do you take Dennis for a thief?" p. 311.

Among other works in 1769 and 1770 which fell from his pen, such as a Roman History, in a thousand pages octavo, came out his exquisite poem of the Deserted Village. The reputation he had acquired, being only second to Johnson in fame, and as a writer much more admired, rendered no friendly and necessary to bring it into notice. It was read with approbation and delight, and the voice of the public was so loud in its favour as to silence even the malevolence of envy. Kenrick, the anonymous libeller, and Miller, his old opponent, shrunk overawed, if not by the merit of the poem, by the splendour of its success. Poetical addresses poured in from all quarters, praising not merely the surpassing sweetness of the lay, but the elegant pathos of its sentiments : —

"One of the topics particularly adverted to by readers and critics, was the intimation dropped by the poet, of forsaking the pursuit of an art which is plainly stated to have proved of an unprofitable kind. A general interest was expressed on this occasion by all the admirers of his poetical talents; the reviews joined the new-papers in their regrets; and a variety of petitions were thrown out to prevail upon him not to carry his threat into execution. 'We hope,' was the general strain of supplication, 'for the honour of the art and the pleasure of the public, Dr. Goldsmith will retract his farewell to poetry, and give us other opportunities of doing justice to his merit.'" p. 385.

This poem, appealing so powerfully to the common feelings of human nature, has awakened in the breast of every reader an intense curiosity to fix the locality described. Travellers in England have been known to undertake pilgrimages to a town of the name of Auburn, in the belief that it is the scene of the description. But this is a mistake. Lassooy, in Ireland the scene of Goldsmith's childhood and youth, the place to which his fervid imagination recurred with all the endearing associations of that charming season, furnishes each local merit, and is without question the spot so beautifully celebrated. With an enthusiasm which does him honour, Mr. Prior undertook to visit the place and examine on the spot the various localities. The result has been very full information and illustration, scattered in various passages of his book, but which we now present, in a group, as parts of one interesting whole:

"The identity of Lassooy with the scenes of the poem, in the general belief of the people of the vicinity, is corroborated by an anecdote told by a traveller some years ago in the United States.

"'The Deserted Village' said he, (Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, is the speaker,) relates to the scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn is a poetical name for the village of Lassooy, in the county of Westmeath, barony of Kilkenny West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was, indeed, a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place."

I have been often in the house. The hawthorn-bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse. I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, "Ma foy, Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir," said I, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn-bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village?" "Ma foy!" exclaimed the bishop, "is that the hawthorn-bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch."

"The house once occupied by the rector of Kilkenny West, pleasantly situated and of good dimensions, is now a ruin, verifying the truth of the pathetic lines of his son—

'Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall!'

The front, including a wing, extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty four; it consisted of two stories, with five windows in each. The roof has been off for a period of twenty years; the gable ends remain, but the front and back walls of the upper story have crumbled away, and if the hand of the destroyer be not stayed, will soon wholly disappear. Two or three wretched cottages for labourers, surrounded by mud, adjoin it on the left. Behind the house is an orchard of some extent and the remains of a garden, both utterly neglected. In front, a pretty avenue of double rows of ash trees, which formed the approach from the high road, about sixty yards distant, and at one time presented an object of interest to travellers, has, like every other trace of care or superintendence, disappeared—cut down by the ruthless hand of some destroyer. No picture of desolation can be more complete. As if an image of the impending ruin had been present, the poet has painted with fearful accuracy what his father's house was to be—

‘Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The Village Preacher's modest mansion rose.’

And we contemplate the realization of the melancholy scene as we do the poem of the unfortunate Falconer, who, while singing the story of one shipwreck, scarcely conceived he was fated to perish by a second.

“A visitor to this spot will be tempted to believe, from the ignorance he finds among many of the neighbouring peasantry, that little enthusiasm exists regarding the name of him who nevertheless gives it all its importance. We found some unexpected instances of this. In Ireland the legend of a saint, or of a miracle, is universally familiar and never forgotten; but not so the memorials of her distinguished men. These have too often passed away with contemporary generations. Nor are the middling and upper classes exempt from the charge of neglecting what it should be their first ambition affectionately to cherish. It is not that they are indifferent to the fame of their celebrated countrymen, but we require more obvious proofs of the fact; it is in the public statue and the column, that their professions of admiration should be brought to the test of performance.” pp. 21—26.

“‘In order,’ writes the Rev. Mr. Handcock, ‘to be accurate in the description you require of the place, I rode there immediately on receipt of your letter: it is a snug farm-house in view of the high road, to which a straight avenue leads with double rows of ash trees, six miles north-east of this town. The farm is still held under the Naper family by a nephew of Goldsmith, at present in America. In the front view of the house is the “decent church” of Kilkenny West, that literally “tops the neighbouring hill;” and in a circuit of not more than half a mile diameter around the house, and “the never failing brook,” “the busy mill,” “the hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,” “the brook with mantling cresses spread,” “the straggling fence that skirts the way, with blossomed furze unprofitably gay,” “the thorn that lifts its head on high, where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,” “the house where nut brown draughts inspired,” in short every striking object in the picture. There are besides many ruined houses in the neighbourhood, bespeaking a better state of population than at present. . . .

“‘In the house at Lassoy lived Goldsmith's father, at first curate to an uncle named Green, and “passing rich on forty pounds a year.” After the death of the incumbent he obtained the living. This gentleman and

his wife were the genuine Dr. and Mrs. Primrose. Though a man of learning there are many laughable instances of his simplicity and ignorance of mankind recorded in the neighbourhood to this day. Here Goldsmith was instructed in the first stage of his learning." p. 278.

"The details of the poem sufficiently show that he had each (England and Ireland) occasionally in view; the picture is neither wholly from imagination, nor wholly from reality, from any one place, or from any one division of the kingdom; but from the remembrance or observation of many circumstances belonging to either island, which with the skill of a poet he worked up into a perfect whole. Thus the flourishing state of trade, the influx of wealth and luxury, the song of the nightingale, and many other incidental details, hold good only of England. On the other hand, the stream of emigration, which has for a century largely and steadily flowed towards America, and much of the local scenery and objects belong to Ireland.

"The allusions bearing upon Lissoy are numerous; the following are supposed to apply to the Sundays or numerous holidays, usually kept in Roman catholic countries.

‘How often have I blessed the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play.’

“To the succeeding are traced the origin of the poem—

————— ‘The man of wealth and pride
Takes up the space that many poor supplied,
Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.’

"The general character of the adjoining country, particularly in the rear of the house, being a plain, Auburn is appropriately characterised ‘loveliest village of the plain.’ As the scene of enjoyment in early life, and of boyish delights, he with equal truth and affection calls them—

‘Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o’er thy green?’

“And again—

‘How often have I paused on every charm?’

"Personal allusions such as these may be admissible in poetry not strictly meant to be accurately descriptive, yet taken with the context, their application to the feelings and circumstances of the writer is perfectly compatible with the fact.

‘The never-failing brook, the busy mill,’

are found in a hollow, the road to which lies at the end of the village in a turning to the left as we proceed from his paternal residence; the stream which moves it is small, and the mill of rude construction, and of the overshot kind, but he may have had also in view that of Ballymahon, which existed at that period above the bridge of that town, and where afterwards he was known to spend many hours.

‘The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,’

was that in which his father officiated; it crowned a height of gentle elevation in front of their residence, and though distant about a mile, from its conspicuous situation constantly in their eye.

"Such an object was not likely to escape his recollection. The term *decent* is that perhaps which describes it most exactly ; being clean and very homely without pretension to any other quality. Between it and the house lies a valley occupied by a sheet of water, alluded to probably in the line—

'The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool.'

"Another natural object —

'The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made,'

was larger than ordinary trees of that description, with surrounding seats as here represented ; it rose with a double trunk, shaded a considerable portion of ground opposite the alehouse, and from being at the confluence of two roads, presented sufficient space for the evening assemblages of the villagers, described as having

'Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.'

The selection of a 'hawthorn bush,' so rarely of sufficient dimensions to perform the office here assigned, when so many nobler tenants of the forest affording ampler shade and more majesty of description for his verse were at poetical command to use on the occasion, is considered another proof of the identity of the spot from which the picture was drawn. The celebrity of this tree has been fatal to it. The material objects immortalised by poets are too frequently sacrificed to the admiration they excite, as if spoliation were the truest test of devotion in the eyes of admirers ; and poetry thus seems like the unnatural mother of mythology, content to prey upon her own offspring. Every traveller hither for a period of forty years, carried away a portion of the trees as a relic either of the poem or of his pilgrimage ; when the branches had been destroyed, the trunks were attacked ; and when these disappeared, even the roots were partially dug up, so that in 1820, scarcely a vestige remained, either above or below ground, notwithstanding a resident gentleman, by building round it, endeavoured to prevent its utter extinction. At the period of the writer's visit (1830) a very tender shoot had again forced its way to the surface, which he in imitation of so many other inconsiderate idlers felt disposed to seize upon as a memorial of his visit ; but if permitted to remain, though this is unlikely, may renew the honours paid to its predecessor.

"Opposite the remains of the hawthorn stands the alehouse—

——— 'where nut brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,'

still appropriated to its original use, chiefly by the care of Mr. Hogan, who repaired or rebuilt it after being long in a state of decay. By the same hand it was supplied with the sign of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons,' with new copies of the 'twelve good rules,' and the 'royal game of goose,' not omitting even the—

'broken tea-cups wisely kept for show
Ranged o'er the chimney glistened in a row,'—

which for better security in the frail tenure of an Irish publican, or the doubtful decorum of his guests, were embedded in the mortar. Most of these have again disappeared, sacrifices to the love of relics, and sold no doubt to admiring visitors as the originals referred to in the poem ; even

the sign is no longer to be seen, removed either by cupidity or the ravages of time.

"The allusions to America, as the destined home of voluntary exiles, who

—— 'took a long farewell and wished in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main,'

are in perfect keeping with truth, the late celebrated John Wesley having remarked the large efflux of persons thither from Ireland as far back as the year 1770, though it prevailed at a much earlier period. Indeed, whenever by the alleged cupidity of landlords, the rivalry of other tenants, or their own imprudence, the lower class of Irish become unsettled, they seldom reliz permanently in another part of their own country, or even in England or Scotland, but commonly seek a distant, and as they are led to believe, a more advantageous settlement in the New World.

"The pathetic lines—

————— 'Von widow'd solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread,
'To strip the brook with manthng cresses spread,'

are supposed to apply to a female named Catherine Cieraghty, whom the poet had known in earlier and better days, and who was well remembered by some of the inhabitants when Dr. Stroom served the curacy of the parish. The brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood, still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the neighbourhood.

"To his own instructor, Thomas Byrne, is supposed to belong the description of a personage so important to youth.

'There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.'

But the portrait, though good as a general sketch, wants that individuality which, from the actual peculiarities of the person in question, might have been given it; one probable characteristic however is retained

'While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.'

The school-house is still shown; here there may be some straining of fact as to identity, for no place built expressly for such purpose having existed at that time, the common cottages which are constructed loosely of mud and stone would have crumbled long ere this, few of them without great care attaining the age of a century.

"No lines in the poem point more strongly to the abode of his youth, than—

'Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.'

"In the immediate vicinity of the village, and in more than one direction, is found a considerable portion of water; a river, likewise, with several small lakes, pools, and marsh lands, lie around Ballymahon, to which is now added the course of the Grand Canal from Dublin; to several of these, water-fowl continue to resort, and among others the bird which he has thought proper to notice in the foregoing lines. In

the opening of the sixth volume of *Animated Nature*, it is thus poetically adverted to, with the effects of its call upon the minds of the villagers.

“Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of untroubled rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jacksnipe. But of all these sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like an interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters.

I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event; and generally found or made one to succeed it. I do not speak ludicrously; but if any person in the neighbourhood died, they supposed it could not be otherwise, for the night raven had foretold it; but if nobody happened to die, the death of a cow or sheep gave completion to the prophecy.” pp. 380—383.

We have been surprised in the perusal of a late *Life of Cowper* by Mr. Southey, to find no allusion to the dulcet strains of this admirable poet. He recounts Pope, Gray, Akenside, Glover, Churchill, and Crabbe, but omits any reference to the author of the *Traveller*, *Deserted Village*, and *Hermit*. Perhaps Goldsmith may be regarded by Mr. Southey as a minor or indifferent poet, as Cowper seems to have considered Pope, and as Byron deemed Cowper. If so, in the dispensation of poetical justice, the poet-laureate himself may in his turn be ruthlessly despoiled, by an unsparing hand, of those blooming laurels which now cluster so proudly and thickly around him.

It is to be regretted that a man who was capable of writing the *Traveller*, *Deserted Village*, and so many other works of standard eminence, should have been obliged by the penury of his circumstances to bring out productions so lame and imperfect as the lives of Bolingbroke and Parnell. He was sensible of the occasional effects of his haste, and wrote to Mr. Langton with reference to it in the following strain: “God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances.” To some one else he observed, “I must write a book, while you are pondering over a word or a phrase.”

After the biographies alluded to, came out in quick succession, the humorous and admirable *jeu d'esprit*, *Retaliation*, and the *Haunch of Venison*, the latter addressed to his friend, Lord Clare, and a *History of England* in four volumes. This *History*, as well as that of *Rome* which preceded, and the *History of Greece* which followed it, possesses all the graceful attractiveness of his style, and the usual ingenuity of his reflections.

They are elegant abstracts, so happily condensed as to embrace as much useful knowledge as any histories of the same size, within the compass of any language. They received the emphatic sanction of his great contemporary, Dr. Johnson, a severe judge; and a most flattering verdict has been rendered by the unbiassed judgment of posterity.

In the early part of the year 1773, was enacted for the first time at Covent Garden, his comedy, "*She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.*" When this play was sent to Colman, at that time the manager, he verbally expressed a great variety of objections to the whole performance. He at length returned the manuscript to Goldsmith, with critical remarks written on the blank sides of the leaves, in violation, as it was considered, of literary courtesy. The friends of the poet to whom these animadversions were shown, called them unfair: the public journalists denounced them, as "envious, insipid, and contemptible." Garrick, who was referred to, manifested his usual indecision, but hesitated to pronounce a favourable opinion. The friends of Goldsmith, and especially Johnson, then interfered, and procured, by their remonstrances, the reluctant consent of the manager to its representation.

When in rehearsal, the inimical Colman suggested alterations which went to change the whole aspect of the piece. Being rejected by the author, a new offence was given, the effects of which were very soon perceived. He induced two of the chief performers, Smith and Woodward, to decline their respective parts, and during the period of rehearsal, as well as before, indulged in the most unkind and strident strictures, confidently predicting its failure. To crown all, the scenery, dresses, and actors, were of an inferior description. Seeing such accumulated causes of apprehension, his friends advised the postponement of its appearance until the following season. Owing to the state of his finances, he declined the proposal, and, with the lofty pride of merit, declared— "I should sooner that my play were damned by bad players than merely saved by good acting."

It must be premised, that for a long period a passion for what was called sentimental comedy, had so taken possession of London as to banish wit and humour from the stage. "*The Good-Natured Man,*" and "*She Stoops to Conquer,*" were not in harmony with the predominating taste, but were boldly designed to alter its complexion. Shortly before the latter play appeared, Goldsmith, with a view to conciliate the public, composed an agreeable essay, entitled "*A Comparison between Laughing and Sentimental Comedy.*"

The time of representation at last arrived, and what with the dampening effects of the manager's well-known sentiments and all-pervading influence, there was an evident anticipation of

miscarriage. But the public were so stupid as to be amused, exhilarated, and delighted, to a degree beyond the hopes of the author. In short, it was received with the most emphatic applause, and the three nights of the poet yielded him between four and five hundred pounds.

The daily press was loud in condemnation and ridicule of Colman on the one hand, and in the most flattering ascriptions of merit to Goldsmith on the other. We select from the many verses given by Mr. Prior, two or three pieces as specimens :—

“ TO DR. GOLDSMITH,

On the success of his new Comedy, called ‘She Stoops to Conquer.’

“Long has the Comic Muse, seduced to town,
Shone with false charms, in finery not her own;
And strove by affectation’s flimsy arts,
And sickly sentiments, to conquer hearts:
But now reclaim’d, she seeks her native plains,
Where pass’d her youth, where mirth, where pleasure reigns;
She throws each tinsel ornament aside,
And takes once more plain Nature for her guide;
With sweet simplicity she smiles again,
And *Stoops to Conquer* with her Goldsmith’s pen.”

“ TO DR. GOLDSMITH,

“Has then, (the question pray excuse,
For doctor you’re a droll man,)
The dose that saved the Comic Muse,
Almost destroy’d poor Colman?”

“How drugs alike in strength and name,
In operations vary!
When what exalts the doctor’s fame
Undoes the apothecary!”

“ TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.,

On the success of Dr. Goldsmith’s new Comedy

“Come, Coley, doff those mourning weeds,
Nor thus with jokes be flamm’d;
Tho’ Goldsmith’s present play succeeds,
His next may still be damn’d.

“As this has ’scaped without a fall,
To sink his next prepare;
New actors hire from Wapping Wall,
And dresses from Rag Fair.

“For scenes let tatter’d blankets fly,
The prologue Kelly write;
Then swear again the piece must die
Before the author’s night.

“Should these tricks fail, the lucky elf
To bring to lasting shame,
E’en write *the best you can yourself*,
And print it in *his name*.”

The triumph of the author was singular and complete, and the discomfiture of Colman attended with no circumstance of mitigation. The warfare against Colman was waged with such spirit and heat, that he at length cried out to his victor for mercy, and begged him "to take him off the rack of the newspapers." Such is the intrinsic virtue of a good cause, or rather such the retributive power of justice!

A flood of so much praise provoked, unavoidably, the malevolence of his old enemies. Kenrick was the author of a most scurrilous composition, referring unhandsonely to a female of the poet's acquaintance. Though too coarse and vulgar for notice, Goldsmith was indignant, and in the mistaken notion that a show of spirit was necessary, corporally belaboured the unoffending publisher. The fact was noised about London, and the impropriety of attempting to restrain the freedom of the press by such means, was canvassed. It was asserted, too, that Goldsmith, as a contributor to the periodical press, had no doubt indulged in criticism as severe as that for the punishment of which he had now resorted to personal outrage. Of this imputation he seems to have been entirely innocent, as his strictures were always exempt from personality, and the tone of his criticism was calm and dignified. He therefore replied to the charge, and justified his course in the following brief and well-written address:—

"To the Public."

"Lest it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*, and a letter to which I signed my name, in the *St. James's Chronicle*. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public, most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combatting the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector has become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference

to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as the guardian of the liberty of the press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

The play was as successful in print as at the theatre, for it is said six thousand copies were sold during that and the ensuing season.

He had projected, upon a popular plan, a “Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,” which the versatility of his genius and the distinguished aid he had been promised, would no doubt have been worthy of his great reputation. Burke was to furnish an abstract of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, Bishop Berkley a paper on Philosophy, Sir Joshua Reynolds on Painting, Dr. Burney on Music, and Garrick on his peculiar art, as far as writing could impart its *intransitive* arcana. As Dr. Goldsmith's taste, which he made no secret in confessing, was rather classical than scientific, other contributors would have been indispensable. A prospectus was prepared, according to Bishop Percy, in the best style of the author, but the booksellers hesitating to second his views, an undertaking which had long engaged his mind, upon which he had spent great labour, and for which he had felt much anxiety, was abandoned. His inferior enterprises, which were always numerous, and now, when his pecuniary affairs were involved, ceased to be productive, gave him marked uneasiness. His “Animated Nature,” which came out in June, 1774, had been paid for long before, and though it confirmed and enlarged his reputation, did not replenish his coffers. Of this extensive and laborious work, it is enough to say, that happily coinciding with his tastes, it was executed *con amore*, and written in his most polished and elegant manner. Though more than sixty years have elapsed from its appearance, and since that time knowledge in this department has greatly advanced, yet no treatise has superseded it with the general reader. An edition of this excellent book, with “alterations and corrections,” was published a year or two ago in Philadelphia.

But the pressure of his necessities increasing, they at length undermined his nervous system, produced despondency, and laid the foundation of that disease which soon after extinguished in death the perishable part of Goldsmith. His friend Cradock, who met him in London a short time before his decease, gives the following narrative :

“Goldsmith I found much altered and at times very low, and I devoted almost all my mornings to his immediate service. He wished me

to look over and revise some of his works; but, with a select friend or two, I was pressing that he should publish by subscription his two celebrated poems of the 'Traveller' and the 'Deserted Village,' with notes; for he was well aware that I was no stranger to Johnson's having made some little addition to the one, and possibly had suggested some corrections at least for the other; but the real meaning was to give some great persons an opportunity of conveying pecuniary relief, of which the doctor at that time was particularly in need. Goldsmith readily gave up to me his private copies, and said, 'Pray do what you please with them.' But whilst he sat near me, he rather submitted to than encouraged my zealous proceedings.

"I one morning called upon him, however, and found him infinitely better than I expected; and in a kind of exulting style he exclaimed, 'Here are some of my best prose writings; I have been hard at work since midnight, and I desire you to examine them.' 'These,' said I, 'are excellent indeed.' 'They are,' he replied, 'intended as an introduction to a body of arts and sciences.'

"The day before I was to set out for Leicestershire I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied, 'I will, but on one condition--that you will not ask me to eat any thing.' 'Nay,' said I, 'this answer is absolutely unkind; for I had hoped, as we are supplied from the Crown and Anchor, that you would have named something you might have relished.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'if you will but explain it to Mrs. Cradock, I will certainly wait upon you.'

"The doctor found as usual at my apartments newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a tart; and the doctor either sat down or walked about, just as he pleased. After dinner he took some wine with biscuits, but I was obliged soon to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle for my next day's journey. On my return coffee was ready, and the doctor appeared more cheerful (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favourite with him); and in the course of the evening he endeavoured to talk and remark as usual, but all was force. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home, and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate. He did not live long after our return into Leicestershire; and I have often since regretted that I did not remain longer in town at every inconvenience." pp. 168, 169.

His death, which occurred soon after, was accelerated by the use of a medicine which was thought to be inapplicable to his case. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, at the early age of forty-five years.

Of the character of Dr. Goldsmith enough has been said to show that it was marked by many of those peculiarities which sometimes unhappily fall to the lot of genius. Rather of plain physiognomy, and not strikingly personable, he was slovenly or gay in his attire, according to his mood; and seldom in this, or any thing else, preserved a medium. He joined the greatest playfulness of temper to manners the most simple and unobtrusive. His heart was open to every manifestation of distress, and his hand was at once obedient to its impulses. Owing to the thriftless prodigality of his munificence, and the bare arti-

practised upon his simplicity, he was needy through life. Anecdotes abound in the pages of Mr. Prior, which want of space prevents us from quoting, in proof of the most extraordinary and boundless generosity. Poor as he was, so long as the objects which sought his bounty were in want, he continued to give, and only ceased his donatives when he had nothing left to bestow.

Dr. Goldsmith's pen was enlisted on the side of religion and virtue; and such was the moral chastity of his mind, that he repelled an application to write for the ministry with disdain. Considering the society in which he mingled in early life, the temptations to which he was exposed by his necessities, the sharpeners who preyed upon his substance, and the scenes of profligacy he was doomed to witness, we think that the prevailing purity of his allusions and sentiments presents an anomaly in authorship. The honest sincerity of his heart determined him to decline the clerical office, believing that he was religiously unfit for such a station. His standing aloof from Baretta, because his principles were infidel, deserves specification, since the rigid Johnson and the other wits of London, adopted his companionship, and admitted him to their confidence and intimacy.

The powers of Goldsmith as a writer in every thing he attempted, were of the highest order, and his range of subjects embraces nearly the wide circle of literature. Either as a poet, historian, naturalist, novelist, dramatic writer, biographer, or essayist, he has been rarely equalled. His delicate taste, his excursive imagination, the fine powers of his understanding, his exquisite humour, and the polished harmony of his expressions, prove the superiority and rare versatility of his talents. But this is not the place to enter into a critical examination of his distinct and comparative merits. These may be analysed hereafter, when Mr. Prior's edition of the poet's works shall be the subject of commentary. For the present, we shall quote in conclusion the opinions of two eminent writers upon the general character of his prose and poetry—opinions which good taste and critical judgment have long since recognised as orthodox. His prose compositions are thus characterized by Dr. Anderson in his *British Poets* :—

“As a prose writer, Goldsmith must be allowed to have rivalled and even exceeded Dr. Johnson, and his imitator Dr. Hawkesworth, the most celebrated professional prose writer of his time. His prose may be regarded as the model of perfection, and the standard of our language; to equal which the efforts of most will be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation folly.”

The other writer bears a name of no less literary authority than Sir Walter Scott. After condemning, in the character of

a reviewer, a remark which had been applied to the poetry of Pratt, that he inherited the lyre of Goldsmith, he proceeds in the following manner : -

“This is the third instance we remember of living poets being complimented at the expense of poor Goldsmith. A literary journal has thought proper to extol Mr. Crabbe as far above him ; and Mr. Richards (a man of genius also we readily admit) has been said in a note to a late sermon, famous for its length, to unite ‘the nervousness of Dryden with the ease of Goldsmith.’ This is all very easily asserted. The native ease and grace of Goldsmith’s versification have probably led to the deception ; but it would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style than the author of the ‘Deserted Village.’ Possessing much of the compactness of Pope’s versification, without the monotonous structure of his lines ; rising sometimes to the swell and fulness of Dryden, without his inflations ; delicate and masterly in his descriptions ; graceful in one of the great graces of poetry, its transitions ; alike successful in his sportive or grave, his playful or melancholy mood ; he may long bid defiance to the numerous competitors whom the friendship or flattery of the present age is so hastily arraying against him.”

ART. X. - MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

Juvenal and Persius. 4 vol. Classical Family Library, No. 35.
Pindar and Anacreon. Ditto, No. 36. New York : Harper and Brothers, 1837.

We know of no undertaking in this age of cheap reprints, which deserves more encouragement than the Classical Family Library of the above enterprising publishers. The bent of the times has been entirely too much towards a disregard of classical studies and works, and in favour of the lighter and frivolous productions of fancy. To these have been postponed not only the bright memorials of antiquity, but even the remains of the Augustan age of English literature. Nothing has *a run* but the tribe of novels, or an occasional book of travels. This danger to the public taste we have often noticed, and have done our share in endeavouring to avert—the effect is but too apparent every where around us. Any experiment with a view of introducing a better state of things should be warmly welcomed, and ought to receive the aid of all who have the cause of letters in their country at heart

No better plan can be pursued than that of introducing into general use the best classical authors through the medium of the most approved translations. They are thus capable of being enjoyed by all— and they require but to be known to be admired. A strange or a difficult tongue is then no longer an excuse for being ignorant of their contents. They should be presented, too, in such a shape, that while typography and binding are not disregarded, their cheapness may render them readily accessible. The Messrs. Harper have accomplished both these objects. The books in question are afforded at a reasonable rate; while, at the same time, the binding is very neat and durable, and the printing does credit to American art.

We wish that publications of this description were more generally encouraged in our country than they appear to be.

The Economy of Health, &c. By JAMES JOHNSON, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

This is another instructive book from the same press. The learned author professes to follow “the stream of human life from the cradle to the grave”—and he intermingles his narration with “reflections, moral, physical and philosophical, on the septennial phases of human existence.” This is promising largely and dealing with rather sounding phrases—though we perceive at once by the work itself that the writer is no pretender, but handles his subject with a master’s hand and in a style totally devoid of affectation. “Utility” he professes to have been his design in its composition; and certainly we have never met with a production on the all-important and much discussed theme of health, which contained more valuable suggestions or threw greater light upon the animal economy. He divides life into ten septenniads; ending of course with the seventieth year of mortal existence; and calling the few, sad years—“full of sorrow” as they are—which may perchance be allotted to any beyond that period, the “ultra-limitēs”—viz. from “seventy to *naught*.”

There is a deal of practical information in the book on the subject of the body, its diseases and its capacities; the proper periods for intellectual and corporeal exertion; and the best modes of bringing into full play its dormant energies. All this should be attentively studied and thoroughly understood by parents and such as have the education of the young entrusted to them. Youth is the season for sowing not only those moral

and religious seeds which may spring up to the harvest in riper years, but also for laying up a stock of health which may enable its possessor to withstand the alternations of climate and the rigours of a laborious life, as well as the confinements and exertions of sedentary and professional avocations. How much havoc of health has been committed in the early years of human existence by injudicious or careless treatment, and how many bright promises of future excellence have been untimely blighted, the experienced physician alone can tell—though every church-yard contains its plentiful and mournful record. Although human skill can elongate man's brief career at the most to some fourscore years, and there is a limit in the counsels of Providence to his span of life which he is not permitted to pass, yet it may not only alleviate the sorrows and burdens of existence, soothe the sharp pain and calm the irritated pulse, but oftentimes arrest a premature march to the grave, and allow the ultimate victim of mortality "to strut his hour upon the stage." Nor let this be thought a trifle, whilst health is considered one of God's greatest blessings.

The last topic in his book is "religious consolation" the fitting attendant of that period which is to end, so far as time is concerned, in *naught*. The language in which our author discusses this part of his subject is as beautiful as the sentiments are honourable.

Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal; and Other Tales.

By the author of the "Yemassee," &c. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

That Mr. Simms is a man of genius we take to be unquestionable—that his genius, however, is not of the best regulated kind we consider equally undeniable. There is no endowment of Providence, mental or physical, of a more dangerous nature than this same quality of genius; none which is more likely "to perish in the using," or to produce fruits utterly at variance with the promise early held out. Without fixed principles—we speak not merely of morals but of order, restraint and moderation—genius is a curse instead of a blessing; for its vagaries nurture those erratic and evil propensities of man which are, unfortunately, too apt of themselves to run riot and lead their possessors into the wilderness of infidelity and licentiousness.

It must not be supposed from these grave introductory remarks, that we hold this author censurable for any extreme of

misapplied talent, or as having contributed any considerable quantity of food to the more depraved appetites of his fellow-men. On the contrary, until the above work fell into our hands we had seen nothing to warrant such an opinion. It was only when we read "Martin Faber" that we began to fear that he was enticed from the only allowable regions of fiction—we mean those where attempts are made through her agency to call into exercise the better feelings of our nature, by engaging our interest and exciting our sensibilities—and had begun to descend into the far lower and less honourable province of feeding a depraved taste or pandering to the sensual inclinations of man. In the former of these departments Mr. Simms had gained a deservedly high reputation, and we anticipated, what we trust will yet be the result, a gradual development of improved and improving powers exercised with a view to the exaltation of our national literature and the amelioration of our national morals.

We look upon "Martin Faber" as an imitation— not indeed without talent of some description—of the bad German school—a school whose tastes and principles are totally diverse from the healthy and native propensities of the American character; and one which can never be popular here unless it be unduly fostered and encouraged, and invested in the garb of beauty by the industry of dazzling and misdirected talent. We hold that no greater curse could befall our land, particularly in the infant years of her literature, than the growth among us of works of fiction of the German—we should rather say *Satanic*—order, or those of kindred parentage, the modern French romances, tales, novels, dramas, or by whatever name it is deemed proper to designate the appeals which are constantly made in that country to the unholy promptings of corrupted nature. We would raise an early and unwearied voice against the first approach of this moral pestilence—for such we regard it— and emphatically would we do it when the poison is scattered by an author of our own.

The present is a second edition of this story. The first, published two years ago, was severely criticised, and Mr. Simms, in a laboured preface, seeks to deprecate censure. His claims to originality, which he appears anxious to establish, we are not disposed to controvert; but we consider him—however sincere may have been his design of rendering the work "purely moral"—as utterly failing in the attempt to reach this high aim. Let our author leave the imitation of unworthy foreign models, and devote his admitted powers to some nobler and worthier object.

Falkner ; a Novel. By the author of "Frankenstein." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

This is a book which we cannot commend highly—nor should we be disposed to recommend it at all to our readers. It can be praised only by comparison ; and thus as contrasted with "Frankenstein."

We do not dispute that Mrs. Shelley has produced a tale of much interest, and one containing many passages of considerable force and beauty— but, as a whole, the moral tone of her story is not a healthy one, and the sentiments are partially false and much exaggerated. Her hero is by no means a natural character ; and a palliation is attempted for his offence—to apply to it no stronger term— which morality and justice could never approve. There is a stiffness, too, about much of the dialogue which does not exhibit the practised writer— and the trial of Falkner is heavily managed : presenting no striking incident, and not handled by one familiar with such details.

We confess ourselves not over indulgent to such productions, nor do we wish to see a taste for them encouraged. They illustrate no portion of history—develope no new views of human nature— and conduce in no particular to the advancement of religion or morals. To a mere work of fiction, having no reference to either of these ends, we are not disposed to accord our approbation ; even though we may recognise the hand of talent in some of the portraitures.

As compared, however, with her prior and most celebrated work, "Frankenstein," Falkner exhibits evidence of a highly improved taste. Indeed, we regard the former as one of the most disgusting productions in the language. We pity the man, much more the *woman*, who could dwell upon such scenes with other feelings than those of loathing and horror. This novel is worse than any of Maturin ; for these exhibit none of the coarseness and indecacy which are inherent in such a tale as Frankenstein. It is but debasing the high attribute of genius to call the authorship of such works any evidence of that quality.

If Falkner, therefore, be a gradation in the progress of Mrs. Shelley's mind, we hail it as a decided improvement, and would urge her to proceed in the labours of her pen.

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Vol. 7th. Boston : Hilliard, Gray & Co., 1837.

During the last quarter we have received another volume of this truly national work, which continues to be regularly issued. We hope that its circulation is sufficient to compensate both editor and contributors for their labours. The paper and printing of this work would do honour to the British press. Our eastern brethren have reason to congratulate themselves upon the excellence to which the art has attained among them. Unlike the miserable editions which are usually put forth of our new books that seem but intended to announce the ephemeral character of their contents, this publication is issued in a style which commends it to the shelves of any library.

Its contents, too, are worthy of the manner in which it is got up. They embody a fund of biographical information connected with the colonization and revolutionary history of our country which should be accessible to all, and most of which no American scholar should be without. We fear (and it is not to our credit that the assertion may be made) that the publication in question is regarded with more interest in England than at home. This should not be so. Let it not be said that it is too valuable and substantial a work to be popular ; or that solid encouragement is only extended to the trifles of the day.

This number contains four lives, all well written, viz.- those of Sir William Phips, Israel Putnam, Lucretia Maria Davidson, and David Rittenhouse. Each, except the third, has an appropriate dignity in its subject. In regard to it we may remark, that though the distinguished writer has made the most of her materials, and the lady seems to have been a sensitive and refined person, of great modesty and real worth, yet we are disposed to consider her as not entitled from her abilities to the niche in the library of American biography which has been assigned to her.

We trust that the series will proceed regularly to its completion.

Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay. 2 vols. By the author of "Calavar." Philadelphia : Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1837.

Dr. Bird has presented us with a novel of thrilling interest. Every thing, indeed, which touches upon the wild men of our western forests and prairies : which is connected with the early

history; the rapid decay; the character and habits of the American Indian possess for us a very strong attraction. Genius has heretofore in the same field opened scenes and incidents of commanding interest: and our author is not behind his great predecessors in the same path, in his powers of engaging our attention. Fiction, however, in this department does not alone challenge our regards or awaken our sympathies—real life, as displayed in the career of adventurers among that people, affords as much of excitement and agitation of feeling as the most highly wrought picture of the novelist. In proof of this we would refer to the delightful narrative of Mr. Irving, which we reviewed in our last number.

Two estimates of the Indian character have generally been formed by writers upon the subject, widely different indeed in their results. By one of these, the North American Indians have been supposed to be possessed of almost every virtue which can enoble human nature. Magnanimity, wisdom, generosity, bravery, independence, eloquence—have each and all been challenged for them by their admirers. On the other hand, their characters are alleged to be but a compound of treachery, cruelty, cowardice, ignorance, and conceit; and then boasted eloquence, a cheat. The truth, indeed, appears to be a compound of these two diverse opinions. That they are brave and wise—(probably *cunning* would be the more appropriate expression)—and high spirited, we are inclined to admit. But we are also persuaded that they are eminently cruel and barbarous; selfish, treacherous, and revengeful. Of their powers of oratory we are extremely sceptical.

Dr. Bird adopts the unfavourable estimate of their qualities—not mingling with it a sufficient grain of allowance. On the whole, however, we regard him as more correct than those persons who look for the perfection or even a high standard of human nature amid the woods and wilds—or among any unchristianized, warlike tribes. We are glad that our author's book has been published, simply for this, if for no other reason, that something might be plausibly urged on both sides of the question. And this has been effected in a narrative which loses none of its interest because its hero has not been selected from a savage people.

Upon the beauties of the work we have not space to enlarge. They are doubtless familiar to our readers; for the novel must have been extensively perused by this time. Our duties as critics will be better discharged by pointing out what we consider a few of its defects.

The female characters possess no special interest. Indeed they are exceedingly tame. The delineation of female cha-

racter is not the writer's forte. There is a want of individuality about them without which no portrait can be attractive.

Again: we cannot but view *Nathan* as an unnatural sketch. While there is much force and originality in the conception of such a character, and while, as we admit, it is admirably sustained throughout and engages our continued admiration; yet we feel that the whole picture is forced and exaggerated—a caricature indeed of qualities which have a real separate existence, but which we cannot conceive as co-existing in the same individual. There is not about *Nathan* the close adherence to nature which we at once recognise and admire in *Leatherstocking*.

Dr. Bird, however, we consider in the direct path to the highest distinction as an American novelist. To *American* novels—if his powers be exclusively adapted to this department of literature—let him confine himself. In tales of mere imagination or feeling, or portraits of individual character, we are inclined to think he would fail. He possesses strength, not grace—fire, not delicacy of tact—takes bold views rather than nicely discriminates. In description he excels. With the features of our country he is familiar; and he enters into the spirit of her history and politics. As Americans, we feel a strong interest in his success—as Philadelphians, doubly so.

Gleanings in Europe: France. By the Author of the “*Spy*.” Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1837.

We have regarded Mr. Cooper in most of his late works as merely playing with his unquestioned abilities—as not at all seriously putting forth his strength. He appears to have contented himself with a fame, brilliant indeed, but still not one (as no literary man's is) entirely above diminution or free from decay. The wisest may slip into dotage, and the brightest be darkened with a cloud.

It is no small matter to trifle with a reputation however high. A great man may readily outlive it. It is more easy still for one to write down his own fame. Even Sir Walter Scott was beginning to disparage his excellent repute as a novelist when death called him hence. Mr. Cooper should feel that it is still more in his power to do so than it was for the great Scotsman.

We concede that in the works we refer to, our distinguished countryman has written much that is sprightly and agreeable; and that some of his descriptions of scenery are very fine. But we speak of them in mass; and as such we have no hesitation in pronouncing them unworthy of his powers. His politics (for

which we profess no admiration) he is exceedingly fond of mixing up with other matters altogether uncongenial; and there is, therefore, the appearance presented of a desire to establish his reputation not upon its intrinsic merit, but his standing as a party man. Literature and politics seldom lend permanent support to each other.

There is a bold egotism, too, about these books, neither graceful nor conciliating. This is barely tolerable, either in conversation or composition. It propels prejudices against the speaker or writer, which deprive him of so far a chance as he might otherwise have of interesting others. There must exist very commanding abilities in the individual to do away with the effect of this vice.

The light talk, *persiflage*, scandal, and sarcasm, which appear to be his favourite passages in his "France," are not to our taste. They do not sit easily upon him. There is neither great wit nor much grace about them. The author excels in other themes.

We are thus free in our strictures upon Mr. Cooper, because we are proud of his former fame, and are desirous to see him put forth something worthy of it. We wish to behold his reputation steadily advancing, and exalting with it that of his country. That he can do both we are persuaded; and are anxiously waiting for the first promise of it.
